

THE ENGLISH NOVEL BEFORE THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

EXCERPTS
FROM REPRESENTATIVE TYPES

SELECTED BY

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PREFACE

AN increasing tendency to recognize fiction as an apt vehicle for instruction in literary method and literary history is leading many schools and colleges to introduce courses in the history and technique of the novel. Study of this sort naturally involves discussion of the beginnings of the novel in earlier forms of narrative such as appeared before and during the sixteenth century, of its gradual rise through the next century and a half, and of its rapid decline during the last decades of the eighteenth century. Important as is this formative period in the history of the novel, it is liable in the average course to suffer from inadequate treatment because of the difficulty involved in obtaining and presenting the material.

It is to meet this difficulty that the present book of selections has been planned. The intention has been not to present whole books in condensed form, such a task in a volume of this character being obviously impossible; but to offer from pre-nineteenth-century novels vivid and interesting excerpts which should illustrate definite technical and historical features in the development of the novel, and prove of sufficient length to give an idea of the general character of a book without thwarting the student's desire to read the book as a whole.

In order that the selections may be intelligible to the student, explanatory footnotes and connecting links in the form of summaries have been supplied wherever it has seemed necessary. But the editors, feeling that many text-books err in giving too much critical assistance, have purposely refrained from including any critical material on the novel except what may be found in the brief historical notes forming the introduction. Sufficient aid of this nature, they hope, will be supplied by the bibliography. The book is to illustrate, not to expound. It undertakes to represent various species of the novel: the romantic, the psycho-

logical, the didactic, the picaresque, etc.; and in these selections to show the skill of respective novelists in the handling of plot, character, scene, incident, and purpose sufficiently to enable teacher and student to find the book of practical value in the class-room.

Care has been taken to secure accurate texts of the novels selected by comparing them with the most trustworthy editions accessible, but neither space nor expediency has permitted discussion of variant readings. Care has been taken, also, to ascertain exact dates of publication for these novels, though in some cases, such as "Oroonoko" and the first volumes of "Tristram Shandy" wide difference of opinion has made it difficult to reach a satisfactory decision. Where dates could not be determined from a more accurate source, "The Dictionary of National Biography" has been followed.

The introduction is not intended as an epitomized history of English fiction, but simply as a convenient guide to be used in connection with the excerpts in placing them historically and in showing what they illustrate technically.

In regard to the particular excerpts made, it may be said that the editors, while realizing the place in the growth of the novel of such contributory forms as the tale in all periods, the character-writing and epistolary narratives of the seventeenth, and the narrative essays of the eighteenth, century, felt that to increase the illustration with such material would be to exceed the limits of a single volume; therefore it seemed wiser to keep to the main channel of development.

Again, it has seemed unnecessary to extend the period of representation into the nineteenth century, because the more modern novels are usually obtainable in the average library, they are published in cheap editions, and they are of such a nature as to be profitably read in their entirety.

Finally, we wish to acknowledge gratefully the counsel and assistance of Professor John M. Manly in solving problems of obscure chronology.

A. B. H.,
H. S. H.

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² First four volumes, 1747; last four, 1748.

³ Published in nine volumes between 1759 and 1767.

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¹ The Cassell edition, usually cited, does not contain the preface; it may be found in the edition (now out of print) published by Nimmo and Bain, London, 1883, and in earlier editions.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

SIR THOMAS MALORY

BOOK I. CHAPTER IV

OF THE DEATH OF KING Uther PENDRAGON

THEN within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady. And in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. Sir, said Merlin, ye may not lie so as ye do, for ye must to the field though ye ride on an horse-litter: for ye shall never have the better of your enemies but if your person be there, and then shall ye have the victory. So it was done as Merlin had devised, and they carried the king forth in an horse-litter with a great host towards his enemies. And at St. Albans there met with the king a great host of the North. And that day Sir Ulfus and Sir Brastias did great deeds of arms, and King Uther's men overcame the Northern battle and slew many people, and put the remnant to flight. And then the king returned unto London, and made great joy of his victory. And then he fell passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless: wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. There is none other remedy, said Merlin, but God will have his will. But look ye, all barons, be before King Uther to-morn, and God and I shall make him to speak. So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came before the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm with all the appurtenance? Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim

the crown upon forfeiture of my blessing; and therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

CHAPTER V

HOW ARTHUR WAS CHOSEN KING, AND OF WONDERS AND MARVELS OF A SWORD TAKEN OUT OF A STONE BY THE SAID ARTHUR

THEN stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightways king of this realm. So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:—Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all England. Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop. I command, said the Archbishop, that ye keep you within your church, and pray unto God still; that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they

saw the scripture, some assayed; such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the Archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, said the Archbishop, that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword. So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should essay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords and the commons together, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur¹ that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the joustward, Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alit and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alit all three, and went

¹ Arthur, after his birth, was taken by Merlin to Sir Ector to be reared as the knight's foster son.

into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so, for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightways king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no mastery, said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone, therewithal Sir Ector essayed to pull out the sword and failed.

CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR PULLED OUT THE SWORD DIVERS TIMES

Now assay, said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be. Now shall ye essay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me? Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so, I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were. And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was bitaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great doole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever

it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you, God forbid I should fail you. Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live. Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to essay to take the sword, who that would essay. But there afore them all there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all, and the realm, to be over-governed with a boy of no high blood born, and so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas, and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore agrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter, yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury by Merlyn's providence let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfus, Sir Brastias. All these with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

CHAPTER VII

HOW KING ARTHUR WAS CROWNED, AND HOW HE MADE OFFICERS

AND at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men essayed to pull at the sword that would essay, but none might prevail but

Arthur, and pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him. And therewith they all kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that were bereaved lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that owned them. When this was done, that the king had stablished all the countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfus was made chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon the north from Trent forwards, for it was that time the most part the king's enemies. But within few years after, Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeissance. Also Wales, a part of it held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW ARTHUR BY THE MEAN OF MERLIN GAT EXCALIBUR HIS SWORD
OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE

RIGHT so the king and he¹ departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched

¹Merlin.

all his wounds and gave him good salves ; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword.¹ No force, said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an I may. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo ! said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake. What damosel is that ? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin ; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen ; and this damosel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword. Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again. Damosel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water ? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur, king, said the damosel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will ask. Well ! said the damosel, go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur and Merlin alit and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water. And so they came unto the land and rode forth.

BOOK III. CHAPTER I

HOW KING ARTHUR TOOK A WIFE, AND WEDDED GUENEVER,
DAUGHTER TO LEODEGRANCE, KING OF THE LAND OF CAMELIARD,
WITH WHOM HE HAD 'THE ROUND TABLE

IN the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace ; for the most part of the barons knew not

¹ Arthur had broken his sword in an encounter with King Pellinore.

that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known. But yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause, but well Arthur overcame them all, for the most part the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and noblesse should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said King Arthur, I love Guenever the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard, the which holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told he had of my father Uther. And this damosel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live, but, an ye loved her not so well as ye do, I should find you a damosel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you, an your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return. That is truth, said King Arthur. But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of Sangreal. Then Merlin desired of the king for to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him, and Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said King Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands, I will give him, wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enow, him needeth none, but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I fawte fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round

with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE WERE ORDAINED AND
THEIR SIEGES BLESSED BY THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WHEN King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for her coming, and that rich present, and said openly, This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches. And in all haste the king let ordain for the marriage and the coronation in the most honourable wise that could be devised. Now, Merlin, said King Arthur, go thou and espy me in all this land fifty knights which be of most prowess and worship. Within short time Merlin had found such knights that should fulfil twenty and eight knights, but no more he could find. Then the Bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and twenty knights in their sieges. And when this was done Merlin said, Fair sirs, you must all arise and come to King Arthur for to do him homage; he will have the better will to maintain you. And so they arose and did their homage, and when they were gone Merlin found in every sieges letters of gold that told the knights' names that had sitten therein. But two sieges were void. And so anon came young Gawaine and asked the king a gift. Ask, said the king, and I shall grant it you. Sir, I ask that ye will make me knight that same day ye shall wed fair Guenever. I will do it with a good will, said King Arthur, and do unto you all the worship that I may, for I must by reason ye are my nephew, my sister's son.

BOOK XIII. CHAPTER VII

HOW * * * ALL THE KNIGHTS WERE REPLENISHED WITH THE
HOLY SANGREAL, AND HOW THEY AVOWED THE ENQUEST OF
THE SAME

* * *¹ And then the king and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to even song to the great minster, and so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other, by their seeming, fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Greal covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Greal had been borne through the hall, then the Holy Vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became: then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings to God, of His good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the king, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly for that he hath shewed us this day, at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost. Now, said Sir Gawaine, we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the holy Grail, it was so precious covered.

¹ Omissions are indicated by asterisks only where the continuity of the narrative seems to require it. Where the story runs smoothly in spite of an omission, the break is not generally indicated. It seemed best to follow this practice because omissions in some of the selections, especially those from the "Arcadia" and "Clarissa" are very numerous, consisting often in the cutting out of only a word or phrase. It was felt, therefore, that the use of the asterisk in sometimes as many as five or six places in one page would prove unnecessarily disconcerting to the student. Since the chapter headings have in all cases where they appear in the full text, been retained, and since reliable editions have been listed in the bibliography, the student, if he so desires, can without much trouble ascertain for himself what portions of the texts have been omitted.

Wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Sangreal, that I shall hold me out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not speed I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ. When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most part and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made. Anon as King Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well they might not again say their avows. Alas, said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made; for through you ye have bereft me the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for when they depart from hence I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the quest. And so it forthinketh me a little, for I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it shall grieve me right sore, the departition of this fellowship: for I have had an old custom to have them in my fellowship.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW GREAT SORROW WAS MADE OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN AND
LADIES FOR THE DEPARTING OF THE KNIGHTS, AND HOW
THEY DEPARTED

AND therewith the tears filled in his eyes. And then he said: Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet here more again. Ah, said Sir Launcelot, comfort yourself; for it shall be unto us a great honour and much more than if we died in any other places, for of death we be siccar. Ah, Launcelot, said the king, the great love that I have had unto you all the days of my life maketh me to say such doleful words; for never Christian king had never so many worthy men at his table as I have had this day at the Round Table, and that is my great sorrow. When

the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen, wist these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness that there might no tongue tell it, for those knights had held them in honour and charity. But among all other Queen Guenever made great sorrow. I marvel, said she, my lord would suffer them to depart from him. Thus was all the court troubled for the love of the departition of those knights. And many of those ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers; and so had they done, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing; and then he spake all on high and said: Fair lords, which have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth you Nacien, the hermit, word, that none in this quest lead lady nor gentlewoman with him, for it is not to do in so high a service as they labour in; for I warn you plain, he that is not clean of his sins he shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesu Christ. And for this cause they left these ladies and gentlewomen. After this the queen came unto Galahad and asked him of whence he was, and of what country. He told her of whence he was. And son unto Launcelot, she said he was. As to that, he said neither yea or nay. So God me help, said the queen, of your father ye need not to shame you, for he is the goodliest knight, and of the best men of the world come, and of the strain, of all parties, of kings. Wherefore ye ought of right to be, of your deeds, a passing good man; and certainly, she said, ye resemble him much. Then Sir Galahad was a little ashamed and said: Madam, sith ye know in certain, wherefore do ye ask it me? for he that is my father shall be known openly and all betimes. And then they went to rest them. And in the honour of the highness of Galahad he was led into King Arthur's chamber, and there rested in his own bed. And as soon as it was day the king arose, for he had no rest of all that night for sorrow. Then he went unto Gawaine and to Sir Launcelot that were arisen for to hear mass. And then the king again said: Ah, Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have betrayed me; for never shall my court be amended by you, but ye will never be sorry for me as I am for you. And therewith the tears began to run down by his visage. And therewith the king said: Ah, knight Sir Launcelot, I require thee thou counsel me, for I would that this quest were undone an it might be. Sir, said

Sir Launcelot, ye saw yesterday so many worthy knights that then were sworn that they may not leave it in no manner of wise. That wot I well, said the king, but it shall so heavy me at their departing that I wot well there shall no manner of joy remedy me. And then the king and the queen went unto the minster. So anon Launcelot and Gawaine commanded their men to bring their arms. And when they all were armed save their shields and their helms, then they came to their fellowship, which were all ready in the same wise, for to go to the minster to hear their service. Then after the service was done the king would withow many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail; and to account them he prayed them all. Then found they by tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and recommended them all wholly unto the queen; and there was weeping and great sorrow. Then the queen departed into her chamber so that no man should apperceive her great sorrows. When Sir Launcelot missed the queen he went into her chamber, and when she saw him she cried aloud : O Sir Launcelot, ye have betrayed me and put me to death, for to leave thus my lord. Ah, madam, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you be not displeased, for I shall come as soon as I may with my worship. Alas, said she, that ever I saw you; but he that suffered death upon the cross for all mankind be to you good conduct and safety, and all the whole fellowship. Right so departed Sir Launcelot, and found his fellowship that abode his coming. And so they mounted upon their horses and rode through the streets of Camelot; and there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the king turned away and might not speak for weeping. So within a while they came to a city, and a castle that hight Vagon. There they entered into the castle, and the lord of that castle was an old man that hight Vagon, and he was a good man of his living, and set open the gates, and made them all the good cheer that he might. And so on the morrow they were all accorded that they should depart every each from other; and then they departed on the morrow with weeping and mourning cheer, and every knight took the way that him best liked.

BOOK XVII. CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT ENTERED INTO THE SHIP WHERE SIR PERCIVALE'S
SISTER LAY DEAD, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR GALAHAD,
HIS SON

Now saith the history, that when Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him. So when he was asleep there came a vision unto him and said: Launcelot, arise up and take thine armour, and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find. And when he heard these words he start up and saw great clereness about him. And then he lift up his hand and blessed him, and so took his arms and made him ready; and so by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship the which was without sail or oar. And as soon as he was within the ship there he felt the most sweetness that ever he felt, and he was fulfilled with all thing that he thought on or desired. Then he said: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in. And so in this joy he laid him down to the ship's board, and slept till day. And when he awoke he found there a fair bed, and therein lying a gentlewoman dead, the which was Sir Percivale's sister. And as Launcelot devised her, he espied in her right hand a writ, the which he read, the which told him all the adventures that ye have heard tofore, and of what lineage she was come. So with this gentlewoman Sir Launcelot was a month and more. If ye would ask how he lived, He that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert, so was he fed; for every day when he had said his prayers he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost. So on a night he went to play him by the water side, for he was somewhat weary of the ship. And then he listened and heard an horse come, and one riding upon him. And when he came nigh he seemed a knight. And so he let him pass, and went thereas the ship was; and there he alit, and took the saddle and the bridle and put the horse from him; and went into the ship. And then Launcelot dressed unto him, and said: Ye be

welcome. And he answered and saluted him again, and asked him: What is your name? for much my heart giveth unto you. Truly, said he, my name is Launcelot du Lake. Sir, said he, then be ye welcome, for ye were the beginning of me in this world. Ah, said he, are ye Galahad? Yea, forsooth, said he; and so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him. And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between, as kin would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there every each told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith that they departed from the court. Anon, as Galahad saw the gentlewoman dead in the bed, he knew her well enough, and told great worship of her, that she was the best maid living, and it was great pity of her death. But when Launcelot heard how the marvellous sword was gotten, and who made it, and all the marvels rehearsed afore, then he prayed Galahad, his son, that he would show him the sword, and so he did; and anon he kissed the pommel, and the hilt, and the scabbard. Truly, said Launcelot, never erst knew I of so high adventures done, and so marvellous and strange. So dwelt Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power; and often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts, and there they found many strange adventures and perillous, which they brought to an end; but for those adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sangreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW A KNIGHT BROUGHT UNTO SIR GALAHAD A HORSE, AND BAD HIM COME FROM HIS FATHER, SIR LAUNCELOT

So after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest tofore a cross; and then saw they a knight armed all

in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse; and so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the High Lord's behalf, and said: Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sangreal. Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said: Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ. I pray you, said Launcelot, pray ye to the High Father that He hold me in His service. And so he took his horse, and there they heard a voice that said: Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom. Now, son Galahad, said Launcelot, syne we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the High Father to conserve me and you both. Sir, said Galahad, no prayer availeth so much as yours. And therewith Galahad entered into the forest. And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sangreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair, and there was a postern opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said: Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire. Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so went to the gate and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say: O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker, for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service that thou art set. Then said Launcelot: Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of Thy great mercy that Thou reprovest me of my misdeed; now see I well that ye hold me for your servant. Then took he again his sword and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblant to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without

hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS AFORE THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER WHEREIN
THE HOLY SANGREAL WAS

THEN he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said: Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven. Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sangreal within that chamber. Then said he: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased Thee, Lord for Thy pity never have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that Thou show me something of that I seek. And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clereness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him, Flee, Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it; and if thou enter thou shalt forethink it. Then he withdrew him a back right heavy. Then looked he up in the middes of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel, covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest. And it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands; and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not a little, for him thought the priest was so greatly charged of the figure that him seemed that he should fall to the

earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said: Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man which hath great need of help. Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath, that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged, that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people. So upon the morrow when it was fair day they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in, and so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might not stand nor stir nor member that he had. And so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk; and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said, Nay. In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT HAD LAIN FOUR AND TWENTY DAYS AND AS MANY NIGHTS AS A DEAD MAN, AND OTHER DIVERS MATTERS

IN such manner they kept Launcelot four and twenty days and all so many nights, that ever he lay still as a dead man; and at the twenty-fifth day befell him after midday that he opened his eyes. And when he saw folk he made great sorrow, and said: Why have ye awaked me, for I was more at ease than I am now. O Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed that might see openly thy great marvels of secretness there where no sinner

may be! What have ye seen? said they about him. I have seen, said he, so great marvels that no tongue may tell, and more than any heart can think, and had not my son been here afore me I had seen much more. Then they told him how he had lain there four and twenty days and nights. Then him thought it was punishment for the four and twenty years that he had been a sinner, wherefore Our Lord put him in penance four and twenty days and nights. Then looked Sir Launcelot afore him, and saw the hair which he had borne nigh a year, for that he forethought him right much that he had broken his promise unto the hermit, which he had avowed to do. Then they asked how it stood with him. Forsooth, said he, I am whole of body, thanked be Our Lord; therefore, sirs, for God's love tell me where I am. Then said they all that he was in the castle of Carbonek. Therewith came a gentlewoman and brought him a shirt of small linen cloth, but he changed not there, but took the hair to him again. Sir, said they, the quest of the Sangreal is achieved now right in you, that never shall ye see of the Sangreal no more than ye have seen. Now I thank God, said Launcelot, of His great mercy of that I have seen, for it sufficeth me; for as I suppose no man in this world hath lived better than I have done to achieve that I have done. And therewith he took the hair and clothed him in it, and above that he put a linen shirt, and after a robe of scarlet, fresh and new. And when he was so arrayed they marvelled all, for they knew him that he was Launcelot, the good knight. And then they said all: O my lord Sir Launcelot, be that ye? And he said: Truly I am he. Then came word to King Pelles that the knight that had lain so long dead was Sir Launcelot. Then was the king right glad, and went to see him. And when Launcelot saw him come he dressed him against him, and there made the king great joy of him. And there the king told him tidings that his fair daughter was dead. Then Launcelot was right heavy of it, and said: Sir, me forthinketh the death of your daughter, for she was a full fair lady, fresh and young. And well I wot she bare the best knight that is now on the earth, or that ever was sith God was born. So the king held him there four days, and on the morrow he took his leave at King Pelles and at all the fel-

lowship, and thanked them of their great labour. Right so as they sat at their dinner in the chief hall, then was it so that the Sangreal had fulfilled the table with all manner of meats that any heart might think. So as they sat they saw all the doors and the windows of the place were shut without man's hand, whereof they were all abashed, and none wist what to do. And then it happened suddenly that a knight came to the chief door and knocked, and cried: Undo the door. But they would not. And ever he cried: Undo; but they would not. And at last it annoyed him so much that the king himself arose and came to a window where the knight called. Then he said: Sir knight, ye shall not enter at this time while the Sangreal is here, and therefore go into another; for certes ye be none of the knights of the quest, but one of them which hath served the fiend, and hast left the service of Our Lord: and he was passing wroth at the king's words. Sir knight, said the king, sith ye would so fain enter, say me of what country ye be. Sir, said he, I am of the realm of Logris, and my name is Ector de Maris, and brother unto my lord, Sir Launcelot. In the name of God, said the king, me forthinketh of what I have said, for your brother is here within. And when Ector de Maris understood that his brother was there, for he was the man in the world that he most dread and loved, and then he said: Ah God, now doubleth my sorrow and shame. Full truly said the good man of the hill unto Gawaine and to me of our dreams. Then went he out of the court as fast as his horse might, and so throughout the castle.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RETURNED TOWARDS LOGRIS, AND OF OTHER
ADVENTURES WHICH HE SAW IN THE WAY

THEN King Pelles came to Sir Launcelot and told him tidings of his brother, whereof he was sorry, that he wist not what to do. So Sir Launcelot departed, and took his arms, and said he would go see the realm of Logris, which I have not seen these twelve months. And there with he commended the king to God, and so rode through many realms. And at the last he came

to a white abbey, and there they made him that night great cheer; and on the morn he rose and heard mass. And afore an altar he found a rich tomb, the which was newly made; and then he took heed, and saw the sides written with gold which said: Here lieth King Bagdemagus of Gore, which King Arthur's nephew slew; and named him, Sir Gawaine. Then was he not a little sorry, for Launcelot loved him much more than any other, and had it been any other than Gawaine he should not have escaped from death to life; and said to himself: Ah Lord God, this is a great hurt unto King Arthur's court, the loss of such a man. And then he departed and came to the abbey where Galahad did the adventure of the tombs, and won the white shield with the red cross; and there had he great cheer all that night. And on the morn he turned unto Camelot, where he found King Arthur and the queen. But many of the knights of the Round Table were slain and destroyed, more than half. And so three were come home again, that were Sir Gawaine, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and many other that need not to be rehearsed. Then all the court was passing glad of Sir Launcelot, and the king asked him many tidings of his son Galahad. And there Launcelot told the king of his adventures that had befallen him syne he departed. And also he told him of the adventures of Galahad, Percivale, and Bors, which that he knew by the letter of the dead damosel, and as Galahad had told him. Now God would, said the king, that they were all three here. That shall never be, said Launcelot, for two of them shall ye never see, but one of them shall come again.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW SIR PERCIVALE AND SIR BORS MET WITH SIR GALAHAD, AND
HOW THEY CAME TO THE CASTLE OF CARBONEK,
AND OTHER MATTERS

* * * So on a day it befell that they¹ came out of a great forest, and there they met at traverse with Sir Bors, the which rode alone. It is none need to tell if they were glad; and them

¹ Galahad and Percivale.

he saluted, and they yielded him honour and good adventure, and every each told other. Then said Bors: It is more than a year and an half that I ne lay ten times where men dwelled, but in wild forests and in mountains, but God was ever my comfort. Then rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle King Pelles knew them; then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal. Then Eliazar, King Pelles' son, brought tofore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if that he might have soldered it again; but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he. Now have ye it again, said Percivale to Galahad, for an it be ever achieved by any bodily man ye must do it. And then he took the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was achieved, then they gave the sword to Bors, for it might not be better set; for he was a good knight and a worthy man. And a little afore even the sword arose great and marvellous, and was full of great heat that many men fell for dread. And anon alit a voice among them, and said: They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very knights be fed. So they went thence, all save King Pelles and Eliazar, his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece; and so these three fellows and they three were there, no more. Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad: Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table where the holy meat shall be departed. Then said he: Ye be welcome, but of whence be ye? So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sat thus there came out a bed of tree, of a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought; and in the bed lay a good man sick, and a crown of gold upon his head; and there in the middes of the place they set him down, and went again their way. Then he lift up his head, and said: Galahad,

be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, anguish I have been long. But now I trust to God is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall of this world so as it was promised me long ago. a voice said: There be two among you that be not in of the Sangreal, and therefore depart ye.

CHAPTER XX

HIS FELLOWS WERE FED OF THE HOLY SANGREAL, AND HOW OUR LORD APPEARED TO THEM,
AND OTHER THINGS

King Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal told them that there came a man, and four angels from clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand and these four angels bare him in a chair, and set him before the table of silver whereupon the Sangreal was; seemed that he had in middes of his forehead letters the which said: See ye here Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, in which Our Lord succoured in the city of Sarras in the same place. Then the knights marvelled, for that bishop was more than three hundred year tofore. O knights, said he, not, for I was sometime an earthly man. With that word the chamber door open, and there they saw angels; candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvellously, that three drops fell into a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the table, and the fourth the holy spear even upright upon the table. And then the bishop made semblant as though he were gone to the sacring of the mass. And then he took the halye which was made in likeness of bread. And at the same time there came a figure in likeness of a child, and the visage as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it that the bread was formed of the body of a man; and then he put it into the holy vessel again, and he did that longed to a priest to do to a mass. And

then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bad him go and kiss his fellows: and so he did anon. Now, said he, servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweetmeats that never knights tasted. And when he had said, he vanished away. And they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers. Then looked they and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired. Then took he himself the holy vessel and came to Galahad; and he kneeled down, and there he received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvellous to tell. Then said he to Galahad: Son, wotest thou what I hold betwixt my hands? Nay, said he, but if ye will tell me. This is, said he, the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-Thursday. And now hast thou seen that thou most desired to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this holy vessel; for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here. And wotest thou wherefore? For he is not served nor worshipped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living; therefore I shall disherit them of the honour which I have done them. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take the sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spear for to anoint the maimed king, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health. Sir, said Galahad, why shall not these other fellows go with us? For this cause: for right as I departed my apostles one here and another there, so I will that ye depart; and two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come again and tell tidings. Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away.

CHAPTER XXI

GALAHAD ANOINTED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE SPEAR THE
MAIMED KING, AND OTHER ADVENTURES

went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, washed the blood with his fingers, and came after to the king and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him, and start upon his feet out of his bed as an whole man, and told Our Lord that He had healed him. And that was the world ward, for anon he yielded him to a place of religious white monks, and was a full holy man. That same night about midnight came a voice among them which said: "I am not my chief sons, my friends and not my warriors, but I am hence where ye hope best to do and as I bade you. Ah, be thou, Lord, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to call us, thy messengers. Now may we well prove that we have not lost thee."

And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed. But the three knights of Gaul, one of them hight Sir King Claudas' son, and the other two were great gentlemen. Then they prayed Galahad to every each of them, that if he came to King Arthur's court that they should salute my Lord Launcelot, my father, and of them of the Round Table; and they prayed them if that they came on that part that they should give it. Right so departed Galahad, Percivale and Bors the Younger; and so they rode three days, and then they came to a river, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of tofore.

On the board they found in the middes the sword Excalibur, the silver which they had left with the maimed king, and the shield which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship; and so they entered the castle and made great reverence thereto; and Galahad fell in his long time to Our Lord, that at what time he asked, he should pass out of this world. So much he prayed, the voice said to him: "Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, thou shalt find the life of the soul." Percivale heard that, and he prayed him, of fellowship that was between them, to

tell him wherefore he asked such things. That shall I tell you, said Galahad; the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sangreal I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly. And therefore I wot well, when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the Majesty of Our Lord, Jesu Christ. So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad: Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the scripture. And so he laid him down and slept a great while; and when he awaked he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarras. And as they would have landed they saw the ship wherein Percivale had put his sister in. Truly, said Percivale, in the name of God, well hath my sister holden us covenant. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors, to go tofore, and Galahad came behind. And right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him and bad him help to bear this heavy thing. Truly, said the old man, it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches. Care thou not, said Galahad, and arise up and shew thy good will. And so he essayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then ran he to the table, and took one part against Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that entered into the city. Then anon after, the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Percivale's sister, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be. And when the king of the city, which was cleped Estoraus, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW THEY WERE FED WITH THE SANGREAL WHILE THEY WERE IN PRISON, AND HOW GALAHAD WAS MADE KING

BUT as soon as they were there Our Lord sent them the Sangreal, through whose grace they were alway fulfilled while that they were in prison. So at the year's end it befel that this King Estoraue lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him; and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly; and he died anon. When the king was dead all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel there came a voice among them, and bad them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king: For he shall well maintain you and all yours. So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the holy city, and else they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land, he let make above the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones, that hyllid the holy vessel. And every day early the three fellows would come afore it, and make their prayers. Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the holy vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels as it had been Jesu Christ himself; and then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him: Come forth the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see. And then he began to tremble right hard when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things. Then he held up his hands toward heaven and said: Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord. And therewith the good man took Our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. Now wotest thou

what I am? said the good man. Nay, said Galahad. I am Joseph of Aramathie, the which Our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship; and wotest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things; in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal, in that thou hast been a clene maiden, as I have been and am. And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said: Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world. And therewith he kneeled down tofore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

CHAPTER XXIII

OF THE SORROW THAT PERCIVALE AND BORS MADE WHEN GALAHAD WAS DEAD: AND OF PERCIVALE HOW HE DIED, AND OTHER MATTERS

WHEN Percivale and Bors saw Galahad dead they made as much sorrow as ever did two men. And if they had not been good men they might lightly have fallen in despair. And the people of the country and of the city were right heavy. And then he was buried; and as soon as he was buried Sir Percivale yielded him to an hermitage out of the city, and took a religious clothing. And Bors was alway with him, but never changed he his secular clothing, for that he purposed him to go again into the realm of Logris. Thus a year and two months lived Sir Percivale in the hermitage a full holy life, and then passed out of this world; and Bors let bury him by his sister and by Galahad in the spiritualities. When Bors saw that he was in so far

countries as in the parts of Babylon he departed from Sarraſ, and armed him and came to the ſea, and entered into a ſhip; and ſo it befell him in good adventure he came into the realm of Logriſ; and he rode ſo faſt till he came to Camelot where the king was. And then was there great joy made of him in the court, for they weened all he had been dead, forasmuch as he had been ſo long out of the country. And when they had eaten, the king made great clerks to come afore him, that they ſhould chronicle of the high adventures of the good knights. When Bors had told him of the adventures of the Sangreal, ſuch as had befallen him and his three fellows, that was Launcelot, Percivale, Galahad, and himſelf, there Launcelot told the adventures of the Sangreal that he had ſeen. All this was made in great books, and put up in almeries at Salisbury. And anon Sir Bors ſaid to Sir Launcelot: Galahad, your own ſon, ſaluted you by me, and after you King Arthur and all the Court, and ſo did Sir Percivale, for I buried them with mine own hands in the city of Sarraſ. Alſo, Sir Launcelot, Galahad prayed you to remember of this unſyker world as ye behight him when ye were together more than half a year. This is true, ſaid Launcelot; now I truſt to God his prayer ſhall avail me. Then Launcelot took Sir Bors in his arms, and ſaid: Gentle couſin, ye are right welcome to me, and all that ever I may do for you and for yours ye ſhall find my poor body ready at all times, while the ſpirit is in it, and that I promiſe you faithfully, and never to fail. And wit ye well, gentle couſin, Sir Bors, that ye and I will never depart in ſunder whiſt our lives may laſt. Sir, ſaid he, I will as ye will.

Thus endeth the ſtory of the Sangreal, that was briefly drawn out of French into Engliſh, the which is a ſtory chronided for one of the trueſt and the holieſt that is in this world, the which is the xvii. book.

And here followeth the eighteenth book.

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BOOK XVIII. CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RODE TO ASTOLAT, AND RECEIVED A SLEEVE
TO WEAR UPON HIS HELM AT THE REQUEST OF A MAID

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Upon the morn early Sir Launcelot heard mass and brake his fast, and so took his leave of the queen and departed. And then he rode so much until he came to Astolat, that is Gilford; and there it happed him in the eventide he came to an old baron's place that hight Sir Bernard of Astolat. And as Sir Launcelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur espied him as he did walk in a garden beside the castle, how he took his lodging, and knew him full well. It is well, said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him in that garden beside the castle, I have now espied one knight that will play his play at the jousts to the which we be gone toward; I undertake he will do marvels. Who is that, we pray you tell us? said many knights that were there at that time. Ye shall not wit for me, said the king, as at this time. And so the king smiled, and went to his lodging. So when Sir Launcelot was in his lodging, and unarmed him in his chamber, the old baron and hermit came to him making his reverence, and welcomed him in the best manner; but the old knight knew not Sir Launcelot. Fair sir, said Sir Launcelot to his host, I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known. Sir, said his host, ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world, and therefore I shall shew you friendship. Sir, wit you well I have two sons that were but late made knights, and the eldest hight Sir Tirre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride, and his shield ye shall have; for that is not known I dare say but here, and in no place else. And my youngest son hight Lavaine, and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto that jousts; and he is of his age strong and wight, for much my heart giveth unto you that ye should be a noble knight, therefore I pray you, tell me your name, said Sir Bernard. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, ye must hold me excused as at this time, and if God give me grace

to speed well at the jousts I shall come again and tell you. But I pray you, said Sir Launcelot, in any wise let me have your son, Sir Lavaine, with me, and that I may have his brother's shield. All this shall be done, said Sir Bernard. This old baron had a daughter that was called that time the fair maiden of Astolat. And ever she beheld Sir Launcelot wonderfully; and as the book saith, she cast such a love unto Sir Launcelot that she could never withdraw her love, wherefore she died, and her name was Elaine le Blank. So thus as she came to and fro she was so hot in her love that she besought Sir Launcelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, an if I grant you that, ye may say I do more for your love than ever I did for lady or damosel. Then he remembered him he would go to the jousts disguised. And by cause he had never fore that time borne no manner of token of no damosel, then he bethought him that he would bear one of her, that none of his blood thereby might know him, and then he said: Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet, and therefore what it is, shew it me. Sir, she said, it is a red sleeve of mine of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls: and so she brought it him. So Sir Launcelot received it, and said: Never did I erst so much for no damosel. And then Sir Launcelot betook the fair maiden his shield in keeping, and prayed her to keep that until that he came again; and so that night he had merry rest and great cheer, for ever the damosel Elaine was about Sir Launcelot all the while she might be suffered.

CHAPTER X

HOW THE TOURNEY BEGAN AT WINCHESTER, AND WHAT KNIGHTS
WERE AT THE JOUSTS; AND OTHER THINGS

So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights departed, for their king had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the king was ridden, Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride, and either of them had white shields, and the red sleeve Sir Launcelot let carry with him. And so they took their leave at Sir Bernard, the old baron,

and at his daughter, the fair maiden of Astolat. And then they rode so long till that they came to Camelot, that time called Winchester; and there was great press of kings, dukes, earls, and barons, and many noble knights. But there Sir Launcelot was lodged privily by the means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burghess, that no man in the town was ware what they were. And so they reposed them there till our Lady Day, Assumption, as the great feast should be. So then trumpets blew unto the field, and King Arthur was set on high upon a scaffold to behold who did best. But as the French book saith, the king would not suffer Sir Gawaine to go from him, for never had Sir Gawaine the better an Sir Launcelot were in the field; and many times was Sir Gawaine rebuked when Launcelot came into any jousts disguised. Then some of the kings, as King Anguish of Ireland and the King of Scots, were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party was the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince. But these three kings and this duke were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world. So then they withdrew them either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might. Then Sir Launcelot made him ready, and put the red sleeve upon his head, and fastened it fast; and so Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester privily, and rode until a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together. And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party, and against them came the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down King Anguish of Ireland. Then Sir Palomides that was on Arthur's party encountered with Sir Galahad, and either of them smote down other, and either party help their lords on horseback again. So there began a strong assail upon both parties. And then came in Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Griflet le Fise de

Dieu, Sir Mordred, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, Sir Galleron of Galway. All these fifteen knights were knights of the Table Round. So these with more other came in together, and beat on back the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis. When Sir Launcelot saw this, as he hoved in a little leaved wood, then he said unto Sir Lavaine: See yonder is a company of good knights, and they hold them together as boars that were chased with dogs. That is truth, said Sir Lavaine.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR LAVAINÉ ENTERED IN THE FIELD
AGAINST THEM OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, AND HOW
LAUNCELOT WAS HURT

Now, said Sir Launcelot, an ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men in our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward. Sir, spare not, said Sir Lavaine, for I shall do what I may. Then Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press, and there Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagramore, Sir Dodinas, Sir Kay, Sir Griflet, and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Lucan le Butler and Sir Bedevere. And then Sir Launcelot gat another spear, and there he smote down Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, and Sir Meliot de Logris; and Sir Lavaine smote Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and by great force he unhorsed Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, and Sir Galleron; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them back, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might. O mercy Jesu, said Sir Gawaine, what knight is yonder that doth so marvellous deeds of arms in that field? I wot well what he is, said King Arthur, but as at this time I will not name him. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I would say it were Sir Launcelot by his riding and his buffets that I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his

head, for I wist him never bear token at no jousts of lady nor gentlewoman. Let him be, said King Arthur, he will be better known and do more or ever he depart. Then the party that was against King Arthur were well comforted, and then they held them together that beforehand were sore rebuked. Then Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel called unto them the knights of their blood, as Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Aliduke, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Bellangere le Beuse. So these nine knights of Sir Launcelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate and despite that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not; and so they came hurling together, and smote down many knights of Northgalis and of Northumberland. And when Sir Launcelot saw them fare so, he gat a spear in his hand; and there encountered with him all at once Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears. And with force of themselves they smote Sir Launcelot's horse to the earth; and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Launcelot through the shield into the side, and the spear brake, and the head left still in his side. When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth; and by great force he took his horse, and brought him to Sir Launcelot, and maugre of them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Launcelot gat a spear in his hand, and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Blamore de Ganis. And then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore and hurt that he weened there to have had his death. And then he smote Sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helm that he fell down to the earth in a swoon. And in the same wise he served Sir Aliduke and Sir Galihud. And Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Bellangere, that was the son of Alisander le Orphelin. And by this was Sir Bors horsed, and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Launcelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, the which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might while he might

endure. And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and therewithal he raced off his helm, and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For as the book saith he might have slain them, but when he saw their visages his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there. And then afterward he hurled into the thickest press of them all, and did there the marvelloust deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Launcelot with his sword smote down and pulled down, as the French book maketh mention, more than thirty knights, and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR LAVAINÉ DEPARTED OUT OF THE FIELD, AND IN WHAT JEOPARDY LAUNCELOT WAS

MERCY Jesu, said Sir Gawaine to Arthur, I marvel what knight that he is with the red sleeve. Sir, said King Arthur, he will be known or he depart. And then the king blew unto lodging, and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bare the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgalis, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and said unto Sir Launcelot: Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have ye done this day for us, therefore we pray you that ye will come with us that ye may receive the honour and the prize as ye have worshipfully deserved it. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well if I have deserved thanks I have sore bought it, and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I take none force of none honour, for I had lever to repose me than to be lord of all the world. And therewithal he groaned piteously, and rode a great wallop away ward from them until he came under a wood's side.

And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said with an high voice : O gentle knight, Sir Lavaine, help me that this truncheon were out of my side, for it sticketh so sore that it nigh slayeth me. O mine own lord, said Sir Lavaine, I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore an I pull out the truncheon that ye shall be in peril of death. I charge you, said Sir Launcelot, as ye love me, draw it out. And therewithal he descended from his horse, and right so did Sir Lavaine ; and forthwithal Sir Lavaine drew the truncheon out of his side, and he gave a great shriek and a marvellous grisely groan, and the blood brast out nigh a pint at once, that at the last he sank down upon his buttocks, and so swooned pale and deadly. Alas, said Sir Lavaine, what shall I do ? And then he turned Sir Launcelot into the wind, but so he lay there nigh half an hour as he had been dead. And so at the last Sir Launcelot cast up his eyes, and said : O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two mile a gentle hermit that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to wilful poverty, and forsaken many lands, and his name is Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and he is a full noble surgeon and a good leech. Now let see, help me up that I were there, for ever my heart giveth me that I shall never die of my cousin-germain's hands. And then with great pain Sir Lavaine halp him upon his horse. And then they rode a great wallop together, and ever Sir Launcelot bled that it ran down to the earth ; and so by fortune they came to that hermitage the which was under a wood, and a great cliff on the other side, and a fair water running under it. And then Sir Lavaine beat on the gate with the butt of his spear, and cried fast : Let in for Jesu's sake. And there came a fair child to them, and asked them what they would. Fair son, said Sir Lavaine, go and pray thy lord, the hermit, for God's sake to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded ; and this day tell thy lord I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did. So the child went in lightly, and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him he prayed him for God's sake of succour. What knight is he ? said the hermit. Is he of the house

of King Arthur, or not? I wot not, said Sir Lavaine, what is he, nor what is his name, but well I wot I saw him do marvellously this day as of deeds of arms. On whose party was he? said the hermit. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, he was this day against King Arthur, and there he won the prize of all the knights of the Round Table. I have seen the day, said the hermit, I would have loved him the worse by cause he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? let me see him. Then Sir Lavaine brought the hermit to him.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW LAUNCELOT WAS BROUGHT TO AN HERMIT TO BE HEALED OF HIS WOUND, AND OF OTHER MATTERS

AND when the hermit beheld him, as he sat leaning upon his saddle bow ever bleeding piteously, and ever the knight hermit thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge by cause he was so pale for bleeding. What knight are ye, said the hermit, and where were ye born? My fair lord, said Sir Launcelot, I am a stranger and a knight adventurous, that laboureth throughout many realms for to win worship. Then the hermit advised him better, and saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Launcelot. Alas, said the hermit, mine own lord why layne you your name from me? Forsooth I ought to know you of right, for ye are the most noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Launcelot. Sir, said he, sith ye know me help me an ye may, for God's sake, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life. Have ye no doubt, said the hermit, ye shall live and fare right well. And so the hermit called to him two of his servants, and so he and his servants bare him into the hermitage, and lightly unarmed him, and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit staunched his blood, and made him to drink good wine, so that Sir Launcelot was well refreshed and knew himself; for in these days it was not the guise of hermits as is nowadays, for there were none hermits in those days but that they had been men of worship and of

prowess; and those hermits held great household, and refreshed people that were in distress. Now turn we unto King Arthur, and leave we Sir Launcelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were come together on both parties, and the great feast should be holden, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship, where was that knight that bare the red sleeve: Bring him afore me that he may have his laud, and honour, and the prize, as it is right. Then spake Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and the King with the Hundred Knights: We suppose that knight is mischieved, and that he is never like to see you nor none of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we wist of any knight. Alas, said Arthur, how may this be, is he so hurt? What is his name? said King Arthur. Truly, said they all, we know not his name, nor from whence he came, nor whither he would. Alas, said the king, this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I welde to know and wit it were so that that noble knight were slain. Know ye him? said they all. As for that, said Arthur, whether I know him or know him not, ye shall not know for me what man he is, but Almighty Jesu send me good tidings of him. And so said they all. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, if it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found I shall find him, for I am sure he nys not far from this town. Bear you well, said King Arthur, an ye may find him, unless that he be in such a plight that he may not welde himself. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, but wit I shall what he is, an I may find him. Right so Sir Gawaine took a squire with him upon hackneys, and rode all about Camelot within six or seven mile, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again. And so as they rode by the way it happed Sir Gawaine at Astolat to lodge with Sir Bernard thereas was Sir Launcelot lodged. And so as Sir Gawaine was in his chamber to repose him Sir Bernard, the old baron, came unto him, and his daughter Elaine, to cheer him and to ask him what tidings, and who did best at that tournament of Winchester. So God me help,

said Sir Gawaine, there were two knights that bare two white shields, but the one of them bare a red sleeve upon his head, and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw joust in field. For I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, that one knight with the red sleeves mote down forty knights of the Table Round, and his fellow did right well and worshipfully. Now blessed be God, said the fair maiden of Astolat, that that knight sped so well, for he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be last that ever I shall love. Now, fair maid, said Sir Gawaine, is that good knight your love? Certainly sir, said she, wit ye well he is my love. Then know ye his name? said Sir Gawaine. Nay truly, said the damosel, I know not his name nor from whence he cometh, but to say that I love him, I promise you and God that I love him. How had ye knowledge of him first? said Sir Gawaine.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR GAWAINE WAS LODGED WITH THE LORD OF ASTOLAT, AND
THERE HAD KNOWLEDGE THAT IT WAS SIR LAUNCELOT
THAT BARE THE RED SLEEVE

THEN she told him as ye have heard tofore, and how her father betook him her brother to do him service, and how her father lent him her brother's, Sir Tirre's, shield: And here with me he left his own shield. For what cause did he so? said Sir Gawaine. For this cause, said the damosel, for his shield was too well known among many noble knights. Ah fair damosel, said Sir Gawaine, please it you let me have a sight of that shield. Sir, said she, it is in my chamber, covered with a case, and if ye will come with me ye shall see it. Not so, said Sir Bernard till his daughter, let send for it. So when the shield was come, Sir Gawaine took off the case, and when he beheld that shield he knew anon that it was Sir Launcelot's shield, and his own arms. Ah Jesu mercy, said Sir Gawaine, now is my heart more heavier than ever it was tofore. Why? said Elaine. For I have great cause, said Sir Gawaine. Is that knight that oweth this shield your love? Yea truly, said she, my love he is, God would I were

his love. So God me speed, said Sir Gawaine, fair damosel ye have right, for an he be your love ye love the most honourable knight of the world, and the man of most worship. So me thought ever, said the damosel, for never or that time, for no knight that ever I saw, loved I never noneerst. God grant, said Sir Gawaine, that either of you may rejoice other, but that is in a great adventure. But truly, said Sir Gawaine unto the damosel, ye may say he have a fair grace, for why I have known that noble knight this four and twenty year, and never or that day, I nor none other knight, I dare make good, saw nor heard say that ever he bare token or sign of no lady, gentlewoman, ne maiden, at no jousts nortournament. And therefore, fair maiden, said Sir Gawaine, ye are much beholden to him to give him thanks. But I dread me, said Sir Gawaine, that ye shall never see him in this world, and that is great pity that, ever was of earthly knight. Alas, said she, how may this be, is he slain? I say not so, said Sir Gawaine, but wit ye well he is grievously wounded, by all manner of signs, and by men's sight more liker to be dead than to be on live; and wit ye well he is the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, for by this shield I know him. Alas, said the fair maiden of Astolat, how may this be, and what was his hurt? Truly, said Sir Gawaine, the man in the world that loved him best hurt him so; and I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, an that knight that hurt him knew the very certainty that he had hurt Sir Launcelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart. Now fair father, said then Elaine, I require you give me leave to ride and to seek him, or else I wot well I shall go out of my mind, for I shall never stint till that I find him and my brother, Sir Lavaine. Do as it liketh you, said her father, for me sore repenteth of the hurt of that noble knight. Right so they made her ready, and before Sir Gawaine, making great dole. Then on the morn Sir Gawaine came to King Arthur, and told him how he had found Sir Launcelot's shield in the keeping of the fair maiden of Astolat. All that knew I aforehand, said King Arthur, and that caused me I would not suffer you to have ado at the great jousts, for I espied, said King Arthur, when he came in till his lodging full late in the evening in Astolat. But marvel have I, said Arthur, that ever he would bear any sign

of any damosel, for or now I never heard say nor knew that ever he bare any token of none earthly woman. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, the fair maiden of Astolat loveth him marvellously well; what it meaneth I cannot say, and she is ridden after to seek him. So the king and all came to London, and there Sir Gawaine openly disclosed to all the Court that it was Sir Launcelot that jousted best.

CHAPTER XV

OF THE SORROW THAT SIR BORS HAD FOR THE HURT OF LAUNCELOT;
AND OF THE ANGER THAT THE QUEEN HAD BECAUSE
LAUNCELOT BARE THE SLEEVE

AND when Sir Bors heard that, wit ye well he was an heavy man, and so were all his kinsmen. But when Queen Guenever wist that Sir Launcelot bare the red sleeve of the fair maiden of Astolat she was nigh out of her mind for wrath. And then she sent for Sir Bors de Ganis in all the haste that might be. So when Sir Bors was come tofore the queen, then she said: Ah Sir Bors, have ye heard say how falsely Sir Launcelot hath betrayed me? Alas madam, said Sir Bors, I am afeared he hath betrayed himself and us all. No force, said the queen, though he be destroyed, for he is a false traitor knight. Madam, said Sir Bors, I pray you say ye not so, for wit you well I may not hear such language of him. Why Sir Bors, said she, should I not call him traitor when he bare the red sleeve upon his head at Winchester, at the great jousts? Madam, said Sir Bors, that sleeve bearing repenteth me sore, but I dare say he did it to none evil intent, but for this cause he bare the red sleeve that none of his blood should know him. For or then we nor none of us all never knew that ever he bare token or sign of maid, lady, ne gentlewoman. Fie on him, said the queen, yet for all his pride and bobaunce there ye proved yourself his better. Nay madam, say ye never more so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us an he had would. Fie on him, said the queen, for I heard Sir Gawaine say before my lord Arthur that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the fair maiden of Astolat

and him. Madam, said Sir Bors, I may not warn Sir Gawaine to say what it pleased him; but I dare say, as for my lord, Sir Launcelot, that he loveth no lady, gentlewoman, nor maid, but all he loveth in like much. And therefore madam, said Sir Bors, ye may say what ye will, but wit ye well I will haste me to seek him, and find him wheresomever he be, and God send me good tidings of him. And so leave we them there, and speak we of Sir Launcelot that lay in great peril. So as fair Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about, and by fortune Sir Lavaine was ridden to play him, to enchafe his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and then she cried on loud until him. And when he heard her anon he came to her, and then she asked her brother how did my lord, Sir Launcelot. Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Launcelot? Then she told him how Sir Gawaine by his shield knew him. So they rode together till that they came to the hermitage, and anon she alit. So Sir Lavaine brought her in to Sir Launcelot; and when she saw him lie so sick and pale in his bed she might not speak, but suddenly she fell to the earth down suddenly in a swoon, and there she lay a great while. And when she was relieved, she shrieked and said: My lord, Sir Launcelot, alas why be ye in this plight? and then she swooned again. And then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Lavaine to take her up: And bring her to me. And when she came to herself Sir Launcelot kissed her, and said: Fair maiden, why fare ye thus? ye put me to pain; wherefore make ye no more such cheer, for an ye be come to comfort me ye be right welcome; and of this little hurt that I have I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But I marvel, said Sir Launcelot, who told you my name? Then the fair maiden told him all how Sir Gawaine was lodged with her father: And there by your shield he discovered your name. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that me repenteth that my name is known, for I am sure it will turn unto anger. And then Sir Launcelot compassed in his mind that Sir Gawaine would tell Queen Guenever how he bare the red sleeve, and for whom; that he wist well would turn into great anger. So this maiden Elaine never went from Sir Launcelot, but watched him day and night, and did such attendance to him, that the French book saith there was never woman did more

kindlier for man than she. Then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make aspies in Winchester for Sir Bors if he came there, and told him by what tokens he should know him, by a wound in his forehead. For well I am sure, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Bors will seek me, for he is the same good knight that hurt me.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR BORS SOUGHT LAUNCELOT AND FOUND HIM IN THE HERMITAGE, AND OF THE LAMENTATIONS BETWEEN THEM

Now turn we unto Sir Bors de Ganis that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin Sir Launcelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to lie in a watch for such a man, and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors, and there he told him what he was, and with whom he was, and what was his name. Now fair knight, said Sir Bors, I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, take your horse, and within this hour ye shall see him. And so they departed, and came to the hermitage. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot lie in his bed pale and discoloured, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance, and for kindness and pity he might not speak, but wept tenderly a great while. And then when he might speak he said thus: O my lord, Sir Launcelot, God you bless, and send you hasty recover; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and of mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that he would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you that are all our leader, and all our worship; and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas that ever such a caitiff knight as I am should have power by unhappiness to hurt the most noblest knight of the world. Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your blood did to you our utterance. I marvel, said Sir Bors, that my heart or my blood would serve me, wherefore my lord, Sir Launcelot, I

ask your mercy. Fair cousin, said Sir Launcelot, ye be right welcome; and wit ye well, overmuch ye say for to please me the which pleaseth me not, for why I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride I was near slain, and that was in mine own default, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then had I had no hurt, for it is an old said saw, there is hard battle there as kin and friends do battle either against other, there may be no mercy but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin, said Sir Launcelot, let this speech overpass, and all shall be welcome that God sendeth; and let us leave off this matter and let us speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how soon that I may be whole. Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bedside, and told Sir Launcelot how the queen was passing wroth with him, by cause he wore the red sleeve at the great jousts; and there Sir Bors told him all how Sir Gawaine discovered it: By your shield that ye left with the fair maiden of Astolat. Then is the queen wroth, said Sir Launcelot, and therefore am I right heavy, for I deserved no wrath, for all that I did was by cause I would not be known. Right so excused I you, said Sir Bors, but all was in vain, for she said more largelier to me than I to you now. But is this she, said Sir Bors, that is so busy about you, that men call the fair maiden of Astolat? She it is, said Sir Launcelot, that by no means I cannot put her from me. Why should ye put her from you? said Sir Bors, she is a passing fair damosel, and a well bisene, and well taught; and God would, fair cousin, said Sir Bors, that ye could love her, but as to that I may not, nor I dare not, counsel you. But I see well, said Sir Bors, by her diligence about you that she loveth you entirely. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Bors, she is not the first that hath lost her pain upon you, and that is the more pity: and so they talked of many more things. And so within three days or four Sir Launcelot was big and strong again.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT ARMED HIM TO ASSAY IF HE MIGHT BEAR ARMS,
AND HOW HIS WOUND BURST OUT AGAIN

THEN Sir Bors told Sir Launcelot how there was sworn a great tournament and jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, that should be upon All Hallowmass Day, beside Winchester. Is that truth? said Sir Launcelot; then shall ye abide with me still a little while until that I be whole, for I feel myself right big and strong. Blessed be God, said Sir Bors. Then were they there nigh a month together, and ever this maiden Elaine did ever her diligent labour night and day unto Sir Launcelot, that there was never child nor wife more meeker to her father and husband than was that fair maiden of Astola; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her. So upon a day, by the assent of Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, and Sir Lavaine, they made the hermit to seek in woods for divers herbs, and so Sir Launcelot made fair Elaine to gather herbs for him to make him a bain. In the meanwhile Sir Launcelot made him to arm him at all pieces; and there he thought to essay his armour and his spear, for his hurt or not. And so when he was upon his horse he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing lusty and fresh by cause he was not laboured a month afore. And then Sir Launcelot couched that spear in the rest. That courser leapt mightily when he felt the spurs; and he that was upon him the which was the noblest horse of the world, strained him mightily and stably and kept still the spear in the rest; and therewith Sir Launcelot strained himself so straightly, with so great force, to get the horse forward, that the bottom of his wound brast both within and without; and therewithal the blood came out so fiercely that he felt himself so feeble that he might not sit upon his horse. And then Sir Launcelot cried unto Sir Bors: Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help, for I am come to mine end. And therewith he fell down on the one side to the earth like a dead corpse. And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow making out of measure. And so by fortune the maiden Elaine heard their mourning, and then she came thither; and when she found

Sir Launcelot there armed in that place she cried and wept as she had been wood; and then she kissed him, and did what she might to awake him. And then she rebuked her brother and Sir Bors, and called them false traitors, why they would take him out of his bed; there she cried, and said she would appel them of his death. With this came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Launcelot in that plight he said but little, but wit ye well he was wroth; and then he bad them: Let us have him in. And so they all bare him unto the hermitage, and unarmed him, and laid him in his bed; and evermore his wound bled piteously, but he stirred no limb of him. Then the knight hermit put a thing in his nose and a little dele of water in his mouth. And then Sir Launcelot waked of his swoon, and then the hermit staunched his bleeding. And when he might speak he asked Sir Launcelot why he put his life in jeopardy. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, by cause I weened I had been strong, and also Sir Bors told me that there should be at All Hallowmass a great jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, and therefore I thought to essay it myself, whether I might be there or not. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said the hermit, your heart and your courage will never be done until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel. Let Sir Bors depart from you, and let him do at that tournament what he may: And by the grace of God, said the knight hermit, by that the tournament be done and ye come thither again, Sir Launcelot shall be as whole as ye, so that he will be governed by me.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR BORS RETURNED AND TOLD TIDINGS OF SIR LAUNCELOT;
AND OF THE TOURNEY, AND TO WHOM THE PRIZE WAS GIVEN

THEN Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Launcelot; and then Sir Launcelot said: Fair Cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom me ought to recommend me unto. And I pray you, enforce yourself at that jousts that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God

till ye come again. And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur, and told them in what place he had left Sir Launcelot. That me repenteth, said the king, but syne he shall have his life we all may thank God. And there Sir Bors told the queen in what jeopardy Sir Launcelot was when he would essay his horse. And all that he did, madam, was for the love of you, by cause he would have been at this tournament. Fie on him, recreant knight, said the queen, for wit ye well I am right sorry an he shall have his life. His life shall he have, said Sir Bors, and who that would otherwise except you, madam, we that be of his blood should help to short their lives. But madam, said Sir Bors, ye have been oftentimes displeased with my lord, Sir Launcelot, but at all times at the end ye find him a true knight: and so he departed. And then every knight of the Round Table that were there at that time present made them ready to be at that jousts at All Hollowmass, and thither drew many knights of divers countries. And as All Hollowmass drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, of Sur-luse, and thither came King Anguish of Ireland, and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party. And so that day Sir Gawaine did great deeds of arms, and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawaine smote down twenty knights. Then Sir Bors de Ganis came in the same time, and he was numbered that he smote down twenty knights; and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured. Also Sir Gareth, as the book saith, did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds he tarried not but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day, for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men deemed Sir Gareth and he rode together to some manner adventures. So when this tournament was done Sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to Sir Launcelot, his cousin; and then he found him walking on his feet, and there either made great joy of other; and so Sir Bors told Sir Launcelot of all the jousts like as ye have heard. I marvel, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Gareth, when he

had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry. Thereof we marvelled all, said Sir Bors, for but if it were you, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorak de Galis, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while as did Sir Gareth: and anon as he was gone we wist not where. By my head, said Sir Launcelot, he is a noble knight, and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well essayed, said Sir Launcelot, I would deem he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, and bounteous, meek, and mild, and in him is no manner of mal engyn, but plain, faithful, and true. So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn they took their horses and Elaine le Blank with them; and when they came to Astolat there were they well lodged, and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Tirre, his son. And so upon the morn when Sir Launcelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and Sir Lavaine, and Sir Tirre, and thus she said:

CHAPTER XIX

OF THE GREAT LAMENTATION OF THE FAIR MAID OF ASTOLAT WHEN
LAUNCELOT SHOULD DEPART, AND HOW SHE DIED FOR HIS LOVE

My lord, Sir Launcelot, now I see ye will depart; now fair knight and courteous knight, have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for thy love. What would ye that I did? said Sir Launcelot. I would have you to my husband, said Elaine. Fair damosel, I thank you, said Sir Launcelot, but truly, said he, I cast me never to be wedded man. Then, fair knight, said she, will ye be my paramour? Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, for then I rewarded your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness. Alas, said she, then must I die for your love. Ye shall not so, said Sir Launcelot, for wit ye well, fair maiden, I might have been married an I had would, but I never applied me to be married yet; but by cause, fair damosel, that ye love me as ye say ye do, I will for your good will and kindness show you some goodness, and that is this, that wheresomever ye will beset your heart upon some good knight that will wed you,

I shall give you together a thousand pound yearly to you and to your heirs ; thus much will I give you, fair madam, for your kindness, and always while I live to be your own knight. Of all this, said the maiden, I will none, for but if ye will wed me, or else be my paramour at the least, wit you well, Sir Launcelot, my good days are done. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, of these two things ye must pardon me. Then she shrieked shrilly, and fell down in a swoon ; and then women bare her into her chamber, and there she made over much sorrow ; and then Sir Launcelot would depart, and there he asked Sir Lavaine what he would do. What should I do, said Sir Lavaine, but follow you, but if ye drive me from you, or command me to go from you. Then came Sir Bernard to Sir Launcelot and said to him : I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake. I may not do withal, said Sir Launcelot, for that me sore repenteth, for I report me to yourself, that my proffer is fair ; and me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot, that she loveth me as she doth ; I was never the causer of it, for I report me to your son I early ne late proffered her bounte nor fair behests ; and as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I dare do all that a knight should do that she is a clene maiden for me, both for deed and for will. And I am right heavy of her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle, and well taught. Father, said Sir Lavaine, I dare make good she is a clene maiden as for my lord Sir Launcelot ; but she doth as I do, for sithen I first saw my lord Sir Launcelot, I could never depart from him, nor nought I will an I may follow him. Then Sir Launcelot took his leave, and so they departed, and came unto Winchester. And when Arthur wist that Sir Launcelot was come whole and sound the king made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawaine and all the knights of the Round Table except Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. Also Queen Guenever was wood wroth with Sir Launcelot, and would by no means speak with him, but estranged herself from him ; and Sir Launcelot made all the means that he might for to speak with the queen, but it would not be. Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, nor drank, and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feebled so

that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrived her clene, and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bad her leave such thoughts. Then she said, why should I leave such thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman? And all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man; and I take God to my record I loved never none but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall, and a clene maiden I am for him and for all other; and sithen it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul, and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered may be allegiance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take Thee to record, on Thee I was never great offencer against thy laws; but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of measure, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death. And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did indite it: and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is; and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over: thus father I beseech you let it be done. So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for when this was done anon she died. And so when she was dead the corpse and the bed all was led the next way unto Thames, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put into Thames; and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or any espied it.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THE CORPSE OF THE MAID OF ASTOLAT ARRIVED TOFORE KING
ARTHUR, AND OF THE BURYING, AND HOW SIR
LAUNCELOT OFFERED THE MASS-PENNY

So by fortune King Arthur and the Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window, and so as they looked into Thames they espied this black barget, and had marvel what it meant. Then the king called Sir Kay, and showed it him. Sir, said Sir Kay, wit you well there is some new tidings. Go thither, said the king to Sir Kay, and take with you Sir Brandiles and Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there. Then these four knights departed and came to the barget and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these four knights returned unto the king again, and told him what they found. That fair corpse will I see, said the king. And so then the king took the queen by the hand, and went thither. Then the king made the barget to be holden fast, and then the king and the queen entered with certain knights with them; and there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the queen espied a letter in her right hand, and told it to the king. Then the king took it and said: Now am I sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither. So then the king and the queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain man to wait upon the barget. And so when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said that he would wit openly what was written within that letter. Then the king brake it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter. Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love, I was your lover, that men called the fair maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet pray for my soul and bury me at least, and offer ye my mass-penny: this is my last request. And a clene maiden I died, I take God to witness:

pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art peerless. This was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read, the king, the queen, and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when Sir Launcelot heard it word by word, he said: My lord Arthur, wit ye well I am right heavy of the death of this fair damosel: God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my willing, and that will I report me to her own brother: here he is, Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay, said Sir Launcelot, but that she was both fair and good, and much I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of measure. Ye might have shewed her, said the queen, some bounty and gentleness that might have preserved her life. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, she would none other ways be answered but that she would be my wife, outhere else my paramour; and of these two I would not grant her, but I proffered her, for her good love that she showed me, a thousand pound yearly to her, and to her heirs, and to wed any manner knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam, said Sir Launcelot, I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by no constraint. That is truth, said the king, and many knight's love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth himself. Then said the king unto Sir Launcelot: It will be your worship, that ye oversee that she be interred worshipfully. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, that shall be done as I can best devise. And so many knights yede thither to behold that fair maiden. And so upon the morn she was interred richly, and Sir Launcelot offered her mass-penny; and all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time offered with Sir Launcelot. And then the poor man went again with the barget.

BOOK XXI. CHAPTER IV

HOW BY MISADVENTURE OF AN ADDER THE BATTLE BEGAN, WHERE
MORDRED WAS SLAIN, AND ARTHUR HURT TO THE DEATH

THEN were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: I am glad that this is done: and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In likewise Sir Mordred warned his host that: Anye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me. And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beamous, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said: Alas this unhappy day! and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in likewise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure,

when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: Traitor, now is thy death day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heave him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the

seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING ARTHUR COMMANDED TO CAST HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR
INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED TO
LADIES IN A BARGE

BUT I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee: alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul! Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me ever-

more; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so ofte he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe and waves wanne. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water, as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas,

said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the waterside, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BEDIVERE FOUND HIM ON THE MORROW DEAD IN AN HERMITAGE, AND HOW HE ABODE THERE WITH THE HERMIT

THEN was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed. Sir, said Bedivere, what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for? Fair son, said the hermit, I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this

night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants. Alas, said Sir Bedivere, that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel. Then Sir Bedivere swooned, and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother. Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers. Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorised, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of North-galis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

CHAPTER VII

OF THE OPINION OF SOME MEN OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR;
AND HOW QUEEN GUENEVER MADE HER A NUN IN ALMESBURY

YET some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus Rex, quondam Rex que futurus*. Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence. And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the qucen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed. Now leave we Queen Guenever in Almesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was abbess and ruler as reason would.

* * * * *

EVPHIVES

THE ANATOMY OF WIT

JOHN LYLY

THERE dwelt in *Athens* a young gentleman of great patrimony, and of so comelye a personage, that it was doubted whether he were more bound to Nature for the liniaments of his person, or to Fortune for the increafe of his poffeffions. But Nature impatient of comparifons, and as it were difdaining a companion or cōpartner in hir working, added to this comelyneffe of his bodye fuch a fharp capacity of minde, that not onely ſhe proued Fortune counterfaite, but was halfe of that opinion that ſhe hir ſelfe was onely currant. This young gallaunt of more witte then wealth, and yet of more wealth then wifedome, ſeeing himſelfe inferiour to none in pleaſant conceits, though himſelfe ſuperiour to all his [in] honeſt conditions, inſomuch that he thought himſelfe ſo apt to all thinges that he gaue himſelfe almoſt to nothing but practiſing of thoſe thinges commonly which are indicent [incident] to theſe ſharpe wittes, fine phraſes, ſmooth quippes, merry tauntes, [vſing] ieſtinge without meane, and abuſing mirth without meaſure. As therefore the ſweeteſt Roſe hath his prickell, the fineſt veluet his bracke, the faireſt flower his branne, ſo the ſharpeſt wit hath his wanton will, and the holieſt head his wicked way. And true it is that ſome men write and moſt men beleue, that in al perfect ſhapes, a blemmiſh bringeth rather a lyking euery way to the eyes, then a loathing any way to the minde. *Venus* had hir Mole in hir cheeke which made hir more amiable: *Helen* hir Scarre in hir chinne, which *Paris* called *Cos Amoris*, the whetſtone of loue, *Ariſtiſippus* his Wart, *Lycurgus* his Wen: So likewise in the diſpoſition of the minde, either vertue

is ouerfhadowed with fome vice, or vice ouercaft with fome vertue. *Alexander* valyant in warre, yet giuen to wine. *Tullie* eloquent in his gloses, yet vaine glorious. *Salomon* wife, yet to[o] too wanton. *David* holy, but yet an homicide. None more wittie then *Euphues*, yet at the firft none more wicked. The frefheft colours fooneft fade, the teeneft Rafor fooneft tourneth his edge, the fineft cloth is fooneft eaten with [the] Moathes, and the Cambricke fooner ftayned then the courfe Canuas: which appeared well in this *Euphues*, whole wit beeing like waxe, apt to receiue any impreffion, and bearing the head in his owne hande, either to vfe the rayne or the fpurre, difdayning counsaile, leauing his country, loathing his olde acquaintance, thought either by wit to obteyne fome conqueft, or by fhame to abyde fome conflict, who preferring fancy before friends, and [t]his prefent humor, before honour to come, laid reafon in water being to[o] falt for his taft, and followed vnbrideled affection, moft pleafant for his tooth. . . . It happened this young Impe to ariue at *Naples* (a place of more pleafure then profit, and yet of more profit then pietie), the very walls and windowes whereoff, fhewed it rather to be the Tabernacle of *Venus*, then the Temple of *Vefta*. Ther was all things neceffary and in redynes, that might either allure the mind to luft or entice ye heart to folly: a court more meete for an *Atheyft*, then for one of *Athens*: for *Ouid*, then for *Aristotle*: for a gracelefse louer, then for a godly liuer: more fitter for *Paris* then *Hector*, and meeter for *Flora* then *Diana*. Heere my youth (whether for wearineffe he could not, or for wantonnes would not go any farther) determined to make his abode, whereby it is euidently feene that the fleeteft fifh fwalloweth the delicateft bait: that the higheft foaring Hauke traineth to ye lure: and that ye wittieft braine, is inuegled with the fodeine view of alluring vanities. Heere he wanted no companions, which courted him continually with fundrye kindes of deuifes, whereby they might either foake his purffe to reape commoditie, or footh his perfon, to winne credite: for he had gueftes and companions of all forts.

Ther frequented to his lodging, as well the Spider to fucke poyfon of his fine wit, as the Bee to gather Hunny: as well the Drone as the Doue: the Foxe as the Lambe: as wel *Damocles*

to betray him, as *Damon* to be true to him. Yet he behaued himselfe so warily, that hee finged his game wifelye.

* * * * *

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two monethes in *Naples*, whether he were moued by the courtesie of a young gentleman named *Phila[u]tus*, or inforced by delytany: whether his pregna[n]t wit, or his pleasant conceits wrought the greater lyking in [of] the minde of *Euphues*, I know not for certieintie: But *Euphues* shewed such entyre loue towards him, that he seemed to make small accompt of any others, determining to enter into such an inuiolable league of friendship with him, as neither time by peecemeale should impaire, neither fancie vtterly desolue, nor any suspition infringe.

* * * * *

Euphues had continual accesse to the place of *Philautus*, and no little familiaritie with him, and finding him at conuenient leasure, in these short termes vnfolded his minde vnto [to] him.

Gentleman and friend, the tryall I haue had of thy manners cutteth off diuers termes, which to an other I wold haue vsed in the lyke matter. And sithens a long discourse argueth folly, and delicate words incurre the suspition of flattery, I am determined to vse neither of them, knowing either of them to breede offence. Wayinge with my selfe the force of friendshippe by the effects, I studyed euer since my first comming to *Naples* to enter league with such a one as might direct my steps being a stranger, and resemble my manners being a scholler, the which two qualities as I find in you able to satisfie my desire, so I hope I shall finde a heart in you willinge to accomplish my request. Which if I may obtaine, assure your selfe, that *Damon* to his *Pythias*, *Pilades* to his *Orestes*, *Tytus* to his *Gysippus*, *Thesius* to his *Pirothus*, *Scipio* to his *Laelius*, was neuer founde more faithfull, then *Euphues* will bee to *Philautus*.

Philautus by how much the lesse he looked for this discourse, by so much the more he lyked it, for he sawe all qualities both of body and minde, in *Euphues*, vnto whom he replied as followeth.

Friend *Euphues* (for so your talke warranteth me to term you)

I dare neither vse a long processe, neither a louing speach, least vnwittingly I shold cause you to conuince me of those things which you haue already condemned. And verily I am bold to presume vpon your curtesie, since you your self haue vsed so little curiositie: perswading my selfe that my short answere will worke as great an effect in you, as your few words did in me. And seeing we resemble (as you say) each other in qualities, it cannot be yat the one should differ from the other in curtesie, seeing the sincere affection of the minde cannot be expressed by the mouth, and that no art can vnfold the entire loue of ye heart, I am earnestly to beseech you not to measure the firmenesse of my faith, by ye fewnes of my wordes, but rather thinke that the overflowing waues of good wil, leaue no passage for many words.

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But after many embracings and protestations one to an other, they walked to dinner, wher they wanted neither meat, neither Musicke, neither any other pastime: and hauing banqueted, to digest their sweete confections, they daunced all that after noone, they vied not onely one boorde but one bed, one booke (if so be it they thought not one too many). Their friendship augmented euery day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute, all things went in common betweene them, which all men accompted commendable.

Phila[ul]lus being a towne borne childe, both for his owne countenance, and the great countenance which his father had while he liued, crept into credit with *Don Fernando* one of the chiefe gouernours of the citie, who although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his pallaice, yet his daughter, heire to his whole reuenewes stayned ye beautie of them al, whose modest bashfulnes caused the other to looke wanne for enuie, whose Lilly cheekes dyed with a Vermilion red, made the rest to blush for shame. For as the finest Ruby staineth ye coulour of the rest that be in place, or as the Sunne dimmeth the Moone, that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girle more faire then fortunate, and yet more fortunate then faithful, eclipsed the beautie of them all, and chaunged their colours. Vnto hir had

Philautus accesse, who wan hir by right of loue, and should haue worne hir by right of law, had not *Euphues* by straunge destenie broken the bondes of mariage, and forbidden the banes of Matrimony.

It happened that *Don Fernando* had occasion to goe to *Venice* about certeine [of] his owne affaires, leauing his daughter the onely steward of his household, who spared not to feast *Philautus* hir friend, with al kinds of delights and delycates, referuig only hir honestie as the chiefe stay of hir honour. Hir father being gone she sent for hir friend to supper, who came not as hee was accustomed solitarilye alone, but accompanied with his friend *Euphues*. The Gentlewoman whether it were for nicenesse, or for nigardnesse of courtesie, gaue him such a colde welcome, that he repented that he was come.

Euphues though he knewe himselfe worthy euerye way to haue a good countenaunce, yet coulde he not perceiue hir willing any way to lende him a friendly looke. Yet least he should seeme to want gestures, or to be dashed out of conceipt with hir coy countenaunce, he addrest him to a Gentlewoman called *Liua*, vnto whome he vttered this speach. Faire Ladye, if it be the guise of *Italy* to welcome straungers with strangnes, I must needs say the custome is strange and the countrey barbarous, if the manner of Ladies to salute Gentlemen with coyneffe, then I am enforced to think the women without [voyde of] courtesie to vse such welcome, and the men past shame that will come. But heereafter I will either bring a stoole on mine arme for an vnbidden guest, or a visard on my face, for a shamelesse gossippe. *Liua* replied.

Sir, our country is ciuile, and our gentlewomen are curteous, but in *Naples* it is compted a ielt, at euery word to say, In faith you are welcome. As she was yet talking, supper was set on the bord, then *Philautus* spake thus vnto *Lucilla*. Yet Gentlewoman, I was the bolder to bring my shadow with me, (meaning *Euphues*) knowing that he should be the better welcome for my sake: vnto whom the Gentlewoman replied. Sir, as I neuer when I saw you, thought that you came without your shadow, so now I cannot lyttle meruaile to see you so ouerhot in bringing a new shadow with you. *Euphues*, though he perceiued hir coy

nippe, seemed not to care for it, but taking hir by the hand said.

Faire Lady, seeing the shade doth [so] often shield your beautie from the parching Sunne, I hope you will the better esteeme of the shadow, and by so much the lesse it ought to be offensive, by how much the lesse it is able to offende you, and by so much the more you ought to lyke it, by how much the more you vse to lye in it.

Well Gentleman, answered *Lucilla*, in arguing of the shadow, we forgoe the substaunce: pleaseth it you therefore to sit downe to supper. And so they all fate downe, but *Euphues* fed of one dish, which [was] euer stode before him, the beautie of *Lucilla*.

Supper beeing ended, the order was in *Naples*, that the Gentlemen would desire to heare some discourse, either concerning loue, or learning: And although *Philautus* was requested, yet he posted it ouer to *Euphues*, whome he knewe most fit for that purpose: *Euphues* beeing thus tyed to the stake by their importunate intreatie, began as followeth.

He that worst may is alway enforced to holde the candell, the weakest must still to the wall, where none will, the Diuell himselfe must beare the crosse. But were it not Gentlemen, that your lust standes for law, I would borrow so much leaue as to resigne mine office to one of you, whose experience in loue hath made you learned, and whose learninge hath made you so louely: for me to intreat of the one being a nouise, or to discourse of the other being a trewant, I may well make you weary, but neuer the wiser, and giue you occasion rather to laugh at my rashnesse, then to lyke my reasons: Yet I care the lesse to excuse my boldnesse to you, who were the cause of my blindnesse. And since I am at mine owne choyce, either to talke of loue or of learning, I had rather for this time bee deemed an vnthrif in reiecting profite, then a *Stoicke* in renouncing pleasure.

It hath bene a question often disputed, but neuer determined, whether the qualities of the minde, or the composition of the man, cause women most to lyke, or whether beautie or wit moue men most to loue. Certes by how much the more the minde is to be preferred before the body, by so much the more the graces of the one are to be preferred before ye gifts of the other, which if

it be so, that the contemplation of the inward qualitie ought to bee respected, more then the view of the outward beautie, then doubtlesse women either do or should loue those best whose vertue is best, not measuring the deformed man, with the reformed minde.

The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head, the fine golde is found in the filthy earth: the sweet kernell lyeth in the hard shell: vertue is harboured in the heart of him that most men esteeme mishapen. Contrariwise, if we respect more the outward shape, then the inward habit, good God, into how many mischiefs do wee fall? into what blindnesse are we ledde? Doe we not commonly see that inpainted pottes is hidden the deadlyest poyson? that in the greenest grasse is ye greatest Serpent? in the cleereft water the vglyest Toade? Doth not experience teach vs, that in the most curious Sepulcher are enclosed rotten bones? That the Cypresse tree beareth a faire leafe, but no fruite? That the Estridge carieth faire feathers, but ranke flesh? How frantick are those louers which are caried away with the gaye glistering of the fine face? The beautie whereoff is parched with the summers blaze, and chipped with the winters blast: which is of so short continuance, that it fadeth before one perceiue it flourish: of so smal profit, that it poysoneth those that possesse it: of so litle value with the wise, that they accompt it a delicate baite with a deadly hooke: a sweet *Panther* with a deuouring paunch, a sower poyson in a siluer pottle. Heere I could enter into discourse of such fine dames as being in loue with their owne looks, make such course accompt of their passionate louers: for commonly if they be adorned with beautie, they be straight laced, and made so high in the insteppe, that they disdaine them most that most desire them. It is a worlde to see the doating of their louers, and their dealing with them, the reueling of whose subtil traines would cause me to shed teares, and you Gentlewomen to shut your modest eares. Pardon me Gentlewomen if I vnfolde euery wile and shew euery wrinkle of womens disposition. Two things do they cause their seruants to vow vnto them, secrecie, and souerintie: the one to conceale their entising sleights, by the other to assure themselues of their only seruice. Againe, but hoe there: if I shoulde haue waded anye

further, and fownded the depth of their deceit, I should either haue procured your displeasure, or incurred the suspicion of fraud : either armed you to practise the like subtiltie, or accused my selfe of periury. But I meane not to offend your chaste mindes, with the rehearfall of their vnchaste manners : whose eares I perceiue to glow, and hearts to be grieued at that which I haue alredy vttered : not that amongst you there be any such, but that in your sexe ther should be any such. Let not Gentlewomen therefore make to[o] much of their painted sheath, let them not be so curious in their owne conceit, or so curriish to their loyal louers. When the black Crowes foote shall appeare in their eye, or the blacke Oxe treade on their foote, when their beautie shall be lyke the blasted Rose, their wealth wasted, their bodies worne, their faces wrinkled, their fingers crooked, who wil like of them in their age, who loued none in their youth ? If you will be cherished when you be olde, be courteous while you be young : if you looke for comfort in your hoarie haire, be not coye when you haue your golden lockes : if you would be imbraced in ye wayning of your brauerie, be not squeymish in the waxing of your beautie : if you desire to be kept lyke the Roses when they haue lost their coulour, smel sweete as the Rose doth in the budde : if you would be tasted for olde Wine, bee in the mouth a pleasant Grape : so shall you be cherished for your courtesie, comforted for your honestie, embraced for your amitie, so shall you [ye] be preferred with the sweete Rose, and dronke with the pleasant wine. Thus farre I am bolde gentlewomen, to counsel those that be coy, that they weaue not the web of their owne woe, nor spinne the threede of their own thraldome, by their own ouerthwartnes. And seeing we are euen in the bowells of loue, it shal not be amisse, to examine whether man or woman be soonest allured, whether be most constant the male or the female. And in this poynte I meane not to be mine owne caruer, least I should seeme either to picke a thanke with men, or a quarel with women. If therefore it might stand with your pleasure (*Mistres Lucilla*) to giue your censure, I would take the contrarie : for sure I am though your iudgement be found, yet affection will shadow it.

Lucilla seeing his pretence, thought to take aduantage of his

large profer, vnto whom she saide. Gentleman in my opinion, women are to be wonne with euery wind, in whose sexe ther is neither force to withstand the assaults of loue, neither constancy to remaine faithfull. And bicause your discourse hath hetherto bred delight, I am loth to hinder you in the sequele of your deuises. *Euphues*, perceiuing himselfe to be taken napping, answered as followeth.

Mistres *Lucilla*, if you speake as you thinke, these gentlewomen present haue little cause to thanke you, if you cause me to commend women, my tale will be accompted a meere trifle, and your wordes the plaine truth: Yet knowing promise to be debt, I will paye it with performance. And I woulde the Gentlemen heere present were as ready to credit my prooffe, as the gentlewomen are willing to heare their own prayles, or I as able to ouercome, as Mistres *Lucilla* would be content to be ouerthrowne, howe so euer the matter shall fall out, I am of the surer side: for if my reasons be weake, then is our sexe strong: if forcible, then [is] your iudgement feeble: if I finde truth on my side, I hope I shall for my wages win the good will of women: if I want prooffe, then gentlewomen of necessitie you must yeeld to men. But to the matter.

Touching the yeelding to loue, albeit their heartes seeme tender, yet they harden them lyke the stone of *Sicilia*, the which the more it is beaten the harder it is: for being framed as it were of the perfection of men, they be free from all such cogitations as may any way prouoke them to vncleanenesse, insomuch as they abhorre the light loue of youth, which is grounded vppon lust, and dissolued, vpon euery light occasion. When they see the folly of men turne to fury, their delyght to doting, their affection to frenchie, when they see them as it were pine in pleasure, and to wax pale through their own peeuisshnes, their sutes, their seruice, their letters, their labours, their loues, their liues, seeme to them so odious, that they harden their hearts against such concupysence, to the ende they might conuert them from rashnesse to reason: from such lewde disposition, to honest discretion. Heereoff it commeth that men accuse woemen of cruelty, bicause they themselues want ciuility: they accompt them full of wyles, in not yeelding to their wickednes: faithlesse

for resisting their filthynes. But I had almost forgot my selfe, you shal pardon me Mistres *Lucilla* for this time, if this [thus] abruptlye, I finish my discourse: it is neither for want of good wil, or lack of prooffe, but yat I feele in my self such alteration, yat I can scarcely viter one worde. Ah *Euphues*, *Euphues*. The gentlewomen were strooke into such a quandary with this sodeine chaunge, that they all chaunged coulour. But *Euphues* taking *Philautus* by the hande, and giuing the gentlewomen thankses for their patience and his repast, bad them al farewell, and went immediately to his chamber. But *Lucilla* who nowe began to frye in the flames of loue, all the companye being departed to their lodgings, entered into these termes and contrarieties.

Ah wretched wench *Lucilla*, how art thou perplexed? what a doubtfull fight dost thou feele betwixt [betweene] faith and fancy? hope and feare? conscience and concupiscence? O my *Euphues*, lyttle dost thou knowe the sodeyn sorrowe that I iusteine for thy sweete sake: Whose wyt hath bewitched me, whose rare qualyties haue depryued me of myne olde qualytie, most curteous behauiour without curiositie, whose comely feature, wythout fault, whose filed speach without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. And canst thou *Lucilla* be so light of loue in forsaking *Philautus* to flye to *Euphues*? canst thou prefer a straunger before thy countryman? a starter before thy companion? Why, *Euphues* doth perhappes [perhappes doeth] desire my loue, but *Philautus* hath deserued it. Why, *Euphues* feature is worthy as good as I, but *Philautus* his faith is worthy a better. I, but the latter loue is most feruent, I, but ye first ought to be most faythfull. I, but *Euphues* hath greater perfection, I, but *Philautus* hath deeper affection.

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She hauing thus discoursed with hir selfe, hir owne miseries, cast hir selfe on the bedde and there lette hir lye, and retourne we to *Euphues*, who was so caught in the ginne of folly, that he neither could comfort himselfe, nor durit aske counsaile of his friend, suspecting that which in deede was true, that *Philautus* was corriual with him and cooke-mate with *Lucilla*. Amiddest

therefore these his extremities, betwene hope and feare, he vttered these or the lyke speeches

What is he *Euphues*, that knowing thy witte, and seeing thy folly, but will rather punish thy leauelesse, then pette thy heauinesse? Was ther euer any so bolle to loose to be allured? any euer [euer anie] so faithlesse to deuour his friend? euer any so foolish to bathe himselfe in his owne misfortune? Too true it is, that as the sea Crab swimmeth alwayes against the strame, so wit alwayes strueth against wisdom. And as the Bee is oftentimes hurt with his owne Honny, so is witte not lesse plagues with his owne conceipt

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Shall I not then hazarde my life to obtaine my loue? and de-
celue *Philautus* to retriue *Lucilla*? Yes *Euphues*, where loue
beareth sway, friendship can haue no share. As *Philautus* brought
me for his shadowe the last supper, so will I vte him for my
shadow till I haue gained his Saint. And canst thou wretch be
falle to him that is faithfull to thee? Shall his crueltie be cause of
thy crueltie? Wilt thou violate the league of fayth, to inherite
the lande of folly? Shall affection be of more force then friend-
ship, loue then lawe, lust then loyaltie? Knowest thou not
that he that loseth his honestie, hath nothing els to loose

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Euphues hauing thus talked with himselfe, *Philautus* entered
the chamber, and finding him so worne and wasted with con-
tinuall mourning, neither ioying in hys meate, nor reioycing in
his friend, with watry eyes vttered this speech.

FRIEND and fellow, as I am not ignoraunt of thy present weak-
nes, so I am not priue of the cause: and although I suspect
many things, yet can I assure my self of no one thing. Therefore
my good *Euphues*, for these doubts and dumps of mine, either
remoue the cause, or reueale it. Thou hast hetherio sounde me
a cheerefull companion in thy myrth, and now shalt thou finde
me as carefull with thee in thy moane. If altogether thou
maist not be cured, yet maist thou bee comforted. If ther be
any thing yat either by my friends may be procured, or by my

life attained, that may either heale thee in part, or helpe thee in all, I protest to thee by the name of a friend, that it shall rather be gotten with the losse of my body, then lost by getting a kingdom. *Euphues* hearing this comfort and friendly counsaile, dissembled his sorrowing heart with a smiling face, answering him forthwith as followeth.

So it is *Philautus* (for why should I conceale it from thee, of whome I am to take counsaile) that since my last and first being with thee at the house of *Ferardo*, I haue felt such a furious battaile in mine owne body, as if it be not speedely repressed by pollicie, it wil cary my minde (the graund captaine in this fight) into endlesse captiuitie. Ah *Liua*, *Liua*, thy courtly grace with out coynesse, thy blazing beautie without blemish, thy curteous demeanor without curiositie, thy sweet speech fauoured with witte, thy comely mirth tempered with modestie? thy chaste lookes, yet louely: thy sharp taunts, yet pleasaunt: haue giuen me such a checke, that sure I am at the next viewe of thy vertues, I shall take thee mate. If therefore *Philautus*, thou canst set but this fether to mine arrow, thou shalt see me shoote so neere, that thou wilt accompt me for a cunning Archer. And verily if I had not loued thee well, I would haue swallowed mine own sorrow in silence, knowing yat in loue nothing is so dangerous as to participate the meanes thereof to an other, and that two may keepe counsaile if one be away, I am therefore enforced perforce, to challenge that curtesie at thy hands, which earst thou didst promise with thy heart, the performaunce whereoff shall binde me to *Philautus*, and prooue thee faithfull to *Euphues*.

Philautus thinking al to be gold that glistered, and all to be Gospell that *Euphues* vttered, answered his forged gloase with this friendly cloase.

In that thou hast made me priue to thy purpose, I will not conceale my practife: in yat thou crauest my aide, assure thy selfe I will be the finger next thy thombe: infomuch as thou shalt neuer repent thee of ye one or the other, for perswade thy selfe that thou shalt finde *Philautus* during life ready to comfort thee in thy misfortunes, and succour thee in thy necessitie. Concerning *Liua*, though she be faire, yet is she not so amiable as my *Lucilla*, whose seruauant I haue bene the terme of three

yeres: but leaft comparifons fhould feeme odious, chiefly where both the parties be without comparifon, I will omitte that, and feing that we had both rather be talking with them, then tatling of them, we will immediately goe to them. And truly *Euphues*, I am not a lyttle glad, that I fhall haue thee not only a comfort in my life, but alfo a companion in my loue: As thou haft ben wife in thy choice, fo I hope thou fhalt be fortunate in thy chaunce. *Liui*a is a wench of more wit then beautie, *Lucilla* of more beautie then wit, both of more honeftie then honour, and yet both of fuch honour, as in all *Naples* there is not one in birth to be compared with any of them both. How much therefore haue wee to reioyce in our choice. Touching our acceffe, be thou secure, I will flappe *Ferardo* in the mouth with fome concept, and fil his olde head fo full of new fables, that thou fhalt rather be earnestly entreated to repaire to his houfe, then euill entreated to leaue it. As olde men are very fufpicious to miftruft euery thing, fo are they verye credulous to beleuee any thing: the blynde man doth eate manye a Flye, yea but layd *Euphues*, take heede my *Philautus*, that thou thy self fwallow not a Gudge, which word *Philautus* did not mark, vntil he had almoft digefted it. But faid *Euphues*, let vs go deuoutly to ye fhrine of our Saints, there to offer our deuotion, for my books teach me, that fuch a wound muft be healed wher it was firft hurt, and for this difeafe we will vfe a common remedie, but yet comfortable. The eye that blinded thee, fhall make thee fee, the Scorpion that ftung thee fhall heale thee, a fharpere hath a fhort cure, let vs goe: to the which *Euphues* confented willyngly, fmiling to himfelfe to fee how he had brought *Philautus*, into a fooles Paradiſe.

Heere you may fee Gentlemen, the falſehood in fellowſhip, the fraude in friendſhippe, the paynted ſheath with the leaden dagger, the faire wordes that make fooles faine: but I will not trouble you with ſuperfluous addition, vnto whom I feare mee I haue bene tedious with the bare diſcourſe of this rude hiſtorie.

Philautus and *Euphues* repaired to the houſe of *Ferardo*, where they founde Miſtres *Lucilla* and *Liui*a, accompanied with other Gentlewomen, neyther beeing idle, nor well imployed, but playing at cardes. But when *Lucilla* beheld *Euphues*, ſhe coulde

scarcely conteine hir selfe from embracing him, had not womanly shamefastnes and *Philautus* his presence, stayed hir wiledome.

Euphues on the other side was fallen into such a traunce, that he had not ye power either to succor himselfe, or salute the gentlewomen. At the last *Lucilla*, began as one that best might be bolde, on this manner.

Gentlemen, although your long absence gaue mee occasion to think that you dislyked your late entertainment, yet your comming at the last hath cut off my former suspition: And by so much the more you are welcome, by how much the more you were wished for. But you Gentleman (taking *Euphues* by the hande) were the rather wished for, for that your discourse being left vnperfect, caused vs all to longe (as woemen are wont for thinges that lyke them) to haue an ende thereof. Unto whome *Philautus* replied as followeth.

Mistres *Lucilla*, though your curtesie made vs nothing to doubt of our welcome, yet modestye caused vs to pinch curtesie, who should first come: as for my friende, I thinke hee was neuer wysht for heere so earnestly of any as of himselfe, whether it myght be to renewe his talke, or to recant his sayings, I cannot tell. *Euphues* takynge the tale out of *Philautus* mouth, aunswered: Mistres *Lucilla*, to recant verities were heresie, and renewe the prayses of woemen flattery: the onely cause I wysht my selfe heere, was to giue thanks for so good entertainment the which I could no wayes deserue, and to breede a greater acquaintaunce if it might be to make amendes.

But whilest he was yet speakinge, *Ferardo* entered, whome they all duetifully welcommed home, who rounding *Philautus* in the eare, desired hym to accompanye hym immediatlye without farther pausinge, protesting it shoulde bee as well for his preferment as for his owne profite. *Philautus* consentinge, *Ferardo* sayde vnto hys daughter.

Lucilla, the vrgent aff[a]yres I haue in hande, wyll scarce suffer mee to tarrye with you one houre, yet my returne I hope will bee so short, that my absence shall not breede thy sorrowe: in the meane season I commit all things into thy custody, wishing thee to vse thy accustomable curtesie. And seeing I must take *Philautus* with mee, I will bee so bolde to craue you Gentleman

(his friende) to supply his roome, desiring you to take this hastye warning for a hartye welcome, and so to spend this time of mine absence in honest myrth. And thus I leaue you.

Philautus knewe well the cause of thys sodeyne departure, which was to redeeme certeine landes that were morgaged in his Fathers time, to the vse of *Ferardo*, who on that condition had before time promised him his daughter in mariage. But returne we to *Euphues*.

Euphues was surprised with such incredible ioye at this straunge euent, that he had almost founded, for seeing his coriuall to be departed, and *Ferardo* to giue him so friendly entertaynment, doubted not in time to get the good wil of *Lucilla*: Whom finding in place conuenient without company, with a bold courage and comely gesture, he began to assay hir in this sort.

Gentlewoman, my acquaintaunce beeing so little, I am afraide my credite wyll be lesse, for that they commonly are soonest beleued, that are best beloued, and they lyked best whom we haue knowen longest, neuerthelesse the noble minde suspecteth no guyle without cause, neither condemneth any wight without prooffe: hauing therefore notife of your heroycall heart, I am the better perswaded of my good hap. So it is *Lucilla*, that comming to *Naples* but to fetch fire, as the by[e] word is, not to make my place of abode, I haue founde such flames that I can neither quench them with ye water of free will, neither coole them with wisdom. It is your beautie (pardon my abrupte boldnesse) Lady, that hath taken euery parte of me prisoner, and brought mee vnto this deepe distresse, but seeing women when one prayleth them for their deserts, deeme that he flattereth them to obtaine his desire, I am heere present to yeeld myselfe to such tryal, as your courtesie in this behalfe shal require. Thus not blinded by light affection, but dazeled with your rare perfection, and boldened by your exceeding courtesie: I haue vnfolded mine entyre loue, desiring you hauing so good leasure, to giue so friendlye an aunswere, as I may receiue comforte, and you commendacion.

Lucilla, although she were contented to heare this desired discourse, yet did shee seeme to bee somewhat displeased. And truly I know not whether it be peculiar to that sexe to

diffemble with those whom they most desire, or whether by craft they haue learned outwardly to loath that, which inwardly they most loue: yet wisely did she cast this in hir head, that if she should yeelde at the first assault, he would thinke hir a light hufwife: if she should reiect him scornfully a very haggard: minding therefore that he shoulde neither take holde of hir promise, neither vnkindenesse of hir precisenesse, she fed him indifferently, with hope and dispaire, reason and affection, life and death. Yet in the ende arguing wittily vpon certeine questions, they fel to such agreement, as poore *Philautus* would not haue agreed vnto if he had ben present, yet alwayes keeping the [her] body vndefiled. And thus she replied: I woulde not *Euphues* that thou shouldest condemne me of rigour, in that I seeke to affwage thy folly by reason: but take this by the way, that although as yet I am disposed to lyke of none, yet whensoever I shall loue any, I wil not forget thee: in the meane season accompt me thy friend, for thy foe I will neuer be.

Euphues was brought into a great quandary, and as it were a colde shiuering, to heare this newe kinde of kindnesse: such sweete meate, such sowe sauce: such fayre wordes, such faine promises: such hot loue, such colde desire: such certeine hope, such sodeine chaunge: and stoode lyke one that had looked on *Medusaes* heade, and so had beene tournd into a stone.

Lucilla seeing him in this pitiful plight, and fearing he would take stand if the lure were not cast out, toke him by the hand, and wringing him softly, with a smiling countenaunce began thus to comfort him.

Me thinks *Euphues* chaunging so your colour, vpon the sodeine, you wil soone chaunge your coppie: is your minde on your meate? a penny for your thought.

Mistres (quoth he) if you would by al my thoughts at that price? I should neuer be wearye of thinking, but seeing it is too [so] deere, reade it and take it for nothing.

It seemes to me (said she) that you are in some brown study, what coulours you might best weare for your Lady.

In deede *Lucilla* you leuel shrewdly at my thought, by the ayme of your owne imagination, for you haue giuen vnto me a true loue[r]s knot wrought of chaungeable Silke, and you deeme

that I am deuifing how I might haue my coulours chaungeable alfo, that they might agree: But lette this with fuch toyes and deuifes paffe, if it please you to commaunde me anye feruice I am heere ready to attend your [p]leasure. No feruice *Euphues*, but that you keepe silence, vntil I haue vttered my minde: and fecrecie when I haue vnfolded my meaning.

If I should offende in the one I were too bolde, if in the other too beaftly.

Well then *Euphues* (fayd shee) fo it is, that for the hope that I conceiue of thy loyaltie, and the happie fucceffe that is like to enfue of this our loue, I am content to yelde thee the place in my heart which thou defireft and deferueft aboue all other, which consent in me if it may any wayes breede thy contentation, fure I am that it will euery way worke my comfort. But as either thou tendereft mine honour or thine owne safetie, vfe fuch fecrecie in this matter, that my father haue no inckling heereoff, before I haue framed his minde fit for our purpose. And though women haue small force to ouercome men by reason, yet haue they good fortune to vndermine them by pollicie. No no, *Euphues*, thou onely haft wonne me by loue, and fhalt onely weare me by law: I force not *Philautus* his fury, fo I may haue *Euphues* his friendship: neither wil I prefer his poffeffions before thy perfon, neither efteme better of his lands, then of thy loue. *Ferardo* fhall fooner difherite me of my patrimony, then difhonour me in breaking my promife? It is not his great mannors, but thy good manners, that fhall make my mariage. In token of which my fincere affection, I giue thee my hande in pawne, and my heart for euer to be thy *Lucilla*. Vnto whom *Euphues* aunfwered in this manner.

If my tongue were able to vtter the ioyes that my heart hath conceiued, I feare me though I be well beloued, yet I should hardly be beleeued. Ah my *Lucilla*, how much am I bound to thee, which preferreft mine vnworthineffe, before thy Fathers wrath: my happineffe, before thine owne milfortune: my loue, before thine owne life? Commaund *Euphues* to runne, to ride, to vndertake any exployt be it neuer fo daungerous, to hazard himfelfe in any enterprife, be it neuer fo desperate.

And thus being supper time they all fate downe, *Lucilla* well pleased, no man better content then *Euphues*, who after his repast hauing no opportunitie to confer with his loue, had small lust to continue with the gentlewomen any longer, he coyned an excuse to hasten his departure, promising the next morning to trouble them againe as a guest more bold then welcome, although in deede he thought himselfe to be the better welcome, in saying that he would come.

But as *Ferrado* went in post, so hee returned in hast hauing concluded with *Philautus*, that the marriage should immediatly be consummated which wrought such a content in *Philautus*, that he was almost in an extasie through the extremitie of his passions.

Hee vrged therefore *Ferrado* to breake with his Daughter, who being willing to haue the matche made, was content incontinentlye to procure the meanes: finding therefore his daughter at leasure, and hauing knowledge of his former loue, spake to hir as followeth.

Deere daughter as thou hast long time liued a maiden, so now thou must learne to be a Mother, and as I haue bene carefull to bring thee vp a Virgin, so am I now desirous to make thee a Wife. Neither ought I in this matter to vie any periwassions, for that maidens commonly now a dayes are no sooner borne, but they beginne to bridle it: neither to offer any great portions, for that thou knowest thou shalt enherite al my possessions. Mine onely care hath bene hetherto, to match thee with such an one, as shoulde be of good wealth, able to mainteine thee: of great worship, able to compare with thee in birth: of honest conditions, to deserue thy loue: and an *Italian* borne to enjoy my landes. At the last I haue found one aunswerable to my desire, a Gentleman of great reueneues, of a noble progenie, of honest behauiour, of comly personage, borne and brought vp in *Neples*, *Philautus* (thy friend as I gesse) thy husband *Lucilla* if thou lyke it, neither canst thou dislike him, who wanteth nothing that should cause thy liking, neither hath any thing that should breede thy loathing.

And surely I reioyce the more that thou shalt bee linked to him in marriage, whom thou hast loued, as I heare being a

maiden, neither can there any iarres kindle betweene them, wher the mindes be so vnited, neither any ienaloufie arise, where loue hath so long bene settled. Therefore *Lucilla*, to the ende the desire of either of you may now be accomplyshed to the delyght of you both, I am heere come to finishe the contract by giuing handes, which you haue already begunne betweene your selues by ioyning of hearts, that as GOD doth witnesse the one in your consciences, so the world may testifie the other, by your conuerfations, and therefore *Lucilla*, make such aunswere to my request, as may lyke me and satisfie thy friende.

Lucilla abashed with this sodaine speach of hir father, yet boldened by the loue of hir friend, with a comly bashfulnesse, aunswered him in this manner.

Reuerend sir, the sweetenesse that I haue found in the vndefyled estate of virginitie, causeth me to loath the fower sauce which is myxed with matrimony, and the quiet life which I haue tryed being a mayden, maketh me to shun the cares that are alwayes incident to a mother, neither am I so wedded to the world that I should be moued with great possessions.

My duetie therefore euer referued, I here on my knees forswear *Philautus* for my husband, although I accept him for my friend, and seeing I shal hardly be induced euer to match with any, I besech you if by your fatherly loue I shall be compelled, that I may match with such a one as both I may loue and you may lyke.

Ferardo being a graue and wise Gentleman, although he were thoroughly angry, yet he dissembled his fury, to the ende he might by craft discover hir fancy, and whispering *Philautus* in the eare (who stooode as though he had a flea in his eare) desired him to kepe silence, vntil he had vndermined hir by subtiltie, which *Philautus* hauing graunted, *Ferardo* began to lift his daughter with this deuice. *Lucilla*, thy coulour sheweth thee to bee in a great choler, and thy hotte wordes bewray thy heavy wrath, but be patient, feing al my talke was onely to trye thee: I am neither so vnaturall to wraust thee against thine owne wil, neither so malytious to wedde thee to any against thine own lyking: for well I know what iarres, what ielousie, what strife, what stormes ensue, where the match is made rather by the compulsion of the

parents, then by the consent of the parties: neither doe I like thee the lesse in that thou lykest *Philautus* so little, neither can *Philautus* loue thee ye worfe in that thou louest thy selfe so well, wisling rather to stande to thy chaunce, then to the choyce of any other. But this griueth me most, that thou art almost vowed to the vayne order of the vestal virgins. Thou knowest that the tallest Ash is cut down for fuell, bicause it beareth no good fruite: that the Cow that giues no milke, is brought to the slaughter: that the Drone that gathereth no Honny is contemned: that the woman that maketh hir selfe barren by not marrying, is accompted amonge the Grecian Ladyes worfe then a carryon, as *Homer* reporteth.

Therefore *Lucilla*, if thou haue any care to be a comfort to my hoary haire, or a commoditie to thy common weale, frame thy self to that honourable estate of Matrimony, which was sanctified in Paradise, allowed of the Patriarches, hallowed of the olde Prophets, and commended of al persons. If thou lyke any, be not ashamed to tell it me, which onely am to exhort thee, yea and as much as in me lyeth to commaunde thee, to loue one.

Lucilla perceiuing the drift of the olde Foxe hir father, waied with hir self what was the best to be done, at the last not waying hir fathers ill will, but encouraged by loue, shaped him an answer which pleased *Ferardo* but a lyttle, and pinched *Philautus* on the persons syde, on this manner.

Deere Father *Ferardo*, although I see the bayte you laye to catch mee, yet I am content to swallowe the hooke, neither are you more desirous to take mee napping, then I willing to confesse my meaning. So it is that loue hath as well inuegled me as others, which make it as straunge as I. Neither doe I loue him so meanelly that I should be ashamed of his name, neither is his personage so meane that I shoulde loue him shamefully: It is *Euphues* that lately a[r]riued here at *Naples*, that hath battered the bulwark of my brest, and shal shortly enter as conquerour into my bosome. And I hope *Philautus* will not be my foe, seeing I haue chofen his deere friend, neither you Father be displeased, in that *Philautus* is displaced.

Ferardo interrupting hir in the middle of hir discourse, although he were moued with inward grudge, yet he wisely repressed his

anger, knowing that sharp words would but sharpen hir froward will, and thus aunfwered hir briefly.

Lucilla, as I am not presently to graunt my good wil, so meane I not to reprehend thy choyce, yet wisedome willeth me to pawse, vntill I haue called what may happen to my remembrance, and warneth thee to be circumspect, leaft thy rash conceipt bring a sharpe repentaunce. As for you *Philautus*, I would not haue you dispayre, seeing a woman doth oftentimes chaunge hir defyre. Vnto whome *Philautus* in few words made aunfwere.

Certainely *Ferardo* I take the lesse grieve, in that I see hir so greedy after *Euphues*, and by so much the more I am content to leaue my sute, by how much the more she seemeth to disdaine my seruice: but as for hope, bicause I would not by any meanes taste one dramme thereof, I wil abiure all places of hir abode, and loath hir company, whose countenaunce I haue so much loued: as for *Euphues*, and there staying his speach, he flang out of the dores and repairing to his lodging, vttered these words.

Ah most dissembling wretch *Euphues*, O counterfayte companion, couldest thou vnder the shewe of a stedfast friende cloake the mallice of a mortall foe? vnder the coulour of simplicitie, shrowd the Image of deceit? Is thy *Liua*, tourned to my *Lucilla*? thy loue, to my louer: thy deuotion to my Saint? Is this the curtesie of *Athens*, the cauilling of schollers, the crafte of *Grecians*? But why rather exclaime I not against *Lucilla* whose wanton lookes caused *Euphues* to violate his plighted faith? Ah wretched wench, canst thou be so lyght of loue, as to chaunge with euery winde? so vnconstant as to prefer a new louer before thine [an] olde friend? Haue I serued thee three yeares faithfully, and am I serued so vnkindely? shall the fruite of my desire be tourned to disdaine? But vnlesse *Euphues* had inueigled thee, thou hadst yet bene constant: yea, but if *Euphues* had not seene thee willyng to be wonne, he woulde neuer haue wo[ol]ed thee: But had not *Euphues* entised thee with faire wordes, thou wouldest neuer haue loued him: but hadst thou not giuen him faire lookes, he would neuer haue liked thee: I, but *Euphues* gaue the onset: I, but *Lucilla* gaue the occasion: I,

but *Euphues* first brake his minde: I, but *Lucilla* first bewrayed hir meaning. Tush why goe I about to excuse any of them, seeing I haue iust cause to accuse them both. Neither ought I to dispute which of them hath proffered me the greatest villany, sith that either of them hath committed periury. Yet although they haue found me dull in perceiuing their falsehood, they shall not finde me slacke in reuenging their folly. As for *Lucilla*, seing I meane altogether to forget hir, I meane also to forgiue hir, least in seeking meanes to be reuenged, mine olde desire be renewed.

Philautus hauing thus discoursed with himselfe, began to write to *Euphues* as followeth.

Although hetherto *Euphues*, I haue shined thee in my heart for a trustie friende, I will shunne thee heereafter as a trothlesse foe, and although I cannot see in thee lesse wit then I was wont, yet doe I finde lesse honestie. But thou hast not much to boast off, for as thou hast won a fickle Lady, so hast thou lost a faithful friend. How canst thou be secure of hir constancie, when thou hast had such tryall of hir lyghtnesse?

How canst thou assure thy selfe that she will bee faithfull to thee, which hath bene faithlesse to me? Ah *Euphues*, let not my credulitie be an occasion heereafter for thee to practise the lyke crueltie. Remember this that yet there hath neuer bene any faythlesse to his friende, that hath not also bene fruitelesse to his God. But I way the treacherie the lesse, in that it commeth from a *Grecian*, in whome is not trouth. Though I be to weake to wraastle for a reuenge, yet God who permitteth no guile to be guiltlesse, will shortly requite this iniury: though *Philautus* haue no pollicie to vndermine thee, yet thine owne practises will be sufficient to ouerthrow thee.

I will pray that thou maist be mesured vnto with the lyke measure that thou hast meaten vnto others: that [is,] as thou hast thought it no conscience to betray mee, so others may deeme it no dishonestie to deceiue thee: that as *Lucilla* made it a light matter to forswear hir olde friend *Philautus*, so she may make it a mocke to forsake hir new pheere *Euphues*. Which if it come to passe, as it is lyke by my compasse, then shalt thou see the troubles and feeble the torments which thou hast already throwne into the heartes and eyes of others.

Thus hoping shortly to see thee as hopelesse, as my selfe is haples, I with my wish, were as affectually ended, as it is hartely looked for. And so I leaue thee.

*Thine once
Philautus.*

Philautus dispatching a messenger with this letter speedely to *Euphues*, went into the fields to walk ther, either to digest his choler, or chew vpon his melancholy. But *Euphues* hauing reade the contents, was well content, setting his talke at naught, and answering his taunts in these gibing termes.

I REMEMBER *Philautus* how valyantly *Ajax* boasted in the feates of armes, yet *Vlysses* bare away the armour: and it may be that though thou crake of thine owne courage, thou maist easily lose the conquest. The friendship betweene man and man as it is common so is it of course: betweene man and woman, as it is seldome so is it sincere, the one proceedeth of the similitude of manners, the other of ye sincerity of the heart: if thou haddest learned the first point [part] of hauking, thou wouldst haue learned to haue held fast, or the first noat of Descant, thou wouldest, haue kept thy *Sol. Fa.* to thy selfe.

But thou canst blame me no more of folly in leauing thee to loue *Lucilla*, then thou maist reprove him of foolishnesse that hauing a Sparrow in his hande letteth hir goe to catch the Pheasant. I am of this minde, that both might and mallice, deceyte and trecherye, all periurye, any impietie may lawfully be committed in loue, which is lawlesse. Tush *Philautus* set thy heart at rest, for thy happe willeth thee to giue ouer all hope both of my friendship, and hir loue: as for reuenge thou art not so able to lende a blow as I to ward it: neither more venterous to challenge the combatte, then I valiant to aunswere the quarrell. As *Lucilla* was caught by fraude, so shal she be kept by force: and as thou wast too simple to espie my craftes, so I thinke thou wilt be too weake to withstande my courage: but if thy reuenge stande onely vpon thy wish, thou shalt neuer liue to see my woe, or to haue thy wil, and so farewell.

Euphues.

This letter being dispatched, *Euphues* sent it, and *Philautus* read it, who disdayning those proud termes, disdayned also to aunswere them, being readie to ryde with *Ferardo*.

Euphues hauing for a space ablentend himselfe from the house of *Ferardo*, bicause he was at home, longed sore to see *Lucilla*, which nowe opportunitie offered vnto him, *Ferardo* being gon again to *Venice* with *Philautus*, but in this his absence, one *Curio* a Gentleman of *Naples* of little wealth and lesse wit, haunted *Lucilla* hir company, and so enchaunted hir, that *Euphues* was also cast off with *Philautus*, which thing being vnknown to *Euphues*, caused him the sooner to make his repayre to the presence of his Lady, whome he finding in hir muses, began pleasantly to salute in this manner.

Mistresse *Lucilla*, although my long absence might breede your iust anger, (for that louers desire nothing so much as often meeting) yet I hope my presence will dissolue your choler (for yat louers are soone pleased when of their wifhes they be fully possessed). My absence is the rather to be excused in yat your father hath bene alwayes at home, whose frownes seemed to threaten my ill fortune, and my presence at this present the better to be accepted, in that I haue made such speedy repaire to your presence.

Vnto whom *Lucilla* aunswered with this glyeke.

Truely *Euphues* you haue mist the cushion, for I was neither angry with your long absence, neither am I well pleased at your presence, the one gaue mee rather a good hope heereafter neuer to see you, ye other giueth me a greater occasion to abhorre you.

Euphues being nipped on the head, with a pale countenance as though his soule had forsaken his body, replied as followeth.

If this sodaine chaunge *Lucilla*, proceed of any desert of mine, I am heere not only to aunswere the fact, but also to make amends for my fault: if of any new motion or minde to forsake your new friend, I am rather to lament your inconstancie then reuenge it: but I hope that such hot loue cannot be so soone colde, neither such sure faith be rewarded with so sodeine forgetfulnesse.

Lucilla not ashamed to confesse hir folly, aunswered him with this frumpe.

Sir, whether your deserts or my desire haue wrought this

chaunge, it will boote you lyttle to know, neither do I craue amends, neither feare reuenge: as for feruent loue, you know there is no fire so hotte but it is quenched with water, neither affection so strong but is weakened with reason, let this suffice thee, that thou knowe I care not for thee.

Then I perceiue *Lucilla* (said he) that I was made thy stale, and *Philautus* thy laughing stocke: whose friendship (I must confesse in deede), I haue refused to obtaine thy fauour: and sithens an other hath won that we both haue lost, I am content for my parte, neither ought I to be grieued seeing thou art fickle.

Certes *Euphues* (said *Lucilla*) you spend your wind in wast, for your welcome is but small, and your cheere is like to be lesse, fancie giueth no reason of his [her] change neither will be controlled for any choice: this is therefore to warn you, that from henceforth you neither solicite this sute, neither offer any way your seruice.

Well *Lucilla* (answered *Euphues*) this case breedeth my sorrow the more, in that it is so sodeine, and by so much the more I lament it, by how much ye lesse I looked for it.

Euphues (quoth shee) you make a long Haruest for a lyttle come, and angle for the fish that is already caught. *Curio*, yea, *Curio* is he that hath my loue at his pleasure, and shall also haue my life at his commaundement.

* * * * *

If *Curio* be the person, [said he] I would neither wish thee a greater plague, nor him a deadlier poyson. I for my part thinke him worthy of thee, and thou vnworthie of him, for although he be in body deformed, in minde foolish, an innocent borne, a beggar by misfortune, yet doth he deserve a better then thy selfe, whose corrupte manners haue stained thy heauenly hue, whose lyght behauior hath dimmed the lights of thy beautie, whose vnconstant minde hath betrayed the innocencie of so many a Gentleman.

* * * * *

Therefore farewell *Lucilla*, the most inconstant that euer was nurfed in *Naples*, farewell *Naples* the most cursed towne in all *Italy*, and women all farewell.

Euphues hauing thus giuen hir his last farewell, yet being solytary, began a fresh to recount his sorrow on this manner.

A foolish *Euphues*, why diddest thou leaue *Athens*, the nurse of wisdom, to inhabite *Naples* the nourisher of wantonnesse? Had it not beene better for thee to haue eaten salt with the Philosophers in *Greece*, then sugar with the courtiers of *Italy*? But behold the course of youth, which alwayes enclyneth to pleasure, I forsooke mine olde companions to search for new friendes, I reiected the graue and fatherly counsaile of *Eubulus*,¹ to follow the brainicke humor of mine owne will. I addicted my selfe wholly to the seruice of woemen, to spend my life in the lappes of Ladyes, my lands in maintenance of brauery, my wit in the vanities of idle Sonnettes. I had thought that woemen had bene as we men, that is true, faithfull, zealous, constant, but I perceiue they be rather woe vnto men, by their falsehoode, gelousie, [and] inconstancye. I will to *Athens*, there to tisse my bookes, no more in *Naples* to liue with faire lookes. I will so frame my selfe, as all youth heereafter shal rather reioyce to see mine amendment, then be animated to follow my former life. Philosophy, Phisick, Diuinitie, shal be my study.

But seeing I see mine owne impietie, I will endeauour my selfe to amende all that is past, and to bee a myrrour of Godlinesse hereafter. As therefore I gaue a farewell to *Lucilla*, a farewell to *Naples*, a farewell to women, so nowe doe I giue a farewell to the worlde, meaning rather to macerate my selfe with melancholye, then pine in follye, rather choosling to dye in my studye amiddest my bookes, then to court it in *Italy*, in ye company of ladyes.

Euphues hauing thus debated with himselfe, went to his bed, ther either with sleepe to deceiue his fancye, or with musing to renew his ill fortune, or recant his olde follies.

But it happened immediatly *Ferardo* to returne home, who hearing this straunge euent, was not a lyttle amazed, and was nowe more readye to exhorde *Lucilla* from the loue of *Curio*, then before to the lyking of *Philautus*. Therefore in all haste, with watrye eyes, and a woeful heart, began on this manner to reason with his daughter.

Lucilla (daughter I am ashamed to call thee, seeing thou hast

¹An old gentleman who offers *Euphues* wholesome advice soon after his arrival at *Naples*.

neither care of thy fathers tender affection, nor of thine owne credite) what [sp[i]rite hath enchaunted thy spirit, that euery minute thou alterest thy minde? I had thought that my hoary haire should haue found comforte by thy golden lockes, and my rotten age great ease by thy ripe years. But alas I see in thee neither wit to order thy doings, neither wil to frame thy selfe to discretion, neither the nature of a childe, neither the nurture of a mayden, neither (I cannot without teares speake it) any regard of thine honour, neither any care of thine honestie.

Shall thine olde father lyue to see thee match with a young foole? Shall my kinde heart be rewarded with such vnkinde hate? Ah *Lucilla*, thou knowest not the care of a father, nor the duetie of a childe, and as farre art thou from pietie as I from crueltye.

Nature will not permit me to disherit my daughter, and yet it will suffer thee to dishonour thy father. Affection causeth me to wish thy lyfe, and shall it entice thee to procure my death? It is mine onely comfort to see thee flourish in thy youth, and is it thine to see me fade in mine age? to conclude I desire to liue to see thee prosper, and thou to see me perish. But why cast I the effecte of this vnnaturalnesse in thy teeth, seeing I my selfe was the cause? I made more of thee then became a Father, and thou lesse of me then becomed a childe. And shall my louing care be cause of thy wicked crueltye? Yea, yea, I am not the first that hath bene too carefull, nor the last that shall bee handeled so vnkindely: It is common to see fathers too fonde, and children too frowarde. Well *Lucilla*, the teares which thou seest trickle downe my cheekes, and my dropes of bloude (which thou canst not see) that fall from my heart, enforce mee to make an ende of my talke, and if thou haue any duetie of a childe, or care of a friende, or courtesie of a straunger, or feelyng of a Christian, or humanitie of a reasonable creature, then releafe thy father of griefe, and acquite thy selfe of vngratefulnesse: Otherwise thou shalt but hasten my death, and encrease thine owne defame: Which if thou doe, the gaine is mine, and the losse thine, and both infinite.

Lucilla either so bewitched that she could not relent, or so wicked that she would not yeelde to hir Fathers request, answered him on this manner.

Deere Father, as you would haue me to shewe the duetie of a childe, so ought you to shewe the care of a Parent, for as the one standeth in obedience so the other is grounded vpon reason. You would haue me as I owe duetie to you to leaue *Curio*, and I desire you as you owe mee any loue that you suffer me to enioy him. If you accuse me of vnnaturalnes in that I yeeld not to your request, I am also to condempne you of vnkindnesse, in that you graunt not my petition.

Ferardo seeing his daughter, to haue neither regarde of hir owne honour nor his request, conceyued such an inward grieve that in short space he dyed, leauing *Lucilla* the onely heire of his lands, and *Curio* to possesse them, but what ende came of hir, seing it is nothing incident to the history of *Euphues*, it were superfluous to insert it, and so incredible that all women would rather wonder at it then beleue it, which euent beeing so straunge, I had rather leaue them in a muse what it should be, then in a maze in telling what it was.

Philautus hauing intellygence of *Euphues* his successe, and the falsehoode of *Lucilla*, although he began to reioyce at the miserie of his fellow, yet seeing hir ficklenesse, coulede not but lament hir folly, and pitie his friends misfortune. Thinking that the lyghtnesse of *Lucilla* enticed *Euphues* to so great lyking.

Euphues and *Philautus* hauing conference between themselues, casting discourtesie in thee teeth each of the other, but chiefly noting disloyaltie in the demeanor of *Lucilla*, after much talke renewed their old friendship both abandoning *Lucilla*, as most abhominable. *Philautus* was earnest to haue *Euphues* tarye in *Naples*, and *Euphues* desirous to haue *Philautus* to *Athens*, but the one was so addicted to the court, the other so wedded to the vniuersitie, that each refused the offer of the other, yet this they agreed betweene themselues, that though their bodies were by distance of place seuered, yet the coniunction of their mindes should neither be seperated by ye length of time nor alienated by change of soyle, I for my part said *Euphues*, to confirme me this league, giue thee my hande and my heart, and so likewise did *Philautus*, and so shaking handes, they bidde each other farewell.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

BOOK I

[THE SHIPWRECK]

It was in the time that the earth begins to put on her **new** apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the **sun** running a most even course, becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day, when the hopeless shepherd Strephon was come to the sands, which lie against the island of Cithera; where viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isleward, he called **his** friendly rival the pastor Claius unto him; and setting **first** down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what **he** would speak, "O my Claius," said he, "hither we are now **come** to pay the rent, for which we are so called by over-busy remembrance, remembrance, restless remembrance, which claims **not** only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget ourselves. **I** pray you, when we were amid our flock, and that of other **shepherds** some were running after their sheep, strayed beyond **their** bounds; some delighting their eyes with seeing them **nibble** upon the short and sweet grass; some medicining their sick **ewes**; some setting a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron; **some** with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their **bodies**, and sporting their wits; did remembrance grant us any **holiday**, either for pastime or devotion, nay either for necessary food, or natural rest, but that still it forced our thoughts to work **upon** this place, where we last (alas! that the word *last* should so **long** last) did graze our eyes upon her ever-flourishing beauty, **did** it not still cry within us? 'Ah, you base-minded wretches! — **are**

your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, to let so much time pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season; to leave that shore unsaluted from which you may see to the island where she dwelleth; to leave those steps unvisited wherein Urania printed the farewell of all beauty?' Yonder, my Claius, Urania lighted; the very horse, methought, bewailed to be so disburdened: and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou wentest to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of bearing her wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sat vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her: at yonder rising on the ground she turned herself, looking back towards her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness that it made even sorrow seem to smile; at that turning she spake to us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered. And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other, and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were, dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked, did you not mark how the winds whistled and the seas danced for joy, how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania? O Urania, blessed be thou Urania, the sweetest fairness, and fairest sweetness!"

With that word his voice brake so with sobbing, that he could say no farther; and Claius thus answered:

"Alas my Strephon," said he, "what needs this score to reckon up only our losses? What doubt is there, but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of affection, held by that racking steward remembrance? As well may sheep forget to fear when they spy wolves, as we can miss such fancies when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose that saw her, but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke? But what of

all this? No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes. Let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold and our low hearts so exalted as to love a maid who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can show is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her is her beauty. Certainly as her eyelids are more pleasant to behold than two white kids climbing up a fair tree, and browsing on its tenderest branches, and yet they are nothing comparing to the day-shining stars contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer; and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry: no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they have seen her, what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clover-grass) is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best builded fold."

He was going on with his praises, but Strephon bade him stay and look: and so they both perceived a thing which floated, drawing nearer and nearer to the bank; but rather by favorable working of the sea than by any self-industry. They doubted awhile what it should be till it was cast up even hard before them, at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon running for pity's sake unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life than his memory) fast gripping upon the edge of a square small coffer which lay all under his breast: else in himself no show of life, so that the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him to the land to his sepulchre. So drew they up a young man of goodly shape, and well-pleasing favor, that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance; and that, though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their care; so that lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover

both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion, of living. At length opening his eyes, he gave a great groan (a doleful note, but a pleasant ditty, for by that they found not only life but strength of life in him). They therefore continued on their charitable office until, his spirits being well returned, he — without so much as thanking them for their pains — gat up, and looking round about to the uttermost limits of sight, and crying upon the name of Pyrocles, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort, “What,” said he, “and shall Musidorus live after Pyrocles’s destruction?”

Therewithal he offered wilfully to cast himself into the sea: a strange sight to the shepherds, to whom it seemed that before being in appearance dead, yet had saved his life, and now coming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ran unto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that unnatural fray.

“I pray you,” said he, “honest men, what such right have you in me, as not to suffer me to do with myself as I list, and what policy have you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an injury?”

They hearing him speak in Greek (which was their natural language) became the more tender-hearted towards him, and considering by his calling and looking that the loss of some dear friend was the great cause of his sorrow, told him, they were poor men that were bound, by course of humanity, to prevent so great a mischief; and that they wished him, if opinion of some body’s perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proof, who had lately escaped as apparent danger as any might be.

“No, no,” said he, “it is nor for me to attend so high a blissfulness: but since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some barque may be provided, that will go out of the haven that if it be possible we may find the body, far, far too precious food for fishes: and that for hire I have within this casket of value sufficient to content them.”

[The shepherds, doing Musidorus's bidding, find Pyrocles alive; but just as they are about to rescue him, a pirate galley suddenly appears and carries him off. They then continue their attentions to Musidorus.]

"Now, Sir," said they, "thus for ourselves it is; we are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers, and therefore neither in skill nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this: Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence; and even upon the next confines there dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafest much favor unto us: a man who for his hospitality is so much haunted, that no news stir but comes to his ears; for his upright dealings so beloved of his neighbors, that he hath many ever ready to do him their utmost service; and by the great good will our prince bears him may soon obtain to use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway, not only in his own Arcadia, but in all these countries of Peloponnesus: and (which is worth all) all these things give him not so much power, as his nature gives him will to benefit: so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ears as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend; and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesy and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting."

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree: and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they took their journey through Laconia; Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind, supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not, at the first, to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding), they gave way unto it, for that day and the next; never troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy; but rather fitting to his dolour, dolorous

discourses of their own and other folks' misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one half asleep he took hold of much of the matter spoken unto him, for that a man may say, e'er sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. "I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long silent lips: "what countries be these we pass through, which are so divers in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?"

"The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore and are now past through is Laconia, not so poor by the

barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named the Helots), hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it.

"But this country where now you set your foot is Arcadia: and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore in the division of the Arcadian estate are termed shepherds: a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much."

"What cause then," said Musidorus, "made you venture to leave this sweet life, and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm?" "Guarded with poverty," answered Strephon, "and guided with love." "But now," said Claius, "since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you, and of the young man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment."

Musidorus, according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names, answered that he called himself Palladius and his friend Daiphantus; "but till I have him again," said he, "I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is nothing; his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I count my estate; and in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend."

They perceived he was not willing to open himself farther, and therefore without farther questioning brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, and the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness. The

lights, doors and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer ; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected ; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness ; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet flubbered up with good-fellowship ; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behaviour, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds as men whom though they were poor their master greatly favoured ; and understanding by them that the young man with them was much to be accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune, he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying himself to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

“No,” said Kalandar speaking aloud, “I am no herald to inquire of men’s pedigrees ; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues ; which (if this young man’s face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind, than you have done his body.” While he was thus speaking, there came a boy in show like a merchant’s prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and Claius, from Urania, which they no sooner had read but that with short leave taking of Kalandar (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter) and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them : and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as

if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling ; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness (which the fight, the sea and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly, so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming himself Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house, where being possessed with an extreme burning fever he continued some while with no great hope of life ; but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellence of his returned beauty was a credible ambassador of his health, to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in his time he had by certain friends that dwelt near the sea in Missenia set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succour Daiphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius. . . .

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself more than in any other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden nor orchard ; or rather it was both field, garden and orchard : for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits : but scarcely had they taken that into their consideration before they were suddenly stept into a delicate green ; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees the trees were to them a pavillion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bear show of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows. And in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe *Æneas*, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, meanwhile the breast running.

Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a summer-retiring place; whither Kalander leading him he found a square room full of delightful pictures made by the most excellent workmen of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Actæon* saw her bathing; in whose cheeks the painter had set such a colour as was mixed between shame and disdain, and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*, the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle-age, but of excellent beauty, and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her, but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living) was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest he could not choose but ask who she was, that bearing show of one being indeed could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered, that it was made by *Philodea*, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table: the painter meaning to represent the present

condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince, for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would, for modesty, demand no farther; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it. Which Kalander perceiving, "Well," said he, "my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly answer, going no farther than the bounds of the question; but I will discover unto you as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers." So then sitting down in two chairs, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake:

"This country Arcadia among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation; partly for the sweetness of the air and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people who (finding the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the muses seem to approve their good determination by choosing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits that the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

"Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince (whose picture you see) by name Basilius; a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well-bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with

you, he excels in nothing so much as the jealous love of his people, wherein he does not only pass all his foregoers but, as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence, yet he is notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberty.

"He being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity; but of so working a mind and so vehement spirits that a man may say, it was happy that she took a good course for otherwise it would have been terrible.

"Of these two are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures that we may think that they were born to show that nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela; by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea but more majesty in Pamela: methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellencies had stolen into her ere she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one if her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince; and so in his private estate blessed

as to have so excellent a wife and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For having made a journey to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space, he brake up his court, and retired himself, his wife and children, into a certain forest hereby which he called his desert; wherein (besides an house appointed for stables and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture) without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

"Which though it be strange, yet not strange as the course he hath taken with the princess Pamela whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how think you accompanied? Truly with none other than one Dametas, the most arrant doltish clown that I think ever was without the privilege of a bauble, with his wife Miso and his daughter Mopsa, in whom no wit can devise anything wherein they may pleasure her but to exercise her patience and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This loutish clown is such that you never saw so ill-favoured a visor; his behaviour such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would wish him: Miso his wife so handsome a beldam, that only her face and her splayfoot have made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath, having a forward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who never agree in any humour, but in disagreeing) is issued forth Mistress Mopsa,¹ a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine own tongue, since she goes for a woman. . . .

¹ Mopsa is one of the most clearly defined types in the book; her clownishness is constantly emphasized by such descriptions as these: "With that he imprisoned his look for a while upon Mopsa, who thereupon fell into a very wide smiling." Again, "He looked, and saw that Mopsa indeed sat swallowing the sleep with open mouth, making such a noise withal, as nobody could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge." Again, "He would have said farther, but Pamela calling aloud Mopsa, she suddenly started up, staggering, and rubbing her eyes, ran first out of the door, and then back to them, till at length, being fully come to her little self, she asked Pamela why she had called her." (The "Arcadia" with introduction by E. A. Baker, London and N. Y., n. d., pages 152 and 177.)

The beginning of his credit was by the prince's straying out of the way one time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way, and so falling into other questions, he found some of his answers not unsensible, and all uttered with such rudeness, which he interpreted plainness (though there be a great difference between them) that Basilius conceiving a sudden delight, took him to his court, with apparent show of his good opinion: where the flattering courtier had no sooner taken the prince's mind, but that there were straight reasons to confirm the prince's doing, and shadows of virtues found for Dametas. His silence grew wit, his bluntness integrity, his beastly ignorance virtuous simplicity, and the prince (according to the nature of great persons, in love with what he had done himself) fancied that his weakness with his presence would be much mended. And so like a creature of his own making, he liked him more and more; and thus having first given him the office of principal herdsman; lastly, since he took this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himself and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a sail for so small a boat) doth so overway poor Dametas, that, if before he was a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy, so as I doubt me (I fear me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) find that his office is not to make men, but to use men as men are, no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an ass to manage. But in sooth I am afraid I have given your ears too great a surfeit with gross discourses of that heavy piece of flesh. But the zealous grief I conceive to see so great an error in my lord hath made me bestow more words than I confess so base a subject deserveth."

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[THE STORY OF ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA]

[An Incident told to *Palladius* by *Kalandar's* Steward.]

"My Lord," said he, "when our good king Basilius, with better success than expectation, took to wife (even in his more than decaying years) the fair young princess Gynecia, there came

with her a young lord, cousin german to herself, named Argalus, led hither partly by the love and honour of his noble kinswoman, partly with the humour of youth, which ever thinks that good, whose goodness he sees not. And in this court he received so good an increase of knowledge, that after some years spent, he so manifested a virtuous mind in all his actions, that Arcadia gloried such a plant was transported unto them, being a gentleman indeed most rarely accomplished, excellently learned, but without all vain glory: friendly without factiousness; valiant, so as for my part I think the earth hath no man that hath done more heroical acts than he. My master's son Clitophon being a young gentleman as of great birth so truly of good nature and one that can see good and love it, haunted more the company of this worthy Argalus, than of any other. About two years since, it so fell out that he brought him to a great lady's house, sister to my master, who had with her her only daughter, the fair Parthenia, fair indeed (fame, I think, itself not daring to call any fairer, if it be not Helena, queen of Corinth, and the two incomparable sisters of Arcadia) and that which made her fairness much the fairer was, that it was but a fair ambassador of a most fair mind; full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itself than to show itself: her speech being as rare, as precious; her silence without fullness; her modesty without affectation; her shamefacedness without ignorance: in sum, one that to praise well, one must first set down with himself what it is to be excellent: for so she is.

"I think you think that these perfections meeting could not choose but find one another, and delight in what they found; for likeness of manners is likely in reason to draw likeness of affection; men's actions do not always cross with reason: to be short, it did so indeed. They loved, although for a while the fire thereof (hope's wings being cut off) were blown by the bellows of despair upon this occasion.

"There had been a good while before, and so continued, a suitor to this same lady, a great noble man, though of Laconia, yet near neighbor to Parthenia's mother, named Demagoras; a man mighty in riches and power, and proud thereof, stubbornly stout, loving nobody but himself, and, for his own delight's sake,

Parthenia: and pursuing vehemently his desire, his riches had so gilded over his other imperfections that the old lady had given her consent; and using a mother's authority upon her fair daughter had made her yield thereunto, not because she liked her choice, but because her obedient mind had not yet taken upon it to make choice. And the day of their assurance drew near, when my young lord Clitophon brought this noble Argalus, perchance principally to see so rare a sight, as Parthenia by all well-judging eyes was judged.

"But though few days were before the time of assurance appointed, yet love, that saw he had a great journey to make in short time, hasted so himself that before her word could tie her to Demagoras, her heart had vowed her to Argalus with so grateful a receipt of mutual affection that if she desired above all things to have Argalus, Argalus feared nothing but to miss Parthenia. And now Parthenia had learned both liking and misliking, loving and loathing; and out of passion began to take the authority of judgment; insomuch that when the time came that Demagoras (full of proud joy) thought to receive the gift of herself; she, with words of refusal (though with tears showing she was sorry she must refuse) assured her mother that she would first be bedded in her grave than wedded to Demagoras. The change was no more strange than unpleasant to the mother who being determinately (lest I should say of a great lady, wilfully) bent to marry her to Demagoras, tried all ways, which a witty and hard-hearted mother could use upon so humble a daughter in whom the only resisting power was love. But the more she assaulted, the more she taught Parthenia to defend; and the more Parthenia defended, the more she made her mother obstinate in the assault: who at length finding that Argalus standing between them, was it that most eclipsed her affection from shining on Demagoras, she sought all means how to remove him, so much the more as he manifested himself an unremovable suitor to her daughter: first by employing him in as many dangerous enterprises as ever the evil step-mother Juno recommended to the famous Hercules: but the more his virtue was tried, the more pure it grew, while all the things she did to overthrow him, did set him up upon the height of honour; enough to have moved her heart,

especially to a man every way so worthy as Argalus; but struggling against all reason, because she would have her will, and shew her authority in matching her with Demagoras, the more virtuous Argalus was the more she hated him, thinking herself conquered in his conquests, and therefore still employing him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meanwhile she used all the extremities possible upon her fair daughter to make her give over herself to her direction. But it was hard to judge whether he in doing, or she in suffering, shewed greater constancy of affection: for, as to Argalus the world sooner wanted occasions than he valor to go through them: so to Parthenia malice sooner ceased than her unchanged patience. Lastly, by treasons Demagoras and she would have made way with Argalus, but he with providence and courage so past over all that the mother took such a spiteful grief at it that her heart brake withal, and she died.

"But then Demagoras assuring himself that now Parthenia was her own she would never be his, and receiving as much by her own determinate answer, not more desiring his own happiness, than envying Argalus, whom he saw with narrow eyes, even ready to enjoy the perfection of his desires, strengthening his conceit with all the mischievous counsels which disdained love and envious pride could give unto him, the wicked wretch (taking a time that Argalus was gone to his country to fetch some of his principal friends to honour the marriage which Parthenia had most joyfully consented unto) the wicked Demagoras, I say, desiring to speak with her, with unmerciful force (her weak arms in vain resisting) rubbed all over her face a most horrible poison: the effect whereof was such, that never leper looked more ugly than she did: which done, having his men and horses ready, departed away in spite of her servants, as ready to revenge as could be, in such an unexpected mischief. But the abominableness of this fact being come to my Lord Kalander, he made such means, both by our king's intercession and his own, that by the king and senate of Lacedæmon, Demagoras was, upon pain of death, banished the country: who hating the punishment, where he should have hated the fault, joined himself, with all the power he could make, unto the Helots,

lately in rebellion against that state: and they (glad to have a man of such authority among them) made him their general, and under him have committed divers the most outrageous villanies that a base multitude (full of desperate revenge) can imagine.

“But within a while after this pitiful fact committed upon Parthenia, Argalus returned (poor Gentleman) having her fair image in his heart, and already promising his eyes the uttermost of his felicity when they (nobody else daring to tell it him) were the first messengers to themselves of their own misfortune. I mean not to move passion with telling you the grief of both, when he knew her, for at first he did not; nor at first knowledge could possibly have virtue's aid so ready, as not even weakly to lament the loss of such a jewel, so much the more, as that skilful men in that art assured it was unrecoverable: but within a while, truth of love (which still held the first face in his memory) a virtuous constancy, and even a delight to be constant, faith given, and inward worthiness shining through the foulest mists, took so full hold of the noble Argalus, that not only in such comfort which witty arguments may bestow upon adversity, but even with the most abundant kindness that an eye-ravished lover can express, he laboured both to drive the extremity of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celebration of their marriage: whereunto he unfeignedly shewed himself no less cheerfully earnest than if she had never been disinherited of that goodly portion which nature had so liberally bequeathed unto her; and for that cause deferred his intended revenge upon Demagoras, because he might continually be in her presence, shewing more humble serviceableness and joy to content her than ever before.

“But as he gave this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another Argalus, so of the other side, she took as strange a course in affection: for where she desired to enjoy him more than to live yet did she overthrow both her own desire and his, and in no sort would yield to marry him: with a strange encounter of love's affects and effects; that he by an affection sprung from excessive beauty should delight in horrible foulness; and she of a vehement desire to have him should kindly build a

resolution never to have him ; for truth it is, that so in heart she loved him, as she could not find in her heart he should be tied to what was unworthy of his presence.

“Truly, Sir, a very good orator might have a fair field to use eloquence in, if he did but only repeat the lamentable, and truly affectionate speeches, while he conjured her by the remembrance of her affection, and true oaths of his own affection, not to make him so unhappy, as to think he had not only lost her face, but her heart ; that her face, when it was fairest, had been but a marshal to lodge the love of her in his mind, which now was so well placed that it needed no further help of any outward har-binger ; beseeching her, even with tears, to know that his love was not so superficial as to go no further than the skin, which yet now to him was most fair since it was hers : how could he be so ungrateful as to love her the less for that which she had only received for his sake ; that he never beheld it, but therein he saw the loveliness of her love towards him ; protesting unto her that he would never take joy of his life if he might not enjoy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that overheard them) she (wringing him by the hand) made no other answer but this. ‘My Lord,’ said she, ‘God knows I love you ; if I were princess of the whole world, and had, withal, all the blessings that ever the world brought forth, I should not make delay to lay myself and them under your feet ; or if I had continued but as I was, though (I must confess) far unworthy of you, yet would I (with too great a joy for my heart now to think of) have accepted your vouchsafing me to be yours, and with faith and obedience would have supplied all other defects. But first let me be much more miserable than I am e’er I match such an Argalus to such a Parthenia. Live happy, dear Argalus, I give you full liberty, and I beseech you to take it ; and I assure you I shall rejoice (whatsoever become of me) to see you so coupled, as may be both fit for your honour and satisfaction. With that she burst out crying and weeping, not able longer to control herself from blaming her fortune, and wishing her own death.

“But Argalus, with a most heavy heart still pursuing his desire, she fixed of mind to avoid further entreaty, and to fly all com-

pany which (even of him) grew unpleasant unto her, one night she stole away; but whither as yet it is unknown or indeed what is become of her.

"Argalus sought her long and in many places."

[His efforts proving of no avail, he makes his way to the house of Kalander where he is received with joy and kindly entertained. The rest of the story of Argalus and Parthenia falls in with the time of the main narrative.]

But while all men, saving poor Argalus, made the joy of their eyes speak for their hearts, fortune (that belike was bid to that banquet, and meant to play the good fellow) brought a pleasant adventure among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came in to Kalander a messenger, that brought him word, a young noble lady, near kinswoman to the fair Helen, queen of Corinth, was come thither, and desired to be lodged in his house. Kalander (most glad of such an occasion) went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving only Argalus, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this company were once broken up, that he might go in his solitary quest after Parthenia. But when they met this lady, Kalander straight thought he saw his niece Parthenia, and was about in such familiar sort to have spoken unto her, but she, in grave and honourable manner, giving him to understand that he was mistaken; he, half ashamed, excused himself with the exceeding likeness was between them, though indeed it seemed that this lady was of the more pure and dainty complexion, she said, it might very well be, having been many times taken one for the other. But as soon as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speak with Argalus publicly, who she heard was in the house. Argalus came hastily, and as hastily thought as Kalander had done, with sudden change of sorrow. But she, when she had staid their thoughts with telling them her name and quality, in this sort spake unto him. "My Lord Argalus," said she, "being of late left in the court of queen Helen of Corinth, as chief in her absence, she being upon some occasion gone thence, there came unto me the lady Parthenia, so disfigured, as I think Greece hath nothing so ugly to behold.

For my part, it was many days, before, with vehement oaths, and some good proofs, she could make me think that she was Parthenia. Yet at last finding certainly it was she, and greatly pitying her misfortune, so much the more as that all men had ever told me, as now do you, of the great likeness between us, I took the best care I could of her, and of her understood the whole tragical history of her undeserved adventure: and therewithal of the most noble constancy in you my lord Argalus, which whosoever loves not, shews himself to be a hater of virtue, and unworthy to live in the society of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salve the inward sore of her mind; but a few days since she died; before her death earnestly desiring, and persuading me to think of no husband but of you, as of the only man in the world worthy to be loved. Withal she gave me this ring to deliver to you, desiring you, and by the authority of love commanding you that the affection you bare her, you should turn to me; assuring you that nothing can please her soul more than to see you and me matched together. Now my lord, though this office be not, perchance, suitable to my estate nor sex, who should rather look to be desired; yet, an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding, and therefore I am come, with faithful love built upon your worthiness, to offer myself, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble gentlemen present will say it is great folly, let them withal say, it is great love." And then she stayed, earnestly attending Argalus's answer; who, first making most hearty sighs, doing such obsequies as he could to Parthenia, thus answered her.

"Madame," said he, "infinitely am I bound to you, for this no more rare than noble courtesy; but much bound for the goodness I perceive you showed to the lady Parthenia (with that the tears ran down his eyes, but he followed on) and as much as so unfortunate a man, fit to be the spectacle of misery, can do you a service; determine you have made a purchase of a slave, while I live, never to fail you. But this great matter you propose unto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happiness it should be unto me, excellent lady, know that if my heart were mine to give, you before all others should have it; but Parthenia's ~~it is~~, though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of

affection: I hope I shall not long tarry after her, with whose beauty if I only had been in love, I should be so with you, who have the same beauty; but it was Parthenia's self I loved, and love, which no likeness can make one, no commandment dissolve, no foulness defile, nor no death finish." "And shall I receive," said she, "such disgrace as to be refused?" "Noble lady," said he, "let not that hard word be used; who know your exceeding worthiness far beyond my desert; but it is only happiness I refuse, since of the only happiness I could and can desire, I am refused."

He had scarce spoken these words, when she ran to him and embracing him, "Why then Argalus," said she, "take thy Parthenia": and Parthenia it was indeed. But because sorrow forbade him too soon to believe, she told him the truth, with all circumstances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in some solitary place, as she happened to make her complaint, the queen Helen of Corinth (who likewise felt her part of miseries) being then walking alone in that lovely place, heard her, and never left, till she had known the whole discourse. Which the noble queen greatly pitying, she sent to her a physician of hers, the most excellent man in the world, in hope that he could help her: which in such sort as they saw he had performed, and she taking with her one of the queen's servants, thought yet to make this trial, whether he would quickly forget his true Parthenia, or no. Her speech was confirmed by the Corinthian gentleman, who before had kept her counsel, and Argalus easily persuaded to what more than ten thousand years of life he desired: and Kalander would needs have the marriage celebrated in his house, principally the longer to hold his dear guest, towards whom he was now, besides his own habits of hospitality, carried with love and duty: and therefore omitted no service that his wit could invent and power minister.

BOOK III

[After they have been some time married Argalus receives a sudden summons to the wars.]

The messenger made speed and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read: but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt, as to give him occasion to look upon her: a happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself, because she enjoyed him: both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling, because she would obey, or rather because she would obey, he therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not; but she rose, and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message: yet afar off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband: the same fear, which made her loth to have cause of fear, yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter: for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between lothness and necessity: and once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed, and she blushed, because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read, and heard, and dispatched away the messenger, like a man in whom honour could not be rocked asleep by affection, with promise quickly to follow; he came to Parthenia, and as sorry as might be for parting, and yet more sorry for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearful slowness took it, and with fearful quickness read it; and having read it, "Ah my Argalus," said she, "and have you made such haste to answer? and are you so soon resolved to leave me?" but he discoursing

unto her how much it imported his honour, which since it was dear to him, he knew it would be dear unto her, her reason overclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears, and sighs, which he not able to bear, left her alone, and went to give order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed, and ready to go, she had recovered a little strength of spirit again, and coming out, and seeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down without regard who either heard her speech, or saw her demeanour. "My Argalus, my Argalus," said she, "do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yield shall be thus adventured. Your valour is already sufficiently known: sufficiently have you already done for your country: enough, enough there are beside you to lose less worthy lives. Woe is me, what shall become of me if you thus abandon me? then was it time for you to follow those adventures, when you adventured nobody but yourself, and were nobody's but your own. But now pardon me, that now, or never, I claim mine own; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger: and will you endanger Parthenia? Parthenia shall be in the battle of your fight: Parthenia shall smart in your pain, and your blood must be bled by Parthenia." "Dear Parthenia," said he, "this is the first time that ever you resisted my will: I thank you for it, but persevere not in it; and let not the tears of these most beloved eyes be a presage unto me of that which you would not should happen, I shall live, doubt not: for so great a blessing as you are was not given unto me so soon to be deprived of it. Look for me therefore shortly, and victorious; and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph." She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement, for true love made obedience stand up against all other passions. But when he took her in his arms, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lips, she fell in a swoon, so that he was fain to leave her to her gentlewomen, and carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back cast look and hearty groan, went to the camp.

[In the course of the war Argalus is slain by Amphialus, in consequence of which Parthenia gives way to grievous despair. Shortly after this event, Amphialus is called out to do battle with a stranger called the Knight of the Tomb. In the combat that ensues, fortune falls to the challenged, the Knight of the Tomb receiving a mortal wound; whereupon Amphialus hastens to unhelm the foe in order to discover his identity.]

But the headpiece was no sooner off, but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of fair golden hair, which with the face, soon known by the badge of excellency, witnessed that it was Parthenia, the unfortunately virtuous wife of Argalus; her beauty then, even in despite of the passed sorrow, or coming death, assuring all beholders that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding fair eyes, having with continual weeping gotten a little redness about them, her round sweetly swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbor death; in her cheeks the whiteness striving little by little to get upon the rosiness of them; her neck, a neck indeed of alabaster, displaying the wound, which with most dainty blood laboured to drown his own beauties; so that here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfectest white, each giving lustre to the other, with the sweet countenance, God knows, full of an unaffected languishing; so that Amphialus was astonished with grief, compassion and shame, detesting his fortune that made him unfortunate in victory.

Therefore putting off his headpiece and gauntlet, kneeling down unto her, and with tears testifying his sorrow, he offered his, by himself accursed, hands to help her, protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But Parthenia, who had inward messengers of the desired death's approach, looking upon him, and straight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightful object, drawing out her words, which her breath, loth to depart from so sweet a body, did faintly deliver: "Sir," said she, "I pray you, if prayers have place in enemies, to let my maids take my body untouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your means, is, that I have no honour of you. Argalus made no such bargain with you, that the hands which killed him should help me. I have of them, and I do not only pardon you, but

thank you for it, the service which I desired. There rests nothing now, but that I go live with him, since whose death I have done nothing but die." Then pausing, and a little fainting, and again coming to herself; "O sweet life, welcome," said she, "now feel I the bands united of the cruel death, which so long hath held me. And O life, O death, answer for me, that my thoughts have not so much as in a dream tasted any comfort, since they were deprived of Argalus. I come, my Argalus, I come: and, O God, hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant, as I feel thou dost grant, that in thy eternal love, we may love each other eternally. And this, O Lord:" — but there Atropos cut off her sentence: for with that, casting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soul departed (one might well assure himself) to heaven, which left the body in so heavenly a demeanour.

But Amphialus, with a heart oppressed with grief, because of her request, withdrew himself: but the judges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries labouring to staunch the remediless wounds: and a while she was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the soul, but not the beauty from that body. Then kissing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world, since she was gone who was their world, the very heavens seemed with a cloudy countenance to lour at the loss, and faine itself (though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents) yet could not choose but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in such sort quickly it went all over the camp. Basilius himself came forth and brought the fair Gynecia with him. Both they and the rest of the principal nobility went out to make honour triumph over death, conveying that excellent body (whereto Basilius himself would needs lend his shoulder) to a church a mile from the camp, where the valiant Argalus lay entombed; recommending to that sepulchre the blessed relics of a faithful and virtuous love, giving order for the making of two marble images to represent them, and each way enriching the tomb: upon which Basilius himself caused this epitaph to be written,

His Being was in her alone
And he not Being she was none.

They joyed One joy, One grief they griev'd,
 One love they lov'd, One life they liv'd.
 The hand was One, One was the sword
 That did his death, her death afford.

As all the rest; so now the stone
 That toms the Two is justly One.
 Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK II¹

[PHILOCLEA BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF HER LOVE FOR ZELMANE, WHO
 IS MUSIDORUS'S FRIEND, PYROCLES, DISGUISED AS AN AMAZON.]

The sweet minded Philoclea was in their degree of well-doing, to whom the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue, and hold their inward powers in better form with an unspotted simplicity, than many who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is than willingly take into themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered because it hath not passed through the worldly wickedness, nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it, so now the lady Philoclea (whose eyes and senses had received nothing, but according as the natural sense of each thing required; whose tender youth had obediently lived under her parents' behests, without framing out of her own will the fore-choosing of any thing) when now she came to a point wherein her judgment was to be practised in knowing faultiness by his first tokens, she was like a young fawn who, coming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it be a thing or not to be eschewed; whereof at this time she began to get a costly experience. For after that Zelmane had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kind of heedful attention; her coming to that lonely place, where she had nobody but her parents, a willingness of conversation; her wit and behaviour, a liking and silent admiration; at length the excellency of her natural gifts, joined with the

¹The passages chosen from Book II have been placed out of order, so that the story of Argalus and Parthenia which appears in Books I and III may form a connected whole.

extreme shows she made of most devout honouring Philoclea (carrying thus, in one person, the only two bands of goodwill, loveliness and lovingness) brought forth in her heart a yielding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keys of her mind that it would receive no message from her senses without that affection were the interpreter, then straight grew an exceeding delight still to be with her, with an unmeasurable liking of all that Zelmane did: matters being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breed goodwill, now goodwill became the chief cause of liking her manners: so that within a while Zelmane was not prized for her demeanour, but the demeanour was prized because it was Zelmane's. Then followed that most natural effect of conforming herself to that which she did like, and not only wishing to be herself such another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon so much an esteemed authority, so that the next degree was to mark all Zelmane's doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take them into herself as a pattern of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not only by the commonality of passions, but agreed unto by her most noble thoughts, and that reason itself, not yet experienced in the issues of such matters, had granted his royal assent, then friendship, a diligent officer, took care to see the statute thoroughly observed. Then grew on that not only did she imitate the soberness of her countenance, the gracefulness of her speech, but even their particular gestures, so that as Zelmane did often eye her, she would often eye Zelmane; and as Zelmane's eyes would deliver a submissive, but vehement desire in their look, she, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answer in like piercing kindness of a look. Zelmane, as much as Gynecia's jealousy would suffer, desired to be near Philoclea; Philoclea, as much as Gynecia's jealousy would suffer, desired to be near Zelmane. If Zelmane took her hand, and softly strained it, she also, thinking the knots of friendship ought to be mutual, would, with a sweet fastness, show she was loth to part from it. And if Zelmane sighed, she would sigh also; when Zelmane was sad, she deemed it wisdom, and therefore she would be sad too. Zelmane's languishing countenance with crossed arms, and sometimes cast

up eyes, she thought to have an excellent grace, and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance, till at last, poor soul, e'er she were aware, she accepted not only the badge, but the service; not only the sign, but the passion signified. For whether it were that her wit in continuance did find that Zelmane's friendship was full of impatient desire, having more than ordinary limits, and therefore she was content to second Zelmane, though herself knew not the limits, or that in truth, true love, well considered, hath an infective power, at last she fell in acquaintance with love's harbinger, wishing; first she would wish that they two might live all their lives together like two of Diana's nymphs. But that wish she thought not sufficient, because she knew there would be more nymphs besides them, who also would have their part in Zelmane. Then would she wish that she were her sister, that such a natural band might make her more special to her, but against that, she considered, that, though being her sister, if she happened to be married she should be robbed of her. Then grown bolder she would wish either herself, or Zelmane, a man, that there might succeed a blessed marriage between them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensign in her mind, then followed whole squadrons of longings that so it might be, with a main battle of mislikings and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. Then dreams by night began to bring more unto her than she durst wish by day, whereout waking did make her know herself the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easy to be cured, they are hard to be known, but when they grow easy to be known, they are almost impossible to be cured, so the sweet Philoclea, while she might prevent it, she did not feel it, now she felt it, when it was past preventing; like a river, no rampires being built against it, till already it have overflowed. For now indeed love pulled off his mask, and showed his face unto her, and told her plainly that she was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions, for passions shone through her face; then her rosy colour was often increased with extraordinary blushing, and so another time, perfect whiteness descended to a degree of paleness; now hot, then cold, desiring she knew not what, nor how, if she knew what.

Then her mind, though too late, by the smart was brought to think of the disease, and her own proof taught her to know her mother's mind, which, as no error gives so strong assault as that which comes armed in the authority of a parent, so greatly fortified her desires to see that her mother had the like desires. And the more jealous her mother was, the more she thought the jewel precious which was with so many locks guarded. But that prevailing so far, as to keep the two lovers from private conference, then began she to feel the sweetness of a lover's solitariness, when freely with words and gestures, as if Zelmane were present, she might give passage to her thoughts, and so, as it were, utter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else she was not only burned but smothered. As this night, that going from one lodge to the other, by her mother's commandment, with doleful gestures and uncertain paces, she did willingly accept the time's offer to be a while alone: so that going a little aside into the wood, where many times before she had delighted to walk, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees, so close set together, that, with the shade the moon gave through it, it might breed a fearful kind of devotion to look upon it: but true thoughts of love banished all vain fancy of superstition. Full well she did both remember and like the place, for there had she often with their shade beguiled Phoebus of looking upon her: there had she enjoyed herself often, while she was mistress of herself and had no other thoughts, but such as might arise out of quiet senses.

[In this spot she gives way to an expression of her passion.]

In this depth of musings and divers sorts of discourses, would she ravingly have remained, but that Dametas and Miso, who were round about to seek her, understanding that she was come to their lodge that night, came hard by her; Dametas saying that he would not deal in other bodys' matters, but for his part he did not like that maids should once stir out of their fathers' houses, but if it were to milk a cow or save a chicken from a kite's foot, or some such other matter of importance. And Miso swearing that if it were her daughter Mopsa, she would give her a lesson

for walking so late that should make her keep within doors for one fortnight. But their jangling made Philoclea rise, and pretending as though she had done it but to sport with them, went with them, after she had willed Miso to wait upon her mother to the lodge. . . .

BOOK II

[THE PRINCESSES BATHE IN THE RIVER LADON.]

Their sober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themselves something, even tired with the noisesomeness of Miso's conversation, they determined to go, while the heat of the day lasted, to bathe themselves, such being the manner of the Arcadian nymphs often to do, in the river Ladon, and take with them a lute, meaning to delight them under some shadow. But they could not stir, but that Miso, with her daughter Mopsa was after them: and as it lay in their way to pass by the other lodge, Zelmane out of her window espied them, and so stole down after them, which she might the better do, because that Gynecia was sick, and Basilius, that day being his birth-day, according to his manner, was busy about his devotions; and therefore she went after, hoping to find some time to speak with Philoclea: but not a word could she begin, but that Miso would be one of the audience, so that she was driven to recommend thinking, speaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her trust, till they came to the river side, which of all rivers of Greece had the praise for excellent pureness and sweetness, insomuch as the very bathing in it was accounted exceeding healthful. It ran upon so fine and delicate a ground, as one could not easily judge whether the river did more wash the gravel, or the gravel did purify the river: the river not running forth right, but almost continually winding, as if the lower streams would return to their spring, or that the river had a delight to play with itself. The banks of either side seeming arms of the loving earth that fain would embrace it, and the river a wanton nymph which still would slip from it; either side of the bank being fringed with most beautiful trees, which resisted the sun's darts from overmuch piercing the natural coldness of the river. There was

among the rest a goodly cypress, who bowing her fair head over the water, it seemed she looked into it, and dressed her green locks by that running river.

There the princesses determining to bathe themselves, though it was so privileged a place, upon pain of death, as nobody durst presume to come hither; yet for the more surety, they looked round about, and could see nothing but a water-spaniel, who came down the river, showing that he hunted for a duck, and with a snuffing grace, disdaining that his smelling force could not as well prevail through the water as through the air; and therefore waiting with his eye to see whether he could espy the ducks getting up again, but then a little below them failing of his purpose, he got out of the river, and shaking off the water (as great men do their friends) now he had no farther cause to use it, inweeded himself so that the ladies lost the farther marking of his sportfulness: and inviting Zelmane also to wash herself with them, and she excusing herself with having taken a late cold, they began by piece-meal to take away the eclipsing of their apparel.

Zelmane would have put to her helping hand, but she was taken with such a quivering, that she thought it more wisdom to lean herself to a tree, and look on, while Miso and Mopsa, like a couple of foreswat melters, were getting the pure silver of their bodies out of the ure of their garments. But as the raiments went off to receive the kisses of the ground, Zelmane envied the happiness of all, but of the smock was even jealous, and when that was taken away too, and that Philoclea remained, for her Zelmane only marked, like a diamond taken from out of the rock, or rather like the sun getting from under a cloud, and showing his naked beams to the full view, then was the beauty too much for a patient sight, the delight too strong for a stayed conceit, so that Zelmane could not choose but run, to touch, embrace and kiss her. But conscience made her come to herself, and leave Philoclea, who blushing, and withal smiling, making shamefacedness pleasant, and pleasure shamefaced, tenderly moved her feet, unwonted to feel the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of shrugging come over her body, like the twinkling of the fairest among the fixed

stars. But the river itself gave way unto her, so that she was straight breast high, which was the deepest that thereabout she could be: and when cold Ladon had once fully embraced them, himself was no more so cold to those ladies, but as if his cold complexion had been heated with love, so seemed he to play about every part he could touch.

"Ah sweet, now sweetest Ladon," said Zelmane, "why dost thou not stay thy course to have more full taste of thy happiness? but the reason is manifest, the upper streams make such haste to have their part of embracing, that the nether, though lothly, must needs give place unto them. O happy Ladon within whom she is, upon whom her beauty falls, through whom her eye pierceth. O happy Ladon, which art now an unperfect mirror of all perfection, can'st thou ever forget the blessedness of this impression? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine gravel to weeds and mud; if thou do, let some unjust niggards make wares to spoil thy beauty; if thou do, let some greater river fall into thee, to take away the name of Ladon, O! Ladon, happy Ladon, rather slide than run by her, lest thou should'st make her legs slip from her, and then, O happy Ladon, who would then call thee, but the most cursed Ladon?" But as the ladies played then in the water, sometimes striking it with their hands, the water, making lines in his face, seemed to smile at such beating, and with twenty bubbles not to be content to have the picture of their face in large upon him, but he would in each of these bubbles set forth the miniature of them.

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER

OR, JACK WILTON

THOMAS NASHE

ABOUT that time that the terror of the world and fever quartan of the French, Henry the Eight (the only true subject of chronicles), advanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of Tournay and Terouenne, and had the Emperor and all the nobility of Flanders, Holland, and Brabant as mercenary attendants on his full-sailed fortune, I, Jack Wilton, (a gentleman at least,) was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or unto the confines of the English court; where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cozened can testify: *Cœlum petimus stultitia*, which of us all is not a sinner? Be it known to as many as will pay money enough to peruse my story, that I followed the court or the camp, or the camp and the court. There did I (Soft, let me drink before I go any further!) reign sole king of the cans and black jacks, prince of the pygmies, county palatine of clean straw and provant, and, to conclude, lord high regent of rashers of the coals and red herring cobs. *Paulo majora canamus*. Well, to the purpose. What stratagemical acts and monuments do you think an ingenious infant of my years might enact? You will say, it were sufficient if he slur a die, pawn his master to the utmost penny, and minister the oath of the pantofle artificially. These are signs of good education, I must confess, and arguments of In grace and virtue to proceed. Oh, but *Aliquid latet quod non patet*, there's a further path I must trace: examples confirm; list, lordings, to my proceedings. Whosoever is acquainted with the state of a camp understands that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on London bridge. In those quarters are many companies: Much company, much knavery, as true as that old adage, "Much courtesy, much subtilty." Those

companies, like a great deal of corn, do yield some chaff; the corn are cormorants, the chaff are good fellows, which are quickly blown to nothing with bearing a light heart in a light purse. Amongst this chaff was I winnowing my wits to live merrily, and by my troth so I did: the prince could but command men spend their blood in his service, I could make them spend all the money they had for my pleasure. But poverty in the end parts friends; though I was prince of their purses, and exacted of my unthrift subjects as much liquid allegiance as any kaiser in the world could do, yet where it is not to be had the king must lose his right: want cannot be withstood, men can do no more than they can do: what remained then, but the fox's case must help, when the lion's skin is out at the elbows?

There was a lord in the camp, let him be a Lord of Misrule if you will, for he kept a plain alehouse without welt or guard of any ivy bush, and sold cider and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came, (at the very name of cider I can but sigh, there is so much of it in Rhenish wine nowadays). Well, *Tendit ad sidera virtus*, there's great virtue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of cider, and very good men have sold it, and at sea it is *Aqua celestis*; but that's neither here nor there, if it had no other patron but this peer of quart pots to authorise it, it were sufficient. This great lord, this worthy lord, this noble lord, thought no scorn (Lord, have mercy upon us!) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this dainty liquor, and yet he was an old servitor, a cavalier of an ancient house, as might appear by the arms of his ancestors, drawn very amiably in chalk on the inside of his tent door.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damn with a lewd moneyless device; for coming to him on a day, as he was counting his barrels and setting the price in chalk on the head of them, I did my duty very devoutly, and told his ale-y honour I had matters of some secrecy to impart unto him, if it pleased him to grant me private audience. "With me, young Wilton?" quod he; "marry, and shalt! Bring us a pint of cider of a fresh tap into the Three Cups here; wash the pot." So into a back room he led me, where after he had spit on his finger, and picked off two or three moats of his old moth-eaten velvet cap, and

sponged and wrung all the rheumatic drivel from his ill-favoured goat's beard, he bade me declare my mind, and thereupon he drank to me on the same. I up with a long circumstance, alias, a cunning shift of the seventeens, and discoursed unto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of mind, partly for the high descent and lineage from whence he sprung, and partly for the tender care and provident respect he had of poor soldiers, that, whereas the vastity of that place (which afforded them no indifferent supply of drink or of victuals) might humble them to some extremity, and so weaken their hands, he vouchsafed in his own person to be a victualler to the camp (a rare example of magnificence and honourable courtesy), and diligently provided that without far travel every man might for his money have cider and cheese his belly full; nor did he sell his cheese by the wey only, or his cider by the great, but abased himself with his own hands to take a shoemaker's knife (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally, like a true justiciary, in little pennyworths that it would do a man good for to look upon. So likewise of his cider, the poor man might have his moderate draught of it (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprat as the rich man for his half sous or his denier. "Not so much," quoth I, "but this tapster's linen apron which you wear to protect your apparel from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrays your lowly mind. I speak it with tears, too few such noble men have we, that will draw drink in linen aprons. Why, you are every child's fellow; any man that comes under the name of a soldier and a good fellow, you will sit and bear company to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of 'Mine host, here's to you,' as if one saluted you by all the titles of your barony. These considerations, I say, which the world suffers to slip by in the channel of forgetfulness, have moved me, in ardent zeal of your welfare, to forewarn you of some dangers that have beset you and your barrels." At the name of dangers he start up, and bounced with his fist on the board so hard that his tapster overhearing him, cried, "Anon, anon, sir! by and by!" and came and made a low leg and asked him what he lacked. He was ready to have stricken his tapster for interrupting him in

attention of this his so much desired relation, but for fear of displeasing me he moderated his fury, and only sending for the other fresh pint, willed him look to the bar, and come when he is called, "with a devil's name!" Well, at his earnest importunity, after I had moistened my lips to make my lie run glib to his journey's end, forward I went as followeth. "It chanced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the King, with his lords and many chief leaders, sat in counsel: there, amongst sundry serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy given up, it was privily informed (No villains to these privy informers!) that you, even you that I now speak to, had — (O would I had no tongue to tell the rest; by this drink, it grieves me so I am not able to repeat it!)" Now was my drunken lord ready to hang himself for the end of the full point, and over my neck he throws himself very lubberly, and entreated me, as I was a proper young gentleman and ever looked for pleasure at his hands, soon to rid him out of this hell of suspense, and resolve him of the rest: then fell he on his knees, wrung his hands, and I think on my conscience, wept out all the cider that he had drunk in a week before: to move me to have pity on him, he rose and put his rusty ring on my finger, gave me his greasy purse with that single money that was in it, promised to make me his heir, and a thousand more favours, if I would expire the misery of his unspeakable tormenting uncertainty. I, being by nature inclined to *Mercie* (for indeed I knew two or three good wenches of that name), bade him harden his ears, and not make his eyes abortive before their time, and he should have the inside of my breast turned outward, hear such a tale as would tempt the utmost strength of life to attend it and not die in the midst of it. "Why (quoth I) myself that am but a poor childish well-willer of yours, with the very thought that a man of your desert and state by a number of peasants and varlets should be so injuriously abused in hugger mugger, have wept. The wheel under our city bridge carries not so much water over the city, as my brain hath welled forth gushing streams of sorrow. My eyes have been drunk, outrageously drunk, with giving but ordinary intercourse through their sea-circled islands to my distilling dreamment. What shall I say? that

which malice hath said is the mere overthrow and murder of your days. Change not your colour, none can slander a clear conscience to itself; receive all your fraught of misfortune in at once.

"It is buzzed in the King's head that you are a secret friend to the enemy, and under pretence of getting a license to furnish the camp with cider and such like provant, you have furnished the enemy, and in empty barrels sent letters of discovery and corn innumerable."

I might well have left here, for by this time his white liver had mixed itself with the white of his eye, and both were turned upwards, as if they had offered themselves a fair white for death to shoot at. The truth was, I was very loth mine host and I should part with dry lips: wherefore the best means that I could imagine to wake him out of his trance, was to cry loud in his ear, "Ho, host, what's to pay? will no man look to the reckoning here?" And in plain verity it took expected effect, for with the noise he started and bustled, like a man that had been scared with fire out of his sleep, and ran hastily to his tapster, and all to belaboured him about the ears, for letting gentlemen call so long and not look in to them. Presently he remembered himself, and had like to fall into his memento again, but that I met him half ways and asked his lordship what he meant to slip his neck out of the collar so suddenly, and, being revived, strike his tapster so hastily.

"Oh (quoth he), I am bought and sold for doing my country such good service as I have done. They are afraid of me, because my good deeds have brought me into such estimation with the commonalty. I see, I see, it is not for the lamb to live with the wolf."

"The world is well amended (thought I) with your cidership; such another forty years' nap together as Epimenides had, would make you a perfect wise man." "Answer me (quoth he), my wise young Wilton, is it true that I am thus underhand dead and buried by these bad tongues?"

"Nay (quoth I), you shall pardon me, for I have spoken too much already; no definitive sentence of death shall march out of my well-meaning lips; they have but lately sucked milk,

and shall they so suddenly change their food and seek after blood?"

"Oh, but (quoth he) a man's friend is his friend; fill the other pint, tapster: what said the King? did he believe it when he heard it? I pray thee say; I swear by my nobility, none in the world shall ever be made privy that I received any light of this matter by thee."

"That firm affiance (quoth I) had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so far over the shoes, to pluck you out of the mire. Not to make many words, (since you will needs know,) the King says flatly, you are a miser and a snudge, and he never hoped better of you." "Nay, then (quoth he) questionless some planet that loves not cider hath conspired against me." "Moreover, which is worse, the King hath vowed to give Terouenne one hot breakfast only with the bungs that he will pluck out of your barrels. I cannot stay at this time to report each circumstance that passed, but the only counsel that my long cherished kind inclination can possibly contrive, is now in your old days to be liberal: such victuals or provision as you have, presently distribute it frankly amongst poor soldiers; I would let them burst their bellies with cider and bathe in it, before I would run into my prince's ill opinion for a whole sea of it. If greedy hunters and hungry tale-tellers pursue you, it is for a little pelf that you have; cast it behind you, neglect it, let them have it, lest it breed a farther inconvenience. Credit my advice, you shall find it propheticall: and thus have I discharged the part of a poor friend." With some few like phrases of ceremony, "Your Honour's poor suppliant," and so forth, and "Farewell, my good youth, I thank thee and will remember thee," we parted.

But the next day I think we had a dole of cider, cider in bowls, in scuppets, in helmets; and to conclude, if a man would have filled his boots full, there he might have had it: provant thrust itself into poor soldiers' pockets whether they would or no. We made five peals of shot into the town together of nothing but spigotts and faucets of discarded empty barrels: every under-foot soldier had a distenanted tun, as Diogenes had his tub to sleep in. I myself got as many confiscated tapster's aprons as made me a tent as big as any ordinary commander's

in the field. But in conclusion, my well-beloved baron of double beer got him humbly on his mary-bones to the king, and complained he was old and stricken in years, and had never an heir to cast at a dog, wherefore if it might please his Majesty to take his lands into his hands, and allow him some reasonable pension to live, he should be marvellously well pleased: as for wars, he was weary of them; yet as long as his Highness ventured his own person, he would not flinch a foot, but make his withered body a buckler to bear off any blow advanced against him.

The King, marvelling at this alteration of his cider merchant (for so he often pleasantly termed him), with a little farther talk bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pitifully whipped for my holiday lie, though they made themselves merry with it many a winter's evening after.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

JOHN BUNYAN

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep : and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream.

The Jail.

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back (Isa. lxiv. 6 ; Luke xiv. 33 ; Ps. xxxviii. 4 ; Hab. ii. 2 ; Acts xvi. 31). I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein ; and, as he read, he wept, and trembled ; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" (Acts ii. 37.)

His outcry.

In this plight, therefore, he went home and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress ; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children ; and thus he began to talk to them. O

This world.

my dear wife, said he, and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me ; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow both myself, with thee, my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered. At this his relations were sore amazed ; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his

He knows no way of escape as yet.

head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, Worse and worse: he also set to talking to them again: but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him.

Carnal
physic for a
sick soul.

Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, Wherefore dost thou cry? (Job xxxiii. 23.)

He answered, Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment (Heb. ix. 27), and I find that I am not willing to do the first (Job xvi. 21), nor able to do the second (Ezek. xxii. 14).

Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet (Isa. xxx. 33). And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Conviction
of the neces-
sity of flying.

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. iii. 7).

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket-gate? (Matt. vii. 13, 14.) The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? (Ps. cxix. 105; 2 Pet. i. 19.) He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. **Christ, and the way to him cannot be found without the Word.** So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! life! eternal life! (Luke xiv. 26.) So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain (Gen. xix. 17).

The neighbours also came out to see him run (Jer. xx. 10); and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and, among those that did so, **They that fly from the wrath to come, are a gazing-stock to the world.** there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time, the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbours, wherefore are ye come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be; you dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbours, and go along with me.

OBST. What! said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us?

CHR. Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that ALL which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that which I am seeking to enjoy (2 Cor. iv. 18); and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as

I myself ; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare (Luke xv. 17). Come away, and prove my words.

OBST. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them ?

CHR. I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away (1 Pet. 1. 4), and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there (Hēb. xi. 16), to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

OBST. Tush ! said Obstinate, away with your book. Will you go back with us or no ?

CHR. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the plough (Luke ix. 62).

OBST. Come then, neighbour Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him ; there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason (Prov. xxvi. 16).

PLI. Then said Pliable, Don't revile ; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours : my heart inclines to go with my neighbour.

OBST. What ! more fools still ! Be ruled by me, and go back ; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you ? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbour, Pliable ; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book ; and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it (Heb. ix. 17-21).

PLI. Well, neighbour Obstinate, said Pliable, I begin to come to a point ; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him ; but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place ?

Christian and Obstinate pull for Pliable's soul.

Pliable contented to go with Christian.

CHR. I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

PLI. Come, then, good neighbour, let us be going. Then they went both together.

OBST. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate; I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows.

Obstinate goes railing back.

Now, I saw in my dream, that, when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began their discourse.

Talk between Christian and Pliable. CHR. Come, neighbour Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbour Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

God's things unspeakable.

Now, I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

The Slough of Despond.

PLI. Then said Pliable, Ah! neighbour Christian, where are you now?

CHR. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

PLI. At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And, with that, he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

It is not enough to be pliable.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone: but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back: but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

Christian in trouble seeks still to get further from his own house.

CHR. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither I fell in here.

HELP. But why did not you look for the steps?

The Promises.

CHR. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way and fell in.

HELP. Then said he, Give me thy hand: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way (Ps. xl. 2).

Help lifts him up.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place. And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

What makes the Slough of Despond.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad (Isa. xxxv. 3, 4). His labourers also have, by the direction of His Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's domin-

ions, and they that can tell, say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place; if so be, it might have been mended, but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of the slough; but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or, if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step beside, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the gate (1 Sam. xii. 23). . . .

Then I saw in my dream, that when they¹ were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "all that cometh is vanity" (Eccles. i. 2, 14; ii. 11, 17; xi. 8; Isa. xli. 29).

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long:

therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen

¹ Christian and Faithful.

The promises of forgiveness and acceptance to life by faith in Christ.

The antiquity of this fair.

The merchandise of this fair.

juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (*viz.* countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

*The streets
of this fair.*

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world" (1 Cor. v. 10). The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town (Matt. iv. 8; Luke iv. 5-7). Yea, because he was such a person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure the Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair. Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did: but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for —

*Christ went
through this
fair.*

*Christ
bought
nothing in
this fair.*

*The Pil-
grims enter
the fair.*

*The fair in a
hubbub
about them.*

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair

The first cause of the hubbub. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish men (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8).

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven (Ps. cxix. 37; Phil. iii. 19, 20).

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth" (Prov. xxiii. 23). At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, inasmuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there, in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. xi. 13-16);

and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bed-lams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair.

They are not believed.

They are put in the cage.

Behold Vanity Fair! the Pilgrims there
Are chained and stand beside:
Even so it was our Lord passed here,
And on Mount Calvary died.

There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them, they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their

Their behaviour in the cage.

The men of the fair do fall out among themselves about these two men.

They are made the authors of this disturbance.

examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them.

But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side, though but few in comparison of the rest, several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

They are led up and down the fair in chains, for a terror to others.

Some of the men of the fair won to them.

Their adversaries resolve to kill them.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, therefore, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content, they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

They are again put into the cage, and after brought to trial.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The Judge's name was Lord Hate-good. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were this:—

Their indictment.

“That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and

had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Now, *Faithful*, play the man, speak for thy God:
 Fear not the wicked's malice, nor their rod:
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side:
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride.

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which hath set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

*Faithful's
 answer for
 himself.*

Then proclamation was made, that they that had ought to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench that he is —

Envy begins.

JUDGE. Hold! Give him his oath. (So they sware him.) Then he said —

ENVY. My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

JUDGE. Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

ENVY. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swore him; so he began.

SUPER. My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, **Superstition follows.** this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was nought, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my Lord, your Lordship very well knows, what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we do still worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

PICK. My Lord, and you gentlemen all, This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that **Pickthank's testimony.** ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain

Sins are all lords, and great ones. Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said, moreover, That if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runaway, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

FAITH. May I speak a few words in my own defence ?

JUDGE. Sirrah ! Sirrah ! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place ; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

FAITH. 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or customs, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

Faithful's
defence of
himself.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a Divine faith ; but there can be no Divine faith without a Divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to Divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country : and so, the Lord have mercy upon me !

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe) : Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him or save his life ; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

The Judge's
speech to
the jury.

There was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river (Exod. i. 22). There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace (Dan. iii. 6).

There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions' den (Dan. vi). Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first, among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, I see

The jury, and their names.

Every one's private verdict.

clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They conclude to bring him in guilty of death.

The cruel death of Faithful.

They, therefore, brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives;

after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate.

A chariot
and horses
wait to take
away Faithful.

Brave *Faithful*, bravely done in word and deed;
Judge, witnesses, and jury have, instead
Of overcoming thee, but shown their rage:
When they are dead, thou'lt live from age to age.

But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space; but He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way; and as he went, he sang, saying —

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord; with whom thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights:
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For, though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

The Song
that Christian
made
of Faithful
after his
death.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone, or there was one whose name was Hopeful (being made so by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behaviour, in their sufferings at the Fair), who joined himself unto him, and, entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus, one died to bear testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes, to be a companion with Christian in his pilgrimage. This Hopeful also told Christian, that there were many more of the men in the Fair, that would take their time and follow after.

Christian
has another
companion.

There are
more of the
men of the
Fair will
follow.

* * * * *

I saw, then, that they¹ went on their way to a pleasant river; which David the king called "the river of God," but John, "the river of the water of life" (Ps. lxxv. 9; Rev. xxii. 1, 2; Ezek. xlvii. 1-12). Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river; here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant, and enlivening to their weary spirits: besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, that bore all manner of fruit; and the leaves of the trees were good for medicine; with the fruit of these trees they were also much delighted; and the leaves they eat to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down, and slept; for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep (Ps. xxiii. 2; Isa. xiv. 30). Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang —

**Trees by
the river.
The fruit
and leaves
of the trees.**

**A meadow
in which
they lie
down to
sleep.**

Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the highway side;
The meadows green, beside their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them: and he that can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not, as yet, at their journey's end), they ate and drank, and departed.

Now, I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted; at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender, by reason of their travels; "so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way" (Num. xxi. 4). Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of

**By-path
Meadow.**

¹ Christian and Hopeful.

the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay along by the way, on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian. Here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

One temptation does make way for another.

HOPE. But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

CHR. That is not like, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did (and his name was Vain-confidence); so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before.

Strong Christians may lead weak ones out of the way.

See what it is too suddenly to fall in with strangers.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit (Isa. ix. 16), which was on purpose there made, by the Prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

A pit to catch the vain-glorious in.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner; and the water rose amain.

Reasoning between Christian and Hopeful.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

CHR. Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

HOPE. I was afraid on it at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

CHR. Good brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger; pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

HOPE. Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

CHR. I am glad I have with me a merciful brother; but we must not stand thus: let us try to go back again.

HOPE. But, good brother, let me go before.

CHR. No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

HOPE. No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying, "Set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest; turn again" (Jer. xxxi. 21). But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way, when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back, but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, ~~that~~ in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until the day-break; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful

Christian's
repentance
for leading
of his
brother out
of the way.

They are in
danger of
drowning as
they go
back.

They sleep
in the
grounds of
Giant De-
spair.

asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men (Ps. lxxxviii. 18). Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

He finds them in his grounds, and carries them to Doubting Castle.

The grievousness of their imprisonment.

The pilgrims now, to gratify the flesh,
Will seek its ease; but oh! how they afresh
Do thereby plunge themselves new griefs into!
Who seek to please the flesh, themselves undo.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their dis-

On Thursday, Giant Despair beats his prisoners.

treass. So all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since

On Friday,
Giant De-
spair coun-
sels them to
kill them-
selves.

they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison, for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them him-

The Giant
sometimes
has fits.

self, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—

CHR. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part I know not whether it is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life," and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon (Job. vii. 15). Shall we be ruled by the Giant?

Christian
crushed.

HOPE. Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For "no murderer hath eternal life," &c. And let us consider, again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant

Hopeful
comforts
him.

Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him, as well as we; and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows, but that God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die? or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in? or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while. The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words, Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel; and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:—

HOPE. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through! And art thou now nothing but fear! Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also, this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath

Christian
still de-
jected.

Hopeful
comforts
him again,
by calling
former
things to
remem-
brance.

also cut off the bread and water from my mouth ; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience ; remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain, nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame, that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done ; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again ; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners ; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear ? said the Giant ; I will, therefore, search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one hath amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : What a fool,

quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

A key in Christian's bosom, called Promise, opens any lock in Doubting Castle.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and, with his key, opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after, from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence — "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

A pillar erected by Christian and his fellow.

[THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE]

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season (Isa. lxii. 4). Yea, here they heard continually the singing of

birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land (Can. ii. 10-12). In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Angels.

Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also, the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them" (Isa. lxii. 5). Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage (Verse 8). Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" (Verse 11.) Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, "The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord, Sought out," &c. (Verse 12).

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Wherefore, here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs, "If ye find my beloved, tell him that I am sick of love" (Can. v. 8).

But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gar-

deners had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties (Deut. xxiii. 24). He also showed them there the King's walks, and the arbours where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city; but, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for "the city was pure gold," Rev. xxi. 18) was so extremely glorious, that they could not, as yet, with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose (2 Cor. iii. 18). So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men, in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them; so they told them they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together, until they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate. Death.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered, Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the world, nor

shall, until the last trumpet shall sound (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52). The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in

Death is not welcome to nature, though by it we pass out of this world into glory.

their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

Angels help us not comfortably through death.

They then addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all his waves

go over me! Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend,

Christian's conflict at the hour of death.

"the sorrows of death have compassed me about;"

I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before

him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember, nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah,

brother ! said he, surely if I was right he would now arise to help me ; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men" (Ps. lxxiii. 4, 5). These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you ; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was as in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, Be of good cheer. Jesus Christ maketh thee whole ; and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh ! I see him again, and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii. 2). Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them ; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Christian
delivered
from his
fears in
death.

The angels
do wait for
them, so
soon as
they are
passed out
of this
world.

Now, now look how the holy pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide :
Who would not here for him all hazards run,
That thus provides for his when this world's done.

Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms ; also, they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out

They have
put off mor-
tality.

without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They, therefore, went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the "Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect" (Heb. xii. 22-24). You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxii. 5). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, "for the former things are passed away." You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets — men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness (Isa. lvii. 1, 2; lxxv. 17). The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way (Gal. vi. 7). In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, for "there you shall see him as he is" (1 John iii. 2). There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive, even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also shall

you be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies (1 Thess. iv. 13-17; Jude 14; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3). Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb" (Rev. xix. 9). There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises, and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting, and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them; and now were these two

men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii. 14).

Then I saw in my dream, that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some looked from above over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation," said he, "which keepeth the truth, may enter in" (Isa. xxvi. 2).

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them — the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "BLESSING AND HONOUR, AND GLORY, AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOR EVER AND EVER" (Rev. v. 13).

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men,

with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord" (Rev. iv. 8). And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place, one Vain-hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence came you? and what would you have? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets. Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the City, to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air, to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction! So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Ignorance
comes up
to the
river.

Vain-hope
does ferry
him over.

OROONOKO: OR, THE ROYAL SLAVE

MRS. APHRA BEHN

I do not pretend, in giving you the history of this Royal Slave, to entertain my Reader with the adventures of a feigned hero, whose life and fortunes fancy may manage at the poet's pleasure; nor, in relating the truth, design to adorn it with any accidents, but such as arrived in earnest to him: and it shall come simply into the world, recommended by its own proper merits, and natural intrigues; there being enough of reality to support it, and to render it diverting without the addition of invention.

I was myself an eye-witness to a greater part of what you will find here set down; and what I could not be witness of, I received from the mouth of the chief actor in this history, the hero himself, who gave us the whole transactions of his youth: and I shall omit, for brevity's sake, a thousand little accidents of his life, which, however pleasant to us, where history was scarce, and adventures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my reader, in a world where he finds diversions for every minute, new and strange. But we who were perfectly charmed with the character of this great man, were curious to gather every circumstance of his life.

The scene of the last part of his adventures lies in a colony in America, called Surinam, in the West Indies.

But before I give you the story of this gallant slave, it is fit that I tell you the manner of bringing them to these new colonies; those they make use of there, not being natives of the place: for those we live with in perfect amity, without daring to command them; but, on the contrary, caress them with all the brotherly and friendly affection in the world; trading with them for their fish, venison, buffaloes' skins, and little rarities; as marmosets, a sort of monkey, as big as a rat or weasel, but of

a marvelous and delicate shape, having face and hands like a human creature; and cousheries, a little beast in the form and fashion of a lion, as big as a kitten, but so exactly made in all parts like that noble beast, that it is it in miniature: then for the little parrakeets, great parrots, mackaws, and a thousand other birds and beasts of wonderful and surprising forms, shapes, and colours. . . . We dealt with them with beads of all colours, knives, axes, pins, and needles, which they used only as tools to drill holes with in their ears, noses, and lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long beads, bits of tin, brass or silver beat thin, and any shining trinket. The beads they weave into aprons about a quarter of an ell long, and of the same breadth; working them very prettily in flowers of several colours; which apron they wear just before them, as Adam and Eve did the fig-leaves; the men wearing a long strip of linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these beads also on long cotton-threads, and make girdles to tie their aprons to, which come twenty times or more, about the waist, and then cross, like a shoulder-belt both ways and round their necks, arms and legs. This adornment, with their long black hair, and the face painted in little specks or flowers here and there, makes them a wonderful figure to behold. Some of the beauties, which indeed are finely shaped, as almost all are, and who have pretty features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called beauty, except the colour, which is a reddish yellow; or after a new oiling, which they often use to themselves they are of the colour of a new brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. And these people represented to me an absolute idea of the first state of innocence, before man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and virtuous mistress. It is she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the world, than all the inventions of man: religion here would but destroy that tranquillity they possess by ignorance; and laws would but teach them to know offences, of which now they have no notion. They once made mourning and fasting for the death of the English Governor, who had given his hand to come on such a day to them, and neither came nor sent; believing, when a man's word was past, nothing but death could or should pre-

vent his keeping it: and when they saw he was not dead, they asked him what name they had for a man, who promised a thing he did not do? The Governor told them such a man was a liar, which was a word of infamy to a gentleman. Then one of them replied, "Governor, you are a liar, and guilty of that infamy." They have a native justice, which knows no fraud; and they understand no vice, or cunning, but when they are taught by the white men.

With these people, as I said, we live in perfect tranquillity, and good understanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best food of the country, and the means of getting it; and for very small and invaluable trifles, supplying us with what it is almost impossible for us to get. Those then whom we make use of to work in our plantations of sugar, are Negroes, black-slaves altogether, who are transported thither.

Coramantien, a country of blacks so called, was one of those places in which they found the most advantageous trading for these slaves; for that nation is very warlike and brave. The king of Coramantien was of himself a man an hundred and odd years old, and had no son, though he had many beautiful black wives: for most certainly there are beauties that can charm of that colour. In his younger years he had had many gallant men to his sons, thirteen of whom died in battle, conquering where they fell; and he had only left him for his successor, one grandchild, son to one of these dead victors, who, as soon as he could bear a bow in his hand, and a quiver at his back, was sent into the field, to be trained up by one of the oldest Generals to war; where, from his natural inclination to arms, and the occasions given him, with the good conduct of the old General, he became, at the age of seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, that ever saw the field of Mars: so that he was adored as the wonder of all that world, and the darling of the soldiers. Besides, he was adorned with a native beauty, so transcending all those of his gloomy race, that he struck an awe and reverence, even into those that knew not his quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with surprise and wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our world. He had scarce arrived at his seventeenth year, when,

fighting by his side, the General was killed with an arrow in his eye, which the prince Oroonoko (for so was this gallant Moor called) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General who saw the arrow shot, and perceiving it aimed at the Prince, had not bowed his head between, on purpose to receive it in his own body, rather than it should touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

It was then, afflicted as Oroonoko was, that he was proclaimed General in the old man's place: and then it was, at the finishing of that war, which had continued for two years, that the Prince came to Court, where he had hardly been a month together, from the time of his fifth year to that of seventeen: and it was amazing to imagine where it was he learned so much humanity; or to give his accomplishments a juster name, where it was he got that real greatness of soul, those refined notions of true honour, that absolute generosity, and that softness that was capable of the highest passions of love and gallantry, whose objects were almost continually fighting men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no sounds but those of war and groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a Frenchman of wit and learning, who finding it turn to very good account to be a sort of royal tutor to this young black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him morals, language and science; and was for it extremely beloved and valued by him. Another reason was, he loved when he came from war, to see all the English gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their language, but that of the Spaniard also, with whom he traded afterwards for slaves.

I have often seen and conversed with this great man, and been a witness to many of his mighty actions, and do assure my reader, the most illustrious Courts could not have produced a braver man, both for greatness of courage and mind, a judgment more solid, a wit more quick, and a conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: he had heard of and admired the Romans: he had heard of the late Civil Wars in England, and the deplorable death of our great Monarch; and would discourse of it with all the sense of abhorrence of the injustice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful

mien, and all the civility of a well-bred great man. He had nothing of barbarity in his nature, but in all points addressed himself as if his education had been in some European Court.

This great and just character of Oroonoko gave me an extreme curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke French and English, and that I could talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprised when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all report I found him. He came into the room, and addressed himself to me and some other women, with the best grace in the world. He was pretty tall, but of a shape the most exact that can be fancied: the most famous statuary could not form the figure of a man more admirably turned from head to foot. His face was not of that brown rusty black which most of that nation are, but a perfect ebony, or polished jet. His eyes were the most awful that could be seen, and very piercing; the white of them being like snow, as were his teeth. His nose rising and Roman, instead of African and flat: his mouth the finest shaped that could be seen; far from those great turned lips, which are so natural to the rest of the Negroes. The whole proportion and air of his face was so nobly and exactly formed, that, bating his color, there could be nothing in nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one grace wanting, that bears the standard of true beauty. His hair came down to his shoulders, by the aids of art, which was by pulling it out with a quill, and keeping it combed; of which he took particular care. Nor did the perfections of his mind come short of those of his person; for his discourse was admirable upon almost any subject: and whoever had heard him speak, would have been convinced of their errors, that all fine wit is confined to white men, especially to those of Christendom; and would have confessed that Oroonoko was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a soul, as politic maxims, and was as sensible of power, as any Prince civilized in the most refined schools of humanity and learning, or the most illustrious courts.

This Prince, such as I have described him, whose soul and body were so admirably adorned, was (while yet he was in the Court of his grandfather, as I have said) as capable of love, as

it was possible for a brave and gallant man to be ; and in saying that, I have named the highest degree of love : for sure great souls are most capable of that passion.

I have already said that the old General was killed by the shot of an arrow, by the side of this Prince, in battle ; and that Oroonoko was made General. This old dead hero had one only daughter left of his race, a beauty, that to describe her truly, one need say only, she was female to the noble male ; the beautiful black Venus to our young Mars ; as charming in person as he, and of delicate virtues. I have seen a hundred white men sighing after her, and making a thousand vows at her feet, all in vain and unsuccessful. And she was indeed too great for any but a prince of her own nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the wars (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his grandfather, he thought in honour he ought to make a visit to Imoinda, the daughter of his foster-father, the dead General, and to make some excuses to her because his preservation was the occasion of her father's death ; and to present her with those slaves that had been taken in this last battle, as the trophies of her father's victories. When he came, attended by all the young soldiers of any merit, he was infinitely surprised at the beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose face and person were so exceeding all that he had ever beheld, that lovely modesty with which she received him, that softness in her looks and sighs, upon the melancholy occasion of this honour that was done by so great a man as Oroonoko, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable things ; the awfulness with which she received him, and the sweetness of her words and behavior while he stayed, gained a perfect conquest over his fierce heart, and made him feel, the victor could be subdued. So that having made his first compliments, and presented her a hundred and fifty slaves in fetters, he told her with his eyes, that he was not insensible of her charms ; while Imoinda who wished for nothing more than so glorious a conquest, was pleased to believe, she understood that silent language of new-born love ; and, from that moment, put on all her additions to beauty.

The Prince returned to Court with quite another humour than before ; and though he did not speak much of the fair Imoinda,

he had the pleasure to hear all his followers speak of nothing but the charms of that maid, insomuch, that, even in the presence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightening, if possible, the beauties they had found in her: so that nothing else was talked of, no other sound was heard in every corner where there were whisperers, but Imoinda ! Imoinda !

It will be imagined Oroonoko stayed not long before he made his second visit ; nor, considering his quality, not much longer before he told her he adored her. I have often heard him say, that he admired by what strange inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew love, nor was used to the conversation of women ; but (to use his own words) he said, most happily, some new, and till then, unknown power instructed his heart and tongue in the language of love ; and at the same time, in favour of him, inspired Imoinda with a sense of his passion. She was touched with what he said, and returned it all in such answers as went to his very heart, with a pleasure unknown before. Nor did he use those obligations ill, that love had done him, but turned all his happy moments to the best advantage ; and as he knew no vice, his flame aimed at nothing but honour, if such a distinction may be made in love ; and especially in that country, where men take to themselves as many as they can maintain ; and where the only crime and sin against a woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to want, shame and misery ; such ill morals are only practiced in Christian countries, where they prefer the bare name of religion ; and, without religion or morality think that sufficient. But Oroonoko was none of these professors ; but as he had right notions of honour, so he made her such propositions as were not only and barely such ; but, contrary to the custom of his country, he made her vows she should be the only woman he would possess while he lived ; that no age or wrinkles should incline him to change : for her soul would be always fine and always young ; and he should have an eternal idea in his mind of the charms she now bore ; and should look into his heart for that idea, when he could find it no longer in her face.

And after a thousand assurances of his lasting flame, and her eternal empire over him, she condescended to receive him for

her husband; or rather, receive him as the greatest honour the gods could do her.

[Oroonoko and Imoinda are later captured separately by slave-traders and sold in the West Indies where they are reunited. They are known there as Cæsar and Clemene.]

From that happy day Cæsar took Clemene for his wife, to the general joy of all people; and there was as much magnificence as the country could afford at the celebration of this wedding: and in a very short time after she conceived with child, which made Cæsar even adore her, knowing he was the last of his great race. This new accident made him more impatient of liberty, and he was every day treating with Trefry for his and Clemene's liberty, and offered either gold, or a vast quantity of slaves, which should be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any security that he should go when his ransom was paid. They fed him from day to day with promises, and delayed him till the Lord-Governour should come; so that he began to suspect them of falsehood, and that they would delay him till the time of his wife's delivery, and make a slave of the child too; for all the breed is theirs to whom the parents belong. This thought made him very uneasy, and his sullenness gave them some jealousies of him; so that I was obliged, by some persons who feared a mutiny (which is very fatal sometimes in those colonies that abound so with slaves, that they exceed the whites in vast numbers), to discourse with Cæsar, and to give him all the satisfaction I possibly could. They knew he and Clemene were scarce an hour in a day from my lodgings; that they ate with me, and that I obliged them in all things I was capable. I entertained them with the lives of the Romans, and great men, which charmed him to my company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty works I was mistress of, and telling her stories of nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. But of all the discourses, Cæsar liked that the worst, and would never be reconciled to our notion of the trinity, of which he ever made a jest; it was a riddle he said would turn his brain to conceive, and one could not make him understand what faith was. . . . Before I parted that day with him, I got with me a

ado, a promise from him to rest yet a little longer with patience, and wait the coming of the Lord-Governour, who was every day expected on our shore. . . .

My stay was to be short in that country; because my father died at sea, and never arrived to possess the honour designed him, (which was Lieutenant-General of six-and-thirty islands, besides the continent of Surinam) nor the advantages that he hoped to reap by them: so that though we were obliged to continue on our voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the place. Though, in a word, I must say thus much of it, that certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming world he had been master of in that continent, he would never have parted so easily with it to the Dutch. It is a continent, whose vast extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble earth than all the universe beside; for, they say, it reaches from east to west one way as far as China, another to Peru. It affords all things both for beauty and use; it is there eternal spring, always the very months of April, May, and June; the shades are perpetual, the trees bearing at once all degrees of leaves, and fruit, from blooming buds to ripe autumn: groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, nutmegs, and noble aromatics, continually bearing their fragrances, the trees appearing all like nosegays, adorned with flowers of different kinds; some are all white, some purple, some scarlet, some blue, some yellow; bearing at the same time ripe fruit, and blooming young, or producing every day new. The very wood of all these trees has an intrinsic value, above common timber; for they are, when cut, of different colours, glorious to behold, and bear a price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich balms, and gums; so that we make our candles of such an aromatic substance as does not only give a sufficient light, but as they burn, they cast their perfumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the houses are built with it. The very meat we eat, when set on the table, if it be native, I mean of the country, perfumes the whole room; especially a little beast called an Armadillo, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a rhinoceros; ~~it~~ ^{it} is all in white armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it, as ~~it~~ ^{it} had nothing on. This beast is about the bigness of a pig of eternal

six weeks old. But it were endless to give an account of all the divers wonderful and strange things that country affords, and which he took a great delight to go in search of; though those adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at least dangerous. But while we had Cæsar in our company on these designs, we feared no harm, nor suffered any.

As soon as I came into the country, the best house in it was presented me, called St. John's Hill. It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little waves still dashing and washing the foot of this rock, made the softest murmurings and purlings in the world; and the opposite bank was adorned with such vast quantities of different flowers eternally blowing, and every day and hour new, fenced behind them with lofty trees, of a thousand rare forms and colours, that the prospect was the most ravishing that fancy can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk, or grove, of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the Mall here, whose flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and hindered the sun, whose rays are very fierce there, from entering a beam into the grove; and the cool air that came from the river made it not only fit to entertain people in, at all the hottest hours of the day, but refreshed the sweet blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming; and sure, the whole globe of the world cannot show so delightful a place as this grove was: not all the gardens of boasted Italy can produce a shade to outvie this, which nature has joined with art to render so exceeding fine; and it is a marvel to see how such vast trees, big as English oaks, could take footing on so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock. But all things by nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful. But to our sports.

Sometimes we would go surprising, and in search of young tigers in their dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for prey: and oftentimes we have been in great danger, and have fled apace for our lives, when surprised by the dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this design, and Cæsar was with us; who had no sooner stolen a young tiger from her nest, but going off, we encountered the dam, bearing a

buttock of a cow, which she had torn off with her mighty paw, and going with it towards her den. We had only four women, Cæsar and an English gentleman, brother to Harry Martin the great Oliverian; we found there was no escaping this enraged and ravenous beast. However, we women fled as fast as we could from it; but our heels had not saved our lives, if Cæsar had not laid down her cub, when he found the tiger quit her prey to make the more speed toward him; and taking Mr. Martin's sword, desired him to stand aside, or follow the ladies. He obeyed him; and Cæsar met this monstrous beast of mighty size, and vast limbs, who came with open jaws upon him, and fixing his awful stern eyes full upon those of the beast, and putting himself into a very steady and good aiming posture of defence, ran his sword quite through his breast, down to his very heart, home to the hilt of the sword. The dying beast stretched forth her paw, and going to grasp his thigh, surprised with death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long nails in his flesh very deep, feebly wounding him, but could not grasp the flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he halloaed us to return; which, after some assurance of his victory, we did, and found him lugging out the sword from the bosom of the tiger, who was laid in her blood on the ground. He took up the cub, and with an unconcern that had nothing of the joy or gladness of victory, he came and laid the whelp at my feet. We all extremely wondered at his daring, and at the bigness of the beast, which was about the height of a heifer, but of mighty great and strong limb.

[Becoming convinced of the faithlessness of the white men, Cæsar leads an uprising of the slaves. The fugitives are overtaken, and Cæsar, out of consideration for Imoinda, surrenders. The white men immediately violate their promises of clemency, and proceed to torture Cæsar. "The Royal Slave" meets his fate heroically.]

And turning to the men that had bound him, he said, "My friends, am I to die, or be whipt?" And they cried, "Whipt! no, you shall not escape so well." And then he replied, smiling, "A blessing on thee"; and assured them they need not tie him, for he would stand fixed like a rock, and endure death so as

should encourage them to die: "But if you whip me," said he, "be sure you tie me fast."

He had learned to take tobacco; and when he was assured he should die, he desired they would give him a pipe in his mouth, ready lighted; which they did. And the executioner came, and first cut off his members, and threw them into the fire, after that, with an ill favoured knife, they cut off his ears and his nose, and burned them; he still smoked on as if nothing had touched him; then they hacked off one of his arms, and still he bore up and held his pipe; but at the cutting off of the other arm, his head sunk, and his pipe dropped, and he gave up the ghost, without a groan, or a reproach. My mother and sister were by him all the while, but not suffered to save him; so rude and wild were the rabble and so inhuman were the justices who stood by to see the execution, who after paid dear enough for their insolence. They cut Cæsar into quarters, and sent them to several of the chief plantations: one quarter was sent to Colonel Martin; who refused it, and swore he had rather see the quarters of Banister, and the Governour himself, than those of Cæsar on his plantations; and that he could govern his negroes, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful spectacles of a mangled king.

Thus died this great man, worthy of a better fate, and a more sublime wit than mine to write his praise. Yet, I hope the reputation of my pen is considerable enough to make his glorious name to survive to all ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful, and the constant Imoinda.

THE LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND PIRACIES OF THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN SINGLETON

DANIEL DEFOE

As it is usual for great persons, whose lives have been remarkable, and whose actions deserve recording to posterity, to insist much upon their originals, give full accounts of their families, and the histories of their ancestors, so, that I may be methodical, I shall do the same, though I can look but a very little way into my pedigree, as you will see presently.

If I may believe the woman whom I was taught to call mother, I was a little boy, of about two years old, very well dressed, had a nursery-maid to attend me, who took me out on a fine summer's evening into the fields toward Islington, as she pretended, to give the child some air; a little girl being with her, of twelve or fourteen years old, that lived in the neighbourhood. The maid, whether by appointment or otherwise, meets with a fellow, her sweetheart, as I suppose; he carries her into a public-house, to give her a pot and a cake; and while they were toying in the house the girl plays about, with me in her hand, in the garden and at the door, sometimes in sight, sometimes out of sight, thinking no harm.

At this juncture comes by one of those sort of people who, it seems, made it their business to spirit away little children. This was a hellish trade in those days, and chiefly practised where they found little children very well dressed, or for bigger children, to sell them to the plantations.

The woman, pretending to take me up in her arms and kiss me, and play with me, draws the girl a good way from the house, till at last she makes a fine story to the girl, and bids her go back to the maid, and tell her where she was with the child; that a gentlewoman had taken a fancy to the child, and was kissing of it, but she should not be frightened, or to that purpose; for they

were but just there ; and so, while the girl went, she carries me quite away.

From this time, it seems, I was disposed of to a beggar woman that wanted a pretty little child to set out her case ; and after that, to a gipsy, under whose government I continued till I was about six years old. And this woman, though I was continually dragged about with her from one part of the country to another, yet never let me want for anything ; and I called her mother ; though she told me at last she was not my mother, but that she bought me for twelve shillings of another woman, who told her how she came by me, and told her that my name was Bob Singleton, not Robert, but plain Bob ; for it seems they never knew by what name I was christened.

It is in vain to reflect here, what a terrible fright the careless hussy was in that lost me ; what treatment she received from my justly enraged father and mother, and the horror these must be in at the thoughts of their child being thus carried away ; for as I never knew anything of the matter, but just what I have related, nor who my father and mother were, so it would make but a needless digression to talk of it here.

My good gipsy mother, for some of her worthy actions no doubt, happened in process of time to be hanged ; and as this fell out something too soon for me to be perfected in the strolling trade, the parish where I was left, which for my life I can't remember, took some care of me, to be sure ; for the first thing I can remember of myself afterward, was, that I went to a parish school, and the minister of the parish used to talk to me to be a good boy ; and that, though I was but a poor boy, if I minded my book, and served God, I might make a good man.

I believe I was frequently removed from one town to another, perhaps as the parishes disputed my supposed mother's last settlement. Whether I was so shifted by passes, or otherwise, I know not ; but the town where I last was kept, whatever its name was, must be not far off from the seaside ; for a master of a ship who took a fancy to me, was the first that brought me to a place not far from Southampton, which I afterwards knew to be Bussleton ; and there I attended the carpenters, and such people as were employed in building a ship for him ; and when it was

done, though I was not above twelve years old, he carried me to sea with him on a voyage to Newfoundland.

I lived well enough, and pleased my master so well that he called me his own boy ; and I would have called him father, but he would not allow it, for he had children of his own. I went three or four voyages with him, and grew a great sturdy boy, when, coming home again from the banks of Newfoundland, we were taken by an Algerine rover, or man-of-war ; which, if my account stands right, was about the year 1695, for you may be sure I kept no journal.

I was not much concerned at the disaster, though I saw my master, after having been wounded by a splinter in the head during the engagement, very barbarously used by the Turks ; I say, I was not much concerned, till, upon some unlucky thing I said, which, as I remember, was about abusing my master, they took me and beat me most unmercifully with a flat stick on the soles of my feet, so that I could neither go or stand for several days together.

But my good fortune was my friend upon this occasion ; for, as they were sailing away with our ship in tow as a prize, steering for the Straits, and in sight of the bay of Cadiz, the Turkish rover was attacked by two great Portuguese men-of-war, and taken and carried into Lisbon.

[Singleton, during his captivity at the hands of the Portuguese, falls among evil companions and deteriorates into an ill-principled and adventurous character. While on a voyage to the East he becomes leader in a mutiny, which attempt results in the mutineers' being furnished with provision and arms, and being set upon an island to shift for themselves. Still led by Singleton, they contrive to build a craft which, after a long and uncertain journey, lands them upon the continent of Africa.]

* * * * *

We were now landed upon the continent of Africa, the most desolate, desert, and inhospitable country in the world, even Greenland and Nova Zembla itself not excepted, with this difference only, that even the worst part of it we found inhabited, though, taking the nature and quality of some of the inhabitants, it might have been much better to us if there had been none.

And, to add to the exclamation I am making on the nature of the place, it was here that we took one of the rashest, and wildest, and most desperate resolutions that ever was taken by man, or any number of men, in the world; this was, to travel overland through the heart of the country, from the coast of Mozambique, on the east ocean, to the coast of Angola or Guinea, on the western or Atlantic Ocean, a continent of land of at least 1800 miles, in which journey we had excessive heats to support, unpassable deserts to go over, no carriages, camels, or beasts of any kind to carry our baggage, innumerable numbers of wild and ravenous beasts to encounter with, such as lions, leopards, tigers, lizards, and elephants; we had the equinoctial line to pass under, and, consequently, were in the very centre of the torrid zone; we had nations of savages to encounter with, barbarous and brutish to the last degree; hunger and thirst to struggle with, and, in one word, terrors enough to have daunted the stoutest hearts that ever were placed in cases of flesh and blood.

Yet, fearless of all these, we resolved to adventure, and accordingly made such preparations for our journey as the place we were in would allow us, and such as our little experience of the country seemed to dictate to us.

It had been some time already that we had been used to tread barefooted upon the rocks, the gravel, the grass, and the sand on the shore; but as we found the worst thing for our feet was the walking or travelling on the dry burning sands, within the country, so we provided ourselves with a sort of shoes, made of the skins of wild beasts, with the hair inward, and being dried in the sun, the outsides were thick and hard, and would last a great while. In short, as I called them, so I think the term very proper still, we made us gloves for our feet, and we found them very convenient and very comfortable.

We conversed with some of the natives of the country, who were friendly enough. What tongue they spoke I do not yet pretend to know. We talked as far as we could make them understand us, not only about our provisions, but also about our undertaking, and asked them what country lay that way, pointing west with our hands. They told us but little to our purpose, only we thought, by all their discourse, that there were people

to be found, of one sort or other, everywhere; that there were many great rivers, many lions and tigers, elephants, and furious wild cats (which in the end we found to be civet cats), and the like.

When we asked them if any one had ever travelled that way, they told us yes, some had gone to where the sun sleeps, meaning to the west, but they could not tell us who they were. When we asked for some to guide us, they shrunk up their shoulders as Frenchmen do when they are afraid to undertake a thing. When we asked them about the lions and wild creatures, they laughed, and let us know that they would do us no hurt, and directed us to a good way indeed to deal with them, and that was to make some fire, which would always fright them away; and so indeed we found it.

Upon these encouragements we resolved upon our journey, and many considerations put us upon it, which, had the thing itself been practicable, we were not so much to blame for as it might otherwise be supposed; I will name some of them, not to make the account too tedious.

* * * * *

We now set forward wholly by land, and without any expectation of more water-carriage. All our concern for more water was to be sure to have a supply for our drinking; and therefore upon every hill that we came near we clambered up to the highest part to see the country before us, and to make the best judgment we could which way to go to keep the lowest grounds, and as near some stream of water as we could.

The country held verdant, well grown with trees, and spread with rivers and brooks, and tolerably well with inhabitants, for about thirty days' march after our leaving the canoes, during which time things went pretty well with us; we did not tie ourselves down when to march and when to halt, but ordered those things as our convenience and the health and ease of our people, as well our servants as ourselves, required.

About the middle of this march we came into a low and plain country, in which we perceived a greater number of inhabitants than in any other country we had gone through; but that which

was worse for us, we found them a fierce, barbarous, treacherous people, and who at first looked upon us as robbers, and gathered themselves in numbers to attack us.

Our men were terrified at them at first, and began to discover an unusual fear, and even our black prince seemed in a great deal of confusion; but I smiled at him, and showing him some of our guns, I asked him if he thought that which killed the spotted cat (for so they called the leopard in their language) could not make a thousand of those naked creatures die at one blow? Then he laughed, and said, yes, he believed it would. "Well, then," said I, "tell your men not to be afraid of these people, for we shall soon give them a taste of what we can do if they pretend to meddle with us." However, we considered we were in the middle of a vast country, and we knew not what numbers of people and nations we might be surrounded with, and, above all, we knew not how much we might stand in need of the friendship of these that we were now among, so that we ordered the negroes to try all the methods they could to make them friends.

Accordingly the two men who had gotten bows and arrows, and two more to whom we gave the prince's two fine lances, went foremost, with five more, having long poles in their hands; and after them ten of our men advanced toward the negro town that was next to us, and we all stood ready to succour them if there should be occasion.

When they came pretty near their houses our negroes hallooed in their screaming way, and called to them as loud as they could. Upon their calling, some of the men came out and answered, and immediately after the whole town, men, women, and children, appeared; our negroes, with their long poles, went forward a little, and stuck them all in the ground, and left them, which in their country was a signal of peace, but the other did not understand the meaning of that. Then the two men with bows laid down their bows and arrows, went forward unarmed, and made signs of peace to them, which at last the other began to understand; so two of their men laid down their bows and arrows, and came towards them. Our men made all the signs of friendship to them that they could think of, putting their hands up to

their mouths as a sign that they wanted provisions to eat; and the other pretended to be pleased and friendly, and went back to their fellows and talked with them a while, and they came forward again, and made signs that they would bring some provisions to them before the sun set; and so our men came back again very well satisfied for that time.

But an hour before sunset our men went to them again, just in the same posture as before, and they came according to their appointment, and brought deer's flesh, roots, and the same kind of corn, like rice, which I mentioned above; and our negroes, being furnished with such toys as our cutler had contrived, gave them some of them, which they seemed infinitely pleased with, and promised to bring more provisions the next day.

Accordingly the next day they came again, but our men perceived they were more in number by a great many than before. However, having sent out ten men with firearms to stand ready, and our whole army being in view also, we were not much surprised; nor was the treachery of the enemy so cunningly ordered as in other cases, for they might have surrounded our negroes, which were but nine, under a show of peace; but when they saw our men advance almost as far as the place where they were the day before, the rogues snatched up their bows and arrows and came running upon our men like so many furies, at which our ten men called to the negroes to come back to them, which they did with speed enough at the first word, and stood all behind our men. As they fled, the other advanced, and let fly near a hundred of their arrows at them, by which two of our negroes were wounded, and one we thought had been killed. When they came to the five poles that our men had stuck in the ground, they stood still awhile, and gathering about the poles, looked at them, and handled them, as wondering what they meant. We then, who were drawn up behind all, sent one of our number to our ten men to bid them fire among them while they stood so thick, and to put some small shot into their guns besides the ordinary charge, and to tell them that we would be up with them immediately.

Accordingly they made ready; but by the time they were ready to fire, the black army had left their wandering about the

poles, and began to stir as if they would come on, though seeing more men stand at some distance behind our negroes, they could not tell what to make of us; but if they did not understand us before, they understood us less afterwards, for as soon as ever our men found them to begin to move forward they fired among the thickest of them, being about the distance of 120 yards, as near as we could guess.

It is impossible to express the fright, the screaming and yelling of those wretches upon this first volley. We killed six of them, and wounded eleven or twelve, I mean as we knew of; for, as they stood thick, and the small shot, as we called it, scattered among them, we had reason to believe we wounded more that stood farther off, for our small shot was made of bits of lead and bits of iron, heads of nails, and such things as our diligent artificer, the cutler, helped us to.

As to those that were killed and wounded, the other frightened creatures were under the greatest amazement in the world, to think what should hurt them, for they could see nothing but holes made in their bodies they knew not how. Then the fire and noise amazed all their women and children, and frightened them out of their wits, so that they ran staring and howling about like mad creatures.

However, all this did not make them fly, which was what we wanted, nor did we find any of them die as it were with fear, as at first; so we resolved upon a second volley, and then to advance as we did before. Whereupon our reserved men advancing, we resolved to fire only three men at a time, and move forward like an army firing in platoon; so, being all in a line, we fired, first three on the right, then three on the left, and so on; and every time we killed or wounded some of them, but still they did not fly, and yet they were so frightened that they used none of their bows and arrows, or of their lances; and we thought their numbers increased upon our hands, particularly we thought so by the noise. So I called to our men to halt, and bid them pour in one whole volley and then shout, as we did in our first fight, and so run in upon them and knock them down with our muskets.

But they were too wise for that too, for as soon as we had fired

a whole volley and shouted, they all ran away, men, women, and children, so fast that in a few moments we could not see one creature of them except some that were wounded and lame, who lay wallowing and screaming here and there upon the ground as they happened to fall.

Upon this we came up to the field of battle, where we found we had killed thirty-seven of them, among which were three women, and had wounded about sixty-four, among which were two women; by wounded I mean such as were so maimed as not to be able to go away, and those our negroes killed afterwards in a cowardly manner in cold blood, for which we were very angry, and threatened to make them go to them if they did so again.

There was no great spoil to be got, for they were all stark naked as they came into the world, men and women together, some of them having feathers stuck in their hair, and others a kind of bracelet about their necks, but nothing else; but our negroes got a booty here, which we were very glad of, and this was the bows and arrows of the vanquished, of which they found more than they knew what to do with, belonging to the killed and wounded men; these we ordered them to pick up, and they were very useful to us afterwards. After the fight, and our negroes had gotten bows and arrows, we sent them out in parties to see what they could get, and they got some provisions; but, which was better than all the rest, they brought us four more young bulls, or buffaloes, that had been brought up to labour and to carry burthens. They knew them, it seems, by the burthens they had carried having galled their backs, for they have no saddles to cover them with in that country.

Those creatures not only eased our negroes, but gave us an opportunity to carry more provisions; and our negroes loaded them very hard at this place with flesh and roots, such as we wanted very much afterwards.

In this town we found a very little young leopard, about two spans high; it was exceeding tame, and purred like a cat when we stroked it with our hands, being, as I suppose, bred up among the negroes like a house-dog. It was our black prince, it seems, who, making his tour among the abandoned houses or huts, found this creature there, and making much of him, and giving

a bit or two of flesh to him, the creature followed him like a dog ; of which more hereafter.

Among the negroes that were killed in this battle there was one who had a little thin bit or plate of gold, about as big as a sixpence, which hung by a little bit of a twisted gut upon his forehead, by which we supposed he was a man of some eminence among them ; but that was not all, for this bit of gold put us upon searching very narrowly if there was not more of it to be had thereabouts, but we found none at all.

From this part of the country we went on for about fifteen days, and then found ourselves obliged to march up a high ridge of mountains, frightful to behold, and the first of the kind that we met with ; and having no guide but our little pocket-compass, we had no advantage of information as to which was the best or the worst way, but was¹ obliged to choose by what we saw, and shift as well as we could. We met with several nations of wild and naked people in the plain country before we came to those hills, and we found them much more tractable and friendly than those devils we had been forced to fight with ; and though we could learn little from these people, yet we understood by the signs they made that there was a vast desert beyond these hills, and, as our negroes called them, much lion, much spotted cat (so they called the leopard) ; and they signed to us also that we must carry water with us. At the last of these nations we furnished ourselves with as much provisions as we could possibly carry, not knowing what we had to suffer, or what length we had to go ; and, to make our way as familiar to us as possible, I proposed that of the last inhabitants we could find we should make some prisoners and carry them with us for guides over the desert, and to assist us in carrying provision, and, perhaps, in getting it too. The advice was too necessary to be slighted ; so finding, by our dumb signs to the inhabitants, that there were some people that dwelt at the foot of the mountains on the other side before we came to the desert itself, we resolved to furnish ourselves with guides by fair means or foul.

Here, by a moderate computation, we concluded ourselves 700 miles from the sea-coast where we began. Our black prince

¹ were ? See "Captain Singleton" in "Camelot Series," London, 1887, p. 90.

was this day set free from the sling his arm hung in, our surgeon having perfectly restored it, and he showed it to his own countrymen quite well, which made them greatly wonder. Also our two negroes began to recover, and their wounds to heal apace, for our surgeon was very skilful in managing their cure.

Having with infinite labour mounted these hills, and coming to a view of the country beyond them, it was indeed enough to astonish as stout a heart as ever was created. It was a vast howling wilderness — not a tree, a river, or a green thing to be seen; for, as far as the eye could look, nothing but a scalding sand, which, as the wind blew, drove about in clouds enough to overwhelm man and beast. Nor could we see any end of it either before us, which was our way, or to the right hand or left; so that truly our men began to be discouraged, and talk of going back again. Nor could we indeed think of venturing over such a horrid place as that before us, in which we saw nothing but present death.

I was as much affected at the sight as any of them; but, for all that, I could not bear the thoughts of going back again. I told them we had marched 700 miles of our way, and it would be worse than death to think of going back again; and that, if they thought the desert was not passable, I thought we should rather change our course, and travel south till we came to the Cape of Good Hope, or north to the country that lay along the Nile, where, perhaps, we might find some way or other over to the west sea; for sure all Africa was not a desert.

Our gunner, who, as I said before, was our guide as to the situation of places, told us that he could not tell what to say to going for the Cape, for it was a monstrous length, being from the place where we now were not less than 1500 miles; and, by his account, we were now come a third part of the way to the coast of Angola, where we should meet the western ocean, and find ways enough for our escape home. On the other hand, he assured us, and showed us a map of it, that, if we went northward, the western shore of Africa went out into the sea above 1000 miles west, so that we should have so much and more land to travel afterwards; which land might, for aught we knew, be as wild, barren, and desert as this. And therefore, upon the whole, he

proposed that we should attempt this desert, and perhaps we should not find it so long as we feared; and however, he proposed that we should see how far our provisions would carry us, and, in particular, our water; and we should venture no further than half so far as our water would last; and if we found no end of the desert, we might come safely back again.

This advice was so reasonable that we all approved of it; and accordingly we calculated that we were able to carry provisions for forty-two days, but that we could not carry water for above twenty days, though we were to suppose it to stink, too, before that time expired. So that we concluded that, if we did not come at some water in ten days' time, we would return; but if we found a supply of water, we could then travel twenty-one days; and, if we saw no end of the wilderness in that time, we would return also.

With this regulation of our measures, we descended the mountains, and it was the second day before we quite reached the plain; where, however, to make us amends, we found a fine little rivulet of very good water, abundance of deer, a sort of creature like a hare, but not so nimble, but whose flesh we found very agreeable. But we were deceived in our intelligence, for we found no people; so we got no more prisoners to assist us in carrying our baggage.

The infinite number of deer and other creatures which we saw here, we found was occasioned by the neighbourhood of the waste or desert, from whence they retired hither for food and refreshment. We stored ourselves here with flesh and roots of divers kinds, which our negroes understood better than we, and which served us for bread; and with as much water as (by the allowance of a quart a day to a man for our negroes, and three pints a day a man for ourselves, and three quarts a day each for our buffaloes) would serve us twenty days; and thus loaded for a long miserable march, we set forwards, being all sound in health and very cheerful, but not alike strong for so great a fatigue; and, which was our grievance, were without a guide.

In the very first entrance of the waste we were exceedingly discouraged, for we found the sand so deep, and it scalded our feet so much with the heat, that after we had, as I may call it,

waded rather than walked through it about seven or eight miles, we were all heartily tired and faint; even the very negroes laid down and panted like creatures that had been pushed beyond their strength.

Here we found the difference of lodging greatly injurious to us; for, as before, we always made us huts to sleep under, which covered us from the night air, which is particularly unwholesome in those hot countries. But we had here no shelter, no lodging, after so hard a march; for here were no trees, no, not a shrub near us; and, which was still more frightful, towards night we began to hear the wolves howl, the lions bellow, and a great many wild asses braying, and other ugly noises which we did not understand.

Upon this we reflected upon our indiscretion, that we had not, at least, brought poles or stakes in our hands, with which we might have, as it were, palisadoed ourselves in for the night, and so we might have slept secure, whatever other inconveniences we suffered. However, we found a way at last to relieve ourselves a little; for first we set up the lances and bows we had, and endeavoured to bring the tops of them as near to one another as we could, and so hung our coats on the top of them, which made us a kind of sorry tent. The leopard's skin, and a few other skins we had put together, made us a tolerable covering, and thus we laid down to sleep, and slept very heartily too, for the first night; setting, however, a good watch, being two of our own men with their fuzes, whom we relieved in an hour at first, and two hours afterwards. And it was very well we did this, for they found the wilderness swarmed with raging creatures of all kinds, some of which came directly up the very enclosure of our tent. But our sentinels were ordered not to alarm us with firing in the night, but to flash in the pan at them, which they did, and found it effectual, for the creatures went off always as soon as they saw it, perhaps with some noise or howling, and pursued such other game as they were upon.

If we were tired with the day's travel, we were all as much tired with the night's lodging. But our black prince told us in the morning he would give us some counsel, and indeed it was very good counsel. He told us we should be all killed if we went on

this journey, and through this desert, without some covering for us at night; so he advised us to march back again to a little river-side where we lay the night before, and stay there till we could make us houses, as he called them, to carry with us to lodge in every night. As he began a little to understand our speech, and we very well to understand his signs, we easily knew what he meant, and that we should there make mats (for we remembered that we saw a great deal of matting or bass there, that the natives make mats of) — I say, that we should make large mats there for covering our huts or tents to lodge in at night.

We all approved this advice, and immediately resolved to go back that one day's journey, resolving, though we carried less provisions, we would carry mats with us to cover us in the night. Some of the nimblest of us got back to the river with more ease than we had travelled it the day before; but, as we were not in haste, the rest made a halt, encamped another night, and came to us the next day.

In our return of this day's journey, our men that made two days of it met with a very surprising thing, that gave them some reason to be careful how they parted company again. The case was this: — The second day in the morning, before they had gone half a mile, looking behind them they saw a vast cloud of sand or dust rise in the air, as we see sometimes in the roads in summer when it is very dusty and a large drove of cattle are coming, only very much greater; and they could easily perceive that it came after them; and it came on faster as they went from it. The cloud of sand was so great that they could not see what it was that raised it, and concluded that it was some army of enemies that pursued them; but then considering that they came from the vast uninhabited wilderness, they knew it was impossible any nation or people that way should have intelligence of them or the way of their march; and therefore, if it was an army, it must be of such as they were, travelling that way by accident. On the other hand, as they knew that there were no horses in the country, and that they came on so fast, they concluded that it must be some vast collection of wild beasts, perhaps making to the hill country for food or water, and that they should be all devoured or trampled under foot by their multitude.

Upon this thought, they very prudently observed which way the cloud seemed to point, and they turned a little out of their way to the north, supposing it might pass by them. When they were about a quarter of a mile, they halted to see what it might be. One of the negroes, a nimbler fellow than the rest, went back a little, and came in a few minutes running as fast as the heavy sands would allow, and by signs gave them to know that it was a great herd, or drove, or whatever it might be called, of vast monstrous elephants.

As it was a sight our men had never seen, they were desirous to see it, and yet a little uneasy at the danger too; for though an elephant is a heavy unwieldy creature, yet in the deep sand, which is nothing at all to them, they marched at a great rate, and would soon have tired our people, if they had had far to go, and had been pursued by them.

Our gunner was with them, and had a great mind to have gone close up to one of the outermost of them, and to have clapped his piece to his ear, and to have fired into him, because he had been told no shot would penetrate them; but they all dissuaded him, lest upon the noise they should all turn upon and pursue us; so he was reasoned out of it, and let them pass, which, in our people's circumstances, was certainly the right way.

They were between twenty and thirty in number, but prodigious great ones; and though they often showed our men that they saw them, yet they did not turn out of their way, or take any other notice of them than, as we might say, just to look at them. We that were before saw the cloud of dust they raised, but we had thought it had been our own caravan, and so took no notice; but as they bent their course one point of the compass, or thereabouts, to the southward of the east, and we went due east, they passed by us at some little distance; so that we did not see them, or know anything of them, till evening, when our men came to us and gave us this account of them. However, this was a useful experiment for our future conduct in passing the desert, as you shall hear in its place.

We were now upon our work, and our black prince was head surveyor, for he was an excellent mat-maker himself, and all his men understood it, so that they soon made us near a hundred

mats; and as every man, I mean of the negroes, carried one, it was no manner of load, and we did not carry an ounce of provisions the less. The greatest burthen was to carry six long poles, besides some shorter stakes; but the negroes made an advantage of that, for carrying them between two, they made the luggage of provisions which they had to carry so much the lighter, binding it upon two poles, and so made three couple of them. As soon as we saw this, we made a little advantage of it too; for having three or four bags, called bottles (I mean skins to carry water), more than the men could carry, we got them filled, and carried them this way, which was a day's water and more, for our journey.

Having now ended our work, made our mats, and fully recruited our stores of all things necessary, and having made us abundance of small ropes of matting for ordinary use, as we might have occasion, we set forward again, having interrupted our journey eight days in all, upon this affair. To our great comfort, the night before we set out there fell a very violent shower of rain, the effects of which we found in the sand; though the heat of one day dried the surface as much as before, yet it was harder at bottom, not so heavy, and was cooler to our feet, by which means we marched, as we reckoned, about fourteen miles instead of seven, and with much more ease.

When we came to encamp, we had all things ready, for we had fitted our tent, and set it up for trial, where we made it; so that, in less than an hour, we had a large tent raised, with an inner and outer apartment, and two entrances. In one we lay ourselves, in the other our negroes, having light pleasant mats over us, and others at the same time under us. Also we had a little place without all for our buffaloes, for they deserved our care, being very useful to us, besides carrying forage and water for themselves. Their forage was a root, which our black prince directed us to find, not much unlike a parsnip, very moist and nourishing, of which there was plenty wherever we came, this horrid desert excepted.

When we came the next morning to decamp, our negroes took down the tent, and pulled up the stakes; and all was in motion in as little time as it was set up. In this posture we marched eight days, and yet could see no end, no change of our

prospect, but all looking as wild and dismal as at the beginning. If there was any alteration, it was that the sand was nowhere so deep and heavy as it was the first three days. This we thought might be because, for six months of the year the winds blowing west (as for the other six they blow constantly east), the sand was driven violently to the side of the desert where we set out, where the mountains lying very high, the easterly monsoons, when they blew, had not the same power to drive it back again; and this was confirmed by our finding the like depth of sand on the farthest extent of the desert to the west.

It was the ninth day of our travel in this wilderness, when we came to the view of a great lake of water; and you may be sure this was a particular satisfaction to us, because we had not water left for above two or three days more, at our shortest allowance; I mean allowing water for our return, if we had been driven to the necessity of it. Our water had served us two days longer than expected, our buffaloes having found, for two or three days, a kind of herb like a broad flat thistle, though without any prickle, spreading on the ground, and growing in the sand, which they ate freely of, and which supplied them for drink as well as forage.

The next day, which was the tenth from our setting out, we came to the edge of this lake, and, very happily for us, we came to it at the south point of it, for to the north we could see no end of it; so we passed by it and travelled three days by the side of it, which was a great comfort to us, because it lightened our burthen there being no need to carry water when we had it in view. And yet, though here was so much water, we found but very little alteration in the desert; no trees, no grass or herbage, except that thistle, as I called it, and two or three more plants, which we did not understand, of which the desert began to be pretty full.

But as we were refreshed with the neighbourhood of this lake of water, so we were now gotten among a prodigious number of ravenous inhabitants, the like whereof, it is most certain, the eye of man never saw; for as I firmly believe that never man nor body of men passed this desert since the flood, so I believe there is not the like collection of fierce, ravenous, and devouring creatures in the world; I mean not in any particular place.

For a day's journey before we came to this lake, and all the three days we were passing by it, and for six or seven days' march after it, the ground was scattered with elephants' teeth in such a number as is incredible; and as some of them have lain there for some hundreds of years, so, seeing the substance of them scarce ever decays, they may lie there, for aught I know, to the end of time. The size of some of them is, it seems, to those to whom I have reported it, as incredible as the number; and I can assure you there were several so heavy as the strongest man among us could not lift. As to number, I question not but there are enough to load a thousand sail of the biggest ships in the world, by which I may be understood to mean that the quantity is not to be conceived of; seeing that as they lasted in view for above eighty miles' travelling, so they might continue as far to the right hand, and to the left as far, and many times as far, for aught we knew; for it seems the number of elephants hereabouts is prodigiously great. In one place in particular we saw the head of an elephant, with several teeth in it, but one of the biggest that ever I saw; the flesh was consumed, to be sure, many hundred years before, and all the other bones; but three of our strongest men could not lift this skull and teeth; the great tooth, I believe, weighed at least three hundredweight; and this was particularly remarkable to me, that I observed the whole skull was as good ivory as the teeth, and, I believe, altogether weighed at least six hundredweight; and though I do not know but, by the same rule, all the bones of the elephant may be ivory, yet I think there is this just objection against it from the example before me, that then all the other bones of this elephant would have been there as well as the head.

I proposed to our gunner, that, seeing we had travelled now fourteen days without intermission, and that we had water here for our refreshment, and no want of food yet, nor any fear of it, we should rest our people a little, and see, at the same time, if perhaps we might kill some creatures that were proper for food. The gunner, who had more forecast of that kind than I had, agreed to the proposal, and added, why might we not try to catch some fish out of the lake? The first thing we had before us was to try if we could make any hooks, and this indeed put our

artificer to his trumps ; however, with some labour and difficulty, he did it, and we caught fresh fish of several kinds. How they came there, none but He that made the lake and all the world knows ; for, to be sure, no human hands ever put any in there, or pulled any out before.

We not only caught enough for our present refreshment, but we dried several large fishes, of kinds which I cannot describe, in the sun, by which we lengthened out our provision considerably ; for the heat of the sun dried them so effectually without salt that they were perfectly cured, dry, and hard, in one day's time.

We rested ourselves here five days ; during which time we had abundance of pleasant adventures with the wild creatures, too many to relate. One of them was very particular, which was a chase between a she-lion, or lioness, and a large deer ; and though the deer is naturally a very nimble creature, and she flew by us like the wind, having, perhaps, about 300 yards the start of the lion, yet we found the lion, by her strength, and the goodness of her lungs, got ground of her. They passed by us within about a quarter of a mile, and we had a view of them a great way, when, having given them over, we were surprised, about an hour after, to see them come thundering back again on the other side of us, and then the lion was within thirty or forty yards of her ; and both straining to the extremity of their speed, when the deer, coming to the lake, plunged into the water, and swam for her life, as she had before run for it.

The lioness plunged in after her, and swam a little way, but came back again ; and when she was got upon the land she set up the most hideous roar that ever I heard in my life, as if done in the rage of having lost her prey.

We walked out morning and evening constantly ; the middle of the day we refreshed ourselves under our tent. But one morning early we saw another chase, which more nearly concerned us than the other ; for our black prince, walking by the side of the lake, was set upon by a vast, great crocodile, which came out of the lake upon him ; and though he was very light of foot, yet it was as much as he could do to get away. He fled again to us, and the truth is, we did not know what to do, for we were told

no bullet would enter her ; and we found it so at first, for though three of our men fired at her, yet she did not mind them ; but my friend the gunner, a venturesome fellow, of a bold heart, and great presence of mind, went up so near as to thrust the muzzle of his piece into her mouth, and fired, but let his piece fall, and ran for it the very moment he had fired it. The creature raged a great while, and spent its fury upon the gun, making marks upon the very iron with its teeth, but after some time fainted and died.

Our negroes spread the banks of the lake all this while for game, and at length killed us three deer, one of them very large, the other two very small. There was water-fowl also in the lake, but we never came near enough to them to shoot any ; and as for the desert, we saw no fowls anywhere in it but at the lake.

We likewise killed two or three civet cats ; but their flesh is the worst of carrion. We saw abundance of elephants at a distance, and observed they always go in very good company, that is to say, abundance of them together, and always extended in a fair line of battle ; and this, they say, is the way they defend themselves from their enemies ; for if lions or tigers, wolves or any creatures, attack them, they being drawn in a line, sometimes reaching five or six miles in length, whatever comes in their way is sure to be trod under foot, or beaten in pieces with their trunks, or lifted up in the air with their trunks ; so that if a hundred lions or tigers were coming along, if they meet a line of elephants, they will always fly back till they see room to pass by the right hand or the left ; and if they did not, it would be impossible for one of them to escape ; for the elephant, though a heavy creature, is yet so dexterous and nimble with his trunk, that he will not fail to lift up the heaviest lion, or any other wild creature, and throw him up in the air quite over his back, and then trample him to death with his feet. We saw several lines of battle thus ; we saw one so long that indeed there was no end of it to be seen, and I believe there might be 2000 elephants in row or line. They are not beasts of prey, but live upon the herbage of the field, as an ox does ; and it is said, that though they are so great a creature, yet that a smaller quantity of forage supplies one of them than will suffice a horse.

The numbers of this kind of creature that are in those parts

are inconceivable, as may be gathered from the prodigious quantity of teeth which, as I said, we saw in this vast desert; and indeed we saw a hundred of them to one of any other kind.

One evening we were very much surprised. We were most of us laid down on our mats to sleep, when our watch came running in among us, being frightened with the sudden roaring of some lions just by them, which, it seems, they had not seen, the night being dark, till they were just upon them. There was, as it proved, an old lion and his whole family, for there was the lioness and three young lions, besides the old king, who was a monstrous great one. One of the young ones — who were good, large, well-grown ones too — leaped up upon one of our negroes, who stood sentinel, before he saw him; at which he was heartily frightened, cried out, and ran into the tent. Our other man, who had a gun, had not presence of mind at first to shoot him, but struck him with the butt-end of his piece, which made him whine a little, and then growl at him fearfully; but the fellow retired, and, we being all alarmed, three of our men snatched up their guns, ran to the tent door, where they saw the great old lion by the fire of his eyes, and first fired at him, but, we supposed, missed him, or at least did not kill him; for they went all off, but raised a most hideous roar, which, as if they had called for help, brought down a prodigious number of lions, and other furious creatures, we know not what, about them, for we could not see them; but there was a noise, and yelling and howling, and all sorts of such wilderness music on every side of us, as if all the beasts of the desert were assembled to devour us.

We asked our black prince what we should do with them. "Me go," says he, "and fright them all." So he snatches up two or three of the worst of our mats, and getting one of our men to strike some fire, he hangs the mat up at the end of a pole, and set it on fire, and it blazed abroad a good while; at which the creatures all moved off, for we heard them roar, and make their bellowing noise at a great distance. "Well," says our gunner, "if that will do, we need not burn our mats, which are our beds to lay under us, and our tilting to cover us. Let me alone," says he. So he comes back into our tent, and falls to making some artificial fireworks and the like; and he gave our sentinels some

to be ready at hand upon occasion, and particularly he placed a great piece of wild-fire upon the same pole that the mat had been tied to, and set it on fire, and that burnt there so long that all the wild creatures left us for that time.

However, we began to be weary of such company; and, to be rid of them, we set forward again two days sooner than we intended. We found now, that though the desert did not end, nor could we see any appearance of it, yet that the earth was pretty full of green stuff of one sort or another, so that our cattle had no want; and secondly, that there were several little rivers which ran into the lake, and so long as the country continued low, we found water sufficient, which eased us very much in our carriage, and we went on still sixteen days more without yet coming to any appearance of better soil. After this we found the country rise a little, and by that we perceived that the water would fail us; so, for fear of the worst, we filled our bladder-bottles with water. We found the country rising gradually thus for three days continually, when, on the sudden, we perceived that, though we had mounted up insensibly, yet that we were on the top of a very high ridge of hills, though not such as at first.

When we came to look down on the other side of the hills, we saw, to the great joy of all our hearts, that the desert was at an end; that the country was clothed with green, abundance of trees, and a large river; and we made no doubt but that we should find people and cattle also; and here, by our gunner's account, who kept our computations, we had marched about 400 miles over this dismal place of horror, having been four-and-thirty days a-doing of it, and consequently were come about 1100 miles of our journey.

[Singleton, with his companions, finally reaches the west coast of Africa, whence he embarks for England. Here he remains until his money is gone, when he joins a pirate crew and starts out upon new adventure.]

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We cruised near two years in those seas, chiefly upon the Spaniards; not that we made any difficulty of taking English ships, or Dutch, or French, if they came in our way; and particularly, Captain Wilmot attacked a New England ship bound

from the Madeiras to Jamaica, and another bound from New York to Barbados, with provisions; which last was a very happy supply to us. But the reason why we meddled as little with English vessels as we could, was, first, because, if they were ships of any force, we were sure of more resistance from them; and, secondly, because we found the English ships had less booty when taken, for the Spaniards generally had money on board, and that was what we best knew what to do with. Captain Wilmot was, indeed, more particularly cruel when he took any English vessel, that they might not too soon have advice of him in England; and so the men-of-war have orders to look out for him. But this part I bury in silence for the present.

We increased our stock in these two years considerably, having taken 60,000 pieces of eight in one vessel, and 100,000 in another; and being thus first grown rich, we resolved to be strong too, for we had taken a brigantine built at Virginia, an excellent sea-boat, and a good sailer, and able to carry twelve guns; and a large Spanish frigate-built ship, that sailed incomparably well also, and which afterwards, by the help of good carpenters, we fitted up to carry twenty-eight guns. And now we wanted more hands, so we put away for the Bay of Campeachy, not doubting we should ship as many men there as we pleased; and so we did.

Here we sold the sloop that I was in; and Captain Wilmot keeping his own ship, I took the command of the Spanish frigate as captain, and my comrade Harris as eldest lieutenant, and a bold enterprising fellow he was, as any the world afforded. One culverdine was put into the brigantine, so that we were now three stout ships, well manned, and victualled for twelve months; for we had taken two or three sloops from New England and New York, laden with flour, peas, and barrelled beef and pork, going for Jamaica and Barbados; and for more beef we went on shore on the island of Cuba, where we killed as many black cattle as we pleased, though we had very little salt to cure them.

Out of all the prizes we took here we took their powder and bullet, their small-arms and cutlasses; and as for their men, we always took the surgeon and the carpenter, as persons who were of particular use to us upon many occasions; nor were they always unwilling to go with us, though for their own security, in

case of accidents, they might easily pretend they were carried away by force; of which I shall give a pleasant account in the course of my other expeditions.

We had one very merry fellow here, a Quaker, whose name was William Walters, whom we took out of a sloop bound from Pennsylvania to Barbados. He was a surgeon, and they called him doctor; but he was not employed in the sloop as a surgeon, but was going to Barbados to get a berth, as the sailors call it. However, he had all his surgeon's chests on board, and we made him go with us, and take all his implements with him. He was a comic fellow indeed, a man of very good solid sense, and an excellent surgeon; but, what was worth all, very good-humoured and pleasant in his conversation, and a bold, stout, brave fellow too, as any we had among us.

I found William, as I thought, not very averse to go along with us, and yet resolved to do it so that it might be apparent he was taken away by force, and to this purpose he comes to me. "Friend," says he, "thou sayest I must go with thee, and it is not in my power to resist thee if I would; but I desire thou wilt oblige the master of the sloop which I am on board to certify under his hand, that I was taken away by force and against my will." And this he said with so much satisfaction in his face, that I could not but understand him. "Ay, ay," says I, "whether it be against your will or no, I'll make him and all the men give you a certificate of it, or I'll take them all along with us, and keep them till they do." So I drew up a certificate myself, wherein I wrote that he was taken away by main force, as a prisoner, by a pirate ship; that they carried away his chest and instruments first, and then bound his hands behind him and forced him into their boat; and this was signed by the master and all his men.

Accordingly I fell a-swearing at him, and called to my men to tie his hands behind him, and so we put him into our boat and carried him away. When I had him on board, I called him to me. "Now, friend," says I, "I have brought you away by force, it is true, but I am not of the opinion I have brought you away so much against your will as they imagine. Come," says I, "you will be a useful man to us, and you shall have very good usage

among us." So I unbound his hands, and first ordered all things that belonged to him to be restored to him, and our captain gave him a dram.

"Thou hast dealt friendly by me," says he, "and I will be plain with thee, whether I came willingly to thee or not. I shall make myself as useful to thee as I can, but thou knowest it is not my business to meddle when thou art to fight." "No, no," says the captain, "but you may meddle a little when we share the money." "Those things are useful to furnish a surgeon's chest," says William, and smiled, "but I shall be moderate."

In short, William was a most agreeable companion; but he had the better of us in this part, that if we were taken we were sure to be hanged, and he was sure to escape; and he knew it well enough. But, in short, he was a sprightly fellow, and fitter to be captain than any of us. I shall have often an occasion to speak of him in the rest of the story.

Our cruising so long in these seas began now to be so well known, that not in England only, but in France and Spain, accounts had been made public of our adventures, and many stories told how we murdered the people in cold blood, tying them back to back, and throwing them into the sea; one half of which, however, was not true, though more was done than is fit to speak of here.

The consequence of this, however, was, that several English men-of-war were sent to the West Indies, and were particularly instructed to cruise in the Bay of Mexico, and the Gulf of Florida, and among the Bahama islands, if possible, to attack us. We were not so ignorant of things as not to expect this, after so long a stay in that part of the world; but the first certain account we had of them was at Honduras, when a vessel coming in from Jamaica told us that two English men-of-war were coming directly from Jamaica thither in quest of us. We were indeed as it were embayed, and could not have made the least shift to have got off, if they had come directly to us; but, as it happened, somebody had informed them that we were in the Bay of Campeachy, and they went directly thither, by which we were not only free of them, but were so much to the windward of them, that they could not make any attempt upon us, though they had known we were there.

We took this advantage, and stood away for Carthagera, and from thence with great difficulty beat it up at a distance from under the shore for St. Martha, till we came to the Dutch island of Curaçoa, and from thence to the island of Tobago, which, as before, was our rendezvous; which, being a deserted, uninhabited island, we at the same time made use of for a retreat. Here the captain of the brigantine died, and Captain Harris, at that time my lieutenant, took the command of the brigantine.

Here we came to a resolution to go away to the coast of Brazil, and from thence to the Cape of Good Hope, and so for the East Indies; but Captain Harris, as I have said, being now captain of the brigantine, alleged that his ship was too small for so long a voyage, but that, if Captain Wilmot would consent, he would take the hazard of another cruise, and he would follow us in the first ship he could take. So we appointed our rendezvous to be at Madagascar, which was done by my recommendation of the place, and the plenty of provisions to be had there.

Accordingly, he went away from us in an evil hour; for, instead of taking a ship to follow us, he was taken, as I heard afterwards, by an English man-of-war, and being laid in irons, died of mere grief and anger before he came to England. His lieutenant, I have heard, was afterwards executed in England for a pirate; and this was the end of the man who first brought me into this unhappy trade.

We parted from Tobago three days after, bending our course for the coast of Brazil, but had not been at sea above twenty-four hours, when we were separated by a terrible storm, which held three days, with very little abatement or intermission. In this juncture Captain Wilmot happened, unluckily, to be on board my ship, to his great mortification; for we not only lost sight of his ship, but never saw her more till we came to Madagascar, where she was cast away. In short, after having in this tempest lost our fore-topmast, we were forced to put back to the isle of Tobago for shelter, and to repair our damage, which brought us all very near our destruction.

We were no sooner on shore here, and all very busy looking out for a piece of timber for a topmast, but we perceived standing in for the shore an English man-of-war of thirty-six guns. It was

a great surprise to us indeed, because we were disabled so much ; but, to our great good fortune, we lay pretty snug and close among the high rocks, and the man-of-war did not see us, but stood off again upon his cruise. So we only observed which way she went, and at night, leaving our work, resolved to stand off to sea, steering the contrary way from that which we observed she went ; and this, we found, had the desired success, for we saw him no more. We had gotten an old mizzen-topmast on board, which made us a jury fore-topmast for the present ; and so we stood away for the isle of Trinidad, where, though there were Spaniards on shore, yet we landed some men with our boat, and cut a very good piece of fir to make us a new topmast, which we got fitted up effectually ; and also we got some cattle here to eke out our provisions ; and calling a council of war among ourselves, we resolved to quit those seas for the present, and steer away for the coast of Brazil.

The first thing we attempted here was only getting fresh water, but we learnt that there lay the Portuguese fleet at the bay of All Saints, bound for Lisbon, ready to sail, and only waited for a fair wind. This made us lie by, wishing to see them put to sea, and, accordingly as they were with or without convoy, to attack or avoid them.

It sprung up a fresh gale in the evening at S.W. by W., which, being fair for the Portugal fleet, and the weather pleasant and agreeable, we heard the signal given to unmoor, and running in under the island of Si——, we hauled our mainsail and foresail up in the brails, lowered the topsails upon the cap, and clewed them up, that we might lie as snug as we could, expecting their coming out, and the next morning saw the whole fleet come out accordingly, but not at all to our satisfaction, for they consisted of twenty-six sail, and most of them ships of force, as well as burthen, both merchantmen and men-of-war ; so, seeing there was no meddling, we lay still where we were also, till the fleet was out of sight, and then stood off and on, in hopes of meeting with further purchase.

It was not long before we saw a sail, and immediately gave her chase ; but she proved an excellent sailer, and, standing out to sea, we saw plainly she trusted to her heels — that is to say, to

her sails. However, as we were a clean ship, we gained upon her, though slowly, and had we had a day before us, we should certainly have come up with her; but it grew dark apace, and in that case we knew we should lose sight of her.

Our merry Quaker, perceiving us to crowd still after her in the dark, wherein we could not see which way she went, came very dryly to me. "Friend Singleton," says he, "dost thee know what we are a-doing?" Says I, "Yes; why, we are chasing yon ship, are we not?" "And how dost thou know that?" says he, very gravely still. "Nay, that's true," says I again; "we cannot be sure." "Yes, friend," says he, "I think we may be sure that we are running away from her, not chasing her. I am afraid," adds he, "thou art turned Quaker, and hast resolved not to use the hand of power, or art a coward, and art flying from thy enemy."

"What do you mean?" says I (I think I swore at him). "What do you sneer at now? You have always one dry rub or another to give us."

"Nay," says he, "it is plain enough the ship stood off to sea due east, on purpose to lose us, and thou mayest be sure her business does not lie that way; for what should she do at the coast of Africa in this latitude, which should be as far south as Congo or Angola? But, as soon as it is dark, that we would lose sight of her, she will tack and stand away west again for the Brazil coast and for the bay, where thou knowest she was going before; and are we not, then, running away from her? I am greatly in hopes, friend," says the dry, gibing creature, "thou wilt turn Quaker, for I see thou art not for fighting."

"Very well, William," says I; "then I shall make an excellent pirate." However, William was in the right, and I apprehended what he meant immediately; and Captain Wilmot, who lay very sick in his cabin, overhearing us, understood him as well as I, and called out to me that William was right, and it was our best way to change our course, and stand away for the bay, where it was ten to one but we should snap her in the morning.

Accordingly we went about-ship, got our larboard tacks on board, set the top-gallant sails, and crowded for the bay of All Saints, where we came to an anchor early in the morning, just

out of gunshot of the forts; we furled our sails with rope-yarns, that we might haul home the sheets without going up to loose them, and, lowering our main and fore-yards, looked just as if we had lain there a good while.

In two hours afterwards we saw our game standing in for the bay with all the sail she could make, and she came innocently into our very mouths, for we lay still till we saw her almost within gunshot, when, our foremost gears being stretched fore and aft, we first ran up our yards, and then hauled home the topsail sheets, the rope-yarns that furled them giving way of themselves; the sails were set in a few minutes; at the same time slipping our cable, we came upon her before she could get under way upon the other tack. They were so surprised that they made little or no resistance, but struck after the first broadside.

We were considering what to do with her, when William came to me. "Hark thee, friend," says he, "thou hast made a fine piece of work of it now, hast thou not, to borrow thy neighbour's ship here just at thy neighbour's door, and never ask him leave? Now, dost thou not think there are some men-of-war in the port? Thou hast given them the alarm sufficiently; thou wilt have them upon thy back before night, depend upon it, to ask thee wherefore thou didst so."

"Truly, William," said I, "for aught I know, that may be true; what, then, shall we do next?" Says he, "Thou hast but two things to do: either to go in and take all the rest, or else get thee gone before they come out and take thee; for I see they are hoisting a topmast to yon great ship, in order to put to sea immediately, and they won't be long before they come to talk with thee; and what wilt thou say to them when they ask thee why thou borrowedst their ship without leave?"

As William said, so it was. We could see by our glasses they were all in a hurry, manning and fitting some sloops they had there, and a large man-of-war, and it was plain they would soon be with us. But we were not at a loss what to do; we found the ship we had taken was laden with nothing considerable for our purpose, except some cocoa, some sugar, and twenty barrels of flour; the rest of her cargo was hides; so we took out all we thought fit for our turn, and, among the rest, all her ammunition,

great shot, and small-arms, and turned her off. We also took a cable and three anchors she had, which were for our purpose, and some of her sails. She had enough left just to carry her into port, and that was all.

Having done this, we stood on upon the Brazil coast, southward, till we came to the mouth of the river Janeiro. But as we had two days the wind blowing hard at S.E. and S.S.E., we were obliged to come to an anchor under a little island, and wait for a wind. In this time the Portuguese had, it seems, given notice over land to the governor there, that a pirate was upon the coast; so that, when we came in view of the port, we saw two men-of-war riding just without the bar, whereof one, we found, was getting under sail with all possible speed, having slipped her cable on purpose to speak with us; the other was not so forward, but was preparing to follow. In less than an hour they stood both fair after us, with all the sail they could make.

Had not the night come on, William's words had been made good; they would certainly have asked us the question what we did there, for we found the foremost ship gained upon us, especially upon one tack, for we plied away from them to windward; but in the dark losing sight of them, we resolved to change our course and stand away directly for sea, not doubting that we should lose them in the night.

Whether the Portuguese commander guessed we would do so or no, I know not; but in the morning, when the daylight appeared, instead of having lost him, we found him in chase of us about a league astern; only, to our great good fortune, we could see but one of the two. However, this one was a great ship, carried six-and-forty guns, and an admirable-sailer, as appeared by her outsailing us; for our ship was an excellent sailer too, as I have said before.

When I found this, I easily saw there was no remedy, but we must engage; and as we knew we could expect no quarter from those scoundrels the Portuguese, a nation I had an original aversion to, I let Captain Wilmot know how it was. The captain, sick as he was, jumped up in the cabin, and would be led out upon the deck (for he was very weak) to see how it was. "Well," says he, "we'll fight them!"

Our men were all in good heart before, but to see the captain so brisk, who had lain ill of a calenture ten or eleven days, gave them double courage, and they went all hands to work to make a clear ship and be ready. William, the Quaker, comes to me with a kind of a smile. "Friend," says he, "what does your ship follow us for?" "Why," says I, "to fight us, you may be sure." "Well," says he, "and will he come up with us, dost thou think?" "Yes," said I, "you see she will." "Why, then, friend," says the dry wretch, "why dost thou run from her still, when thou seest she will overtake thee? Will it be better for us to be overtaken farther off than here?" "Much as one for that," says I; "why, what would you have us do?" "Do!" says he; "let us not give the poor man more trouble than needs must; let us stay for him and hear what he has to say to us." "He will talk to us in powder and ball," said I. "Very well, then," says he, "if that be his country language, we must talk to him in the same, must we not? or else how shall he understand us?" "Very well, William," says I, "we understand you." And the captain, as ill as he was, called to me, "William's right again," says he; "as good here as a league farther." So he gives a word of command, "Haul up the main-sail; we'll shorten sail for him."

Accordingly we shortened sail, and as we expected her upon our lee-side, we being then upon our starboard tack, brought eighteen of our guns to the larboard side, resolving to give him a broadside that should warm him. It was about half-an-hour before he came up with us, all which time we luffed up, that we might keep the wind of him, by which he was obliged to run up under our lee, as we designed him; when we got him upon our quarter, we edged down, and received the fire of five or six of his guns. By this time you may be sure all our hands were at their quarters, so we clapped our helm hard a-weather, let go the lee-braces of the maintop sail, and laid it a-back, and so our ship fell athwart the Portuguese ship's hawse; then we immediately poured in our broadside, raking them fore and aft, and killed them a great many men.

The Portuguese, we could see, were in the utmost confusion; and not being aware of our design, their ship having fresh way,

ran their bowsprit into the fore part of our main shrouds, as that they could not easily get clear of us, and so we lay locked after that manner. The enemy could not bring above five or six guns, besides their small-arms, to bear upon us, while we played our whole broadside upon him.

In the middle of the heat of this fight, as I was very busy upon the quarter-deck, the captain calls to me, for he never stirred from us, "What the devil is friend William a-doing yonder?" says the captain; "has he any business upon deck?" I stepped forward, and there was friend William, with two or three stout fellows, lashing the ship's bowsprit fast to our main-mast, for fear they should get away from us; and every now and then he pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and gave the men a dram to encourage them. The shot flew about his ears as thick as may be supposed in such an action, where the Portuguese, to give them their due, fought very briskly, believing at first they were sure of their game, and trusting to their superiority; but there was William, as composed, and in as perfect tranquillity as to danger, as if he had been over a bowl of punch, only very busy securing the matter, that a ship of forty-six guns should not run away from a ship of eight-and-twenty.

This work was too hot to hold long; our men behaved bravely: our gunner, a gallant man, shouted below, pouring in his shot at such a rate, that the Portuguese began to slacken their fire; we had dismounted several of their guns by firing in at their fore-castle, and raking them, as I said, fore and aft. Presently comes William up to me. "Friend," says he, very calmly, "what dost thou mean? Why dost thou not visit thy neighbour in the ship, the door being open for thee?" I understood him immediately, for our guns had so torn their hull, that we had beat two port-holes into one, and the bulk-head of their steerage was split to pieces, so that they could not retire to their close quarters; so I gave the word immediately to board them. Our second lieutenant, with about thirty men, entered in an instant over the fore-castle, followed by some more with the boatswain, and cutting in pieces about twenty-five men that they found upon the deck, and then throwing some grenadoes into the steerage, they entered there also; upon which the Portuguese cried quarter

presently, and we mastered the ship, contrary indeed to our own expectation; for we would have compounded with them if they would have sheered off: but laying them athwart the hawse at first, and following our fire furiously, without giving them any time to get clear of us and work their ship; by this means, though they had six-and-forty guns, they were not able to fight above five or six, as I said above, for we beat them immediately from their guns in the forecastle, and killed them abundance of men between decks, so that when we entered they had hardly found men enough to fight us hand to hand upon their deck.

The surprise of joy to hear the Portuguese cry quarter, and see their ancient struck, was so great to our captain, who, as I have said, was reduced very weak with a high fever, that it gave him new life. Nature conquered the distemper, and the fever abated that very night; so that in two or three days he was sensibly better, his strength began to come, and he was able to give his orders effectually in everything that was material, and in about ten days was entirely well and about the ship.

In the meantime I took possession of the Portuguese man-of-war; and Captain Wilmot made me, or rather I made myself, captain of her for the present. About thirty of their seamen took service with us, some of which were French, some Genoese; and we set the rest on shore the next day on a little island on the coast of Brazil, except some wounded men, who were not in a condition to be removed, and whom we were bound to keep on board; but we had an occasion afterwards to dispose of them at the Cape, where, at their own request, we set them on shore.

Captain Wilmot, as soon as the ship was taken, and the prisoners stowed, was for standing in for the river Janeiro again, not doubting but we should meet with the other man-of-war, who, not having been able to find us, and having lost the company of her comrade, would certainly be returned, and might be surprised by the ship we had taken, if we carried Portuguese colours; and our men were all for it.

But our friend William gave us better counsel, for he came to me, "Friend," says he, "I understand the captain is for sailing back to the Rio Janeiro, in hopes to meet with the other ship that was in chase of thee yesterday. Is it true, dost thou intend

it?" "Why, yes," says I, "William, pray why not?" "Nay," says he, "thou mayest do so if thou wilt." "Well, I know that too, William," said I, "but the captain is a man will be ruled by reason; what have you to say to it?" "Why," says William gravely, "I only ask what is thy business, and the business of all the people thou hast with thee? Is it not to get money?" "Yes, William, it is so, in our honest way." "And wouldest thou," says he, "rather have money without fighting, or fighting without money? I mean which wouldest thou have by choice, suppose it to be left to thee?" "O William," says I, "the first of the two, to be sure." "Why, then," says he, "what great gain hast thou made of the prize thou hast taken now, though it has cost the lives of thirteen of thy men, besides some hurt? It is true thou hast got the ship and some prisoners; but thou wouldest have had twice the booty in a merchant-ship, with not one quarter of the fighting; and how dost thou know either what force or what number of men may be in the other ship, and what loss thou mayest suffer, and what gain it shall be to thee if thou take her? I think, indeed, thou mayest much better let her alone."

"Why, William, it is true," said I, "and I'll go tell the captain what your opinion is, and bring you word what he says." Accordingly I went to the captain and told him William's reasons; and the captain was of his mind, that our business was indeed fighting when we could not help it, but that our main affair was money, and that with as few blows as we could. So that adventure was laid aside, and we stood along shore again south for the river De la Plata, expecting some purchase thereabouts; especially we had our eyes upon some of the Spanish ships from Buenos Ayres, which are generally very rich in silver, and one such prize would have done our business. We plied about here, in the latitude of ——— south, for near a month, and nothing offered; and here we began to consult what we should do next, for we had come to no resolution yet. Indeed, my design was always for the Cape de Bona Speranza, and so to the East Indies. I had heard some flaming stories of Captain Avery, and the fine things he had done in the Indies, which were doubled and doubled, even ten thousand fold; and from taking a great prize in the Bay of Bengal, where he took a lady, said to be the

Great Mogul's daughter, with a great quantity of jewels about her, we had a story told us, that he took a Mogul ship, so the foolish sailors called it, laden with diamonds.

I would fain have had friend William's advice whither we should go, but he always put it off with some quaking quibble or other. In short, he did not care for directing us neither; whether he made a piece of conscience of it, or whether he did not care to venture having it come against him afterwards or no, this I know not; but we concluded at last without him.

We were, however, pretty long in resolving, and hankered about the Rio de la Plata a long time. At last we spied a sail to windward, and it was such a sail as I believe had not been seen in that part of the world a great while. It wanted not that we should give it chase, for it stood directly towards us, as well as they that steered could make it; and even that was more accident of weather than anything else, for if the wind had chopped about anywhere they must have gone with it. I leave any man that is a sailor, or understands anything of a ship, to judge what a figure this ship made when we first saw her, and what we could imagine was the matter with her. Her maintop-mast was come by the board about six foot above the cap, and fell forward, the head of the topgallant-mast hanging in the fore-shrouds by the stay; at the same time the parrel of the mizzen-topsail-yard by some accident giving way, the mizzen-topsail-braces (the standing part of which being fast to the main-topsail shrouds) brought the mizzen-topsail, yard and all, down with it, which spread over part of the quarter-deck like an awning; the fore-topsail was hoisted up two-thirds of the mast, but the sheets were flown; the fore-yard was lowered down upon the forecastle, the sail loose, and part of it hanging overboard. In this manner she came down upon us with the wind quartering. In a word, the figure the whole ship made was the most confounding to men that understood the sea that ever was seen. She had no boat, neither had she any colours out.

When we came near to her, we fired a gun to bring her to. She took no notice of it, nor of us, but came on just as she did before. We fired again, but it was all one. At length we came within pistol-shot of one another, but nobody answered nor

appeared; so we began to think that it was a ship gone ashore somewhere in distress, and the men having forsaken her, the high tide had floated her off to sea. Coming nearer to her, we ran up alongside of her so close that we could hear a noise within her, and see the motion of several people through her ports.

Upon this we manned out two boats full of men, and very well armed, and ordered them to board her at the same minute, as near as they could, and to enter one at her fore-chains on the one side, and the other amidships on the other side. As soon as they came to the ship's side, a surprising multitude of black sailors, such as they were, appeared upon deck, and, in short, terrified our men so much that the boat which was to enter her men in the waist stood off again, and durst not board her; and the men that entered out of the other boat, finding the first boat, as they thought, beaten off, and seeing the ship full of men, jumped all back again into their boat, and put off, not knowing what the matter was. Upon this we prepared to pour in a broadside upon her; but our friend William set us to rights again here; for it seems he guessed how it was sooner than we did, and coming up to me (for it was our ship that came up with her), "Friend," says he, "I am of opinion that thou art wrong in this matter, and thy men have been wrong also in their conduct. I'll tell thee how thou shalt take this ship, without making use of those things called guns." "How can that be, William?" said I. "Why," said he, "thou mayest take her with thy helm; thou seest they keep no steerage, and thou seest the condition they are in; board her with thy ship upon her lee quarter, and so enter her from the ship. I am persuaded thou wilt take her without fighting, for there is some mischief has befallen the ship, which we know nothing of."

In a word, it being a smooth sea, and little wind, I took his advice, and laid her aboard. Immediately our men entered the ship, where we found a large ship, with upwards of 600 negroes, men and women, boys and girls, and not one Christian or white man on board.

I was struck with horror at the sight; for immediately I concluded, as was partly the case, that these black devils had got loose, had murdered all the white men, and thrown them into

the sea ; and I had no sooner told my mind to the men, but the thought so enraged them that I had much ado to keep my men from cutting them all in pieces. But William, with many persuasions, prevailed upon them, by telling them that it was nothing but what, if they were in the negroes' condition, they would do if they could ; and that the negroes had really the highest injustice done them, to be sold for slaves without their consent ; and that the law of nature dictated it to them ; that they ought not to kill them, and that it would be wilful murder to do it.

This prevailed with them, and cooled their first heat ; so they only knocked down twenty or thirty of them, and the rest ran all down between decks to their first places, believing, as we fancied, that we were their first masters come again.

It was a most unaccountable difficulty we had next ; for we could not make them understand one word we said, nor could we understand one word ourselves that they said. We endeavoured by signs to ask them whence they came ; but they could make nothing of it. We pointed to the great cabin, to the round-house, to the cook-room, then to our faces, to ask if they had no white men on board, and where they were gone ; but they could not understand what we meant. On the other hand, they pointed to our boat and to their ship, asking questions as well as they could, and said a thousand things, and expressed themselves with great earnestness ; but we could not understand a word of it all, or know what they meant by any of their signs.

We knew very well they must have been taken on board the ship as slaves, and that it must be by some European people too. We could easily see that the ship was a Dutch-built ship, but very much altered, having been built upon, and, as we supposed, in France ; for we found two or three French books on board, and afterwards we found clothes, linen, lace, some old shoes, and several other things. We found among the provisions some barrels of Irish beef, some Newfoundland fish, and several other evidences that there had been Christians on board, but saw no remains of them. We found not a sword, gun, pistol, or weapon of any kind, except some cutlasses ; and the negroes had hid them below where they lay. We asked them what was become of all the small-arms, pointing to our own and to the places where

those belonging to the ship had hung. One of the negroes understood me presently, and beckoned to me to come upon the deck, where, taking my fuzee, which I never let go out of my hand for some time after we had mastered the ship — I say, offering to take hold of it, he made the proper motion of throwing it into the sea ; by which I understood, as I did afterwards, that they had thrown all the small-arms, powder, shot, swords, &c., into the sea, believing, as I supposed, those things would kill them, though the men were gone.

After we understood this we made no question but that the ship's crew, having been surprised by these desperate rogues, had gone the same way, and had been thrown overboard also. We looked all over the ship to see if we could find any blood, and we thought we did perceive some in several places ; but the heat of the sun, melting the pitch and tar upon the decks, made it impossible for us to discern it exactly, except in the round-house, where we plainly saw that there had been much blood. We found the scuttle open, by which we supposed that the captain and those that were with him had made their retreat into the great cabin, or those in the cabin had made their escape up into the round-house.

But that which confirmed us most of all in what had happened was that, upon further inquiry, we found that there were seven or eight of the negroes very much wounded, two or three of them with shot, whereof one had his leg broken and lay in a miserable condition, the flesh being mortified, and, as our friend William said, in two days more he would have died. William was a most dexterous surgeon, and he showed it in this cure ; for though all the surgeons we had on board both our ships (and we had no less than five that called themselves bred surgeons, besides two or three who were pretenders or assistants) — though all these gave their opinions that the negro's leg must be cut off, and that his life could not be saved without it ; that the mortification had touched the marrow in the bone, that the tendons were mortified, and that he could never have the use of his leg if it should be cured, William said nothing in general, but that his opinion was otherwise, and that he desired the wound might be searched, and that he would then tell them further.

Accordingly he went to work with the leg; and, as he desired that he might have some of the surgeons to assist him, we appointed him two of the ablest of them to help, and all of them to look on, if they thought fit.

William went to work his own way, and some of them pretended to find fault at first. However, he proceeded and searched every part of the leg where he suspected the mortification had touched it; in a word, he cut off a great deal of mortified flesh, in all which the poor fellow felt no pain. William proceeded till he brought the vessels which he had cut to bleed, and the man to cry out; then he reduced the splinters of the bone, and, calling for help, set it, as we call it, and bound it up, and laid the man to rest, who found himself much easier than before.

At the first opening the surgeons began to triumph; the mortification seemed to spread, and a long red streak of blood appeared from the wound upwards to the middle of the man's thigh, and the surgeons told me the man would die in a few hours. I went to look at it, and found William himself under some surprise; but when I asked him how long he thought the poor fellow could live, he looked gravely at me, and said, "As long as thou canst; I am not at all apprehensive of his life," said he, "but I would cure him, if I could, without making a cripple of him." I found he was not just then upon the operation as to his leg, but was mixing up something to give the poor creature, to repel, as I thought, the spreading contagion, and to abate or prevent any feverish temper that might happen in the blood; after which he went to work again, and opened the leg in two places above the wound, cutting out a great deal of mortified flesh, which it seemed was occasioned by the bandage, which had pressed the parts too much; and withal, the blood being at the time in a more than common disposition to mortify, might assist to spread it.

Well, our friend William conquered all this, cleared the spreading mortification, and the red streak went off again, the flesh began to heal, and matter to run; and in a few days the man's spirits began to recover, his pulse beat regular, he had no fever, and gathered strength daily; and, in a word, he was a perfect sound man in about ten weeks, and we kept him amongst us, and made him an able seaman. But to return to the ship: we

never could come at a certain information about it, till some of the negroes which we kept on board, and whom we taught to speak English, gave the account of it afterwards, and this maimed man in particular.

We inquired, by all the signs and motions we could imagine, what was become of the people, and yet we could get nothing from them. Our lieutenant was for torturing some of them to make them confess, but William opposed that vehemently; and when he heard it was under consideration he came to me. "Friend," says he, "I make a request to thee not to put any of these poor wretches to torment." "Why, William," said I, "why not? You see they will not give any account of what is become of the white men." "Nay," says William, "do not say so; I suppose they have given thee a full account of every particular of it." "How so?" says I; "pray what are we the wiser for all their jabbering?" "Nay," says William, "that may be thy fault, for aught I know; thou wilt not punish the poor men because they cannot speak English; and perhaps they never heard a word of English before. Now, I may very well suppose that they have given thee a large account of everything; for thou seest with what earnestness, and how long, some of them have talked to thee; and if thou canst not understand their language, nor they thine, how can they help that? At the best, thou dost but suppose that they have not told thee the whole truth of the story; and, on the contrary, I suppose they have; and how wilt thou decide the question, whether thou art right or whether I am right? Besides, what can they say to thee when thou askest them a question upon the torture, and at the same time they do not understand the question, and thou dost not know whether they say ay or no?"

It is no compliment to my moderation to say I was convinced by these reasons; and yet we had all much ado to keep our second lieutenant from murdering some of them, to make them tell. What if they had told? He did not understand one word of it; but he would not be persuaded but that the negroes must needs understand him when he asked them whether the ship had any boat or no, like ours, and what was become of it.

But there was no remedy but to wait till we made these people

understand English, and to adjourn the story till that time. The case was thus: where they were taken on board the ship, that we could never understand, because they never knew the English names which we give to those coasts, or what nation they were who belonged to the ship, because they knew not one tongue from another; but thus far the negro I examined, who was the same whose leg William had cured, told us, that they did not speak the same language as we spoke, nor the same our Portuguese spoke; so that in all probability they must be French or Dutch.

Then he told us that the white men used them barbarously; that they beat them unmercifully; that one of the negro men had a wife and two negro children, one a daughter, about sixteen years old; that a white man abused the negro man's wife, and afterward his daughter, which, as he said, made all the negro men mad; and that the woman's husband was in a great rage; at which the white man was so provoked that he threatened to kill him; but, in the night, the negro man, being loose, got a great club, by which he made us understand he meant a handspike, and that when the same Frenchman (if it was a Frenchman) came among them again, he began again to abuse the negro man's wife, at which the negro, taking up the handspike, knocked his brains out at one blow; and then taking the key from him with which he usually unlocked the handcuffs which the negroes were fettered with, he set about a hundred of them at liberty, who, getting up upon the deck by the same scuttle that the white men came down, and taking the man's cutlass who was killed, and laying hold of what came next them, they fell upon the men that were upon the deck, and killed them all, and afterwards those they found upon the fore-castle; that the captain and his other men, who were in the cabin and the round-house, defended themselves with great courage, and shot out at the loopholes at them, by which he and several other men were wounded, and some killed; but that they broke into the round-house after a long dispute, where they killed two of the white men, but owned that the two white men killed eleven of their men before they could break in; and then the rest, having got down the scuttle into the great cabin, wounded three more of them.

That, after this, the gunner of the ship having secured himself in the gun-room, one of his men hauled up the long-boat close under the stern, and putting into her all the arms and ammunition they could come at, got all into the boat, and afterwards took in the captain, and those that were with him, out of the great cabin. When they were all thus embarked, they resolved to lay the ship aboard again, and try to recover it. That they boarded the ship in a desperate manner, and killed at first all that stood in their way; but the negroes being by this time all loose, and having gotten some arms, though they understood nothing of powder and bullet, or guns, yet the men could never master them. However, they lay under the ship's bow, and got out all the men they had left in the cook-room, who had maintained themselves there, notwithstanding all the negroes could do, and with their small-arms killed between thirty and forty of the negroes, but were at last forced to leave them.

They could give me no account whereabouts this was, whether near the coast of Africa, or far off, or how long it was before the ship fell into our hands; only, in general, it was a great while ago, as they called it; and, by all we could learn, it was within two or three days after they had set sail from the coast. They told us that they had killed about thirty of the white men, having knocked them on the head with crows and handspikes, and such things as they could get; and one strong negro killed three of them with an iron crow, after he was shot twice through the body; and that he was afterwards shot through the head by the captain himself at the door of the round-house, which he had split open with the crow; and this we supposed was the occasion of the great quantity of blood which we saw at the round-house door.

The same negro told us that they threw all the powder and shot they could find into the sea, and they would have thrown the great guns into the sea if they could have lifted them. Being asked how they came to have their sails in such a condition, his answer was, "They no understand; they no know what the sails do;" that was, they did not so much as know that it was the sails that made the ship go, or understand what they meant, or what to do with them. When we asked him whither they

were going, he said they did not know, but believed they should go home to their own country again. I asked him, in particular, what he thought we were when we first came up with them? He said they were terribly frightened, believing we were the same white men that had gone away in their boats, and were come again in a great ship, with the two boats with them, and expected they would kill them all.

This was the account we got out of them, after we had taught them to speak English, and to understand the names and use of the things belonging to the ship which they had occasion to speak of; and we observed that the fellows were too innocent to dissemble in their relation, and that they all agreed in the particulars, and were always in the same story, which confirmed very much the truth of what they said.

Having taken this ship, our next difficulty was, what to do with the negroes. The Portuguese in the Brazils would have bought them all of us, and been glad of the purchase, if we had not showed ourselves enemies there, and been known for pirates; but, as it was, we durst not go ashore anywhere thereabouts, or treat with any of the planters, because we should raise the whole country upon us; and, if there were any such things as men-of-war in any of their ports, we should be as sure to be attacked by them, and by all the force they had by land or sea.

Nor could we think of any better success if we went northward to our own plantations. One while we determined to carry them all away to Buenos Ayres, and sell them there to the Spaniards; but they were really too many for them to make use of; and to carry them round to the South Seas, which was the only remedy that was left, was so far that we should be no way able to subsist them for so long a voyage.

At last, our old, never-failing friend, William, helped us out again, as he had often done at a dead lift. His proposal was this, that he should go as master of the ship, and about twenty men, such as we could best trust, and attempt to trade privately, upon the coast of Brazil, with the planters, not at the principal ports, because that would not be admitted.

We all agreed to this, and appointed to go away ourselves towards the Rio de la Plata, where we had thought of going be-

fore, and to wait for him, not there, but at Port St Pedro, as the Spaniards call it, lying at the mouth of the river which they call Rio Grande, and where the Spaniards had a small fort and a few people, but we believe there was nobody in it.

Here we took up our station, cruising off and on, to see if we could meet any ships going to or coming from the Buenos Ayres or the Rio de la Plata; but we met with nothing worth notice. However, we employed ourselves in things necessary for our going off to sea; for we filled all our water-casks, and got some fish for our present use, to spare as much as possible our ship's stores.

William, in the meantime, went away to the north, and made the land about the Cape de St Thomas; and betwixt that and the isles De Tuberon he found means to trade with the planters for all his negroes, as well the women as the men, and at a very good price too; for William, who spoke Portuguese pretty well, told them a fair story enough, that the ship was in scarcity of provisions, that they were driven a great way out of their way, and indeed, as we say, out of their knowledge, and that they must go up to the northward as far as Jamaica, or sell there upon the coast. This was a very plausible tale, and was easily believed; and, if you observe the manner of the negroes' sailing, and what happened in their voyage, was every word of it true.

By this method, and being true to one another, William passed for what he was — I mean, for a very honest fellow; and by the assistance of one planter, who sent to some of his neighbour planters, and managed the trade among themselves, he got a quick market; for in less than five weeks William sold all his negroes, and at last sold the ship itself, and shipped himself and his twenty men, with two negro boys whom he had left, in a sloop, one of those which the planters used to send on board for the negroes. With this sloop Captain William, as we then called him, came away, and found us at Port St Pedro, in the latitude of 32 degrees 30 minutes south.

Nothing was more surprising to us than to see a sloop come along the coast, carrying Portuguese colours, and come in directly to us, after we were assured he had discovered both our ships. We fired a gun, upon her nearer approach, to bring her to an anchor, but immediately she fired five guns by way of salute, and

spread her English ancient. Then we began to guess it was friend William, but wondered what was the meaning of his being in a sloop, whereas we sent him away in a ship of near 300 tons ; but he soon let us into the whole history of his management, with which we had a great deal of reason to be very well satisfied. As soon as he had brought the sloop to an anchor, he came aboard of my ship, and there he gave us an account how he began to trade by the help of a Portuguese planter, who lived near the seaside ; how he went on shore and went up to the first house he could see, and asked the man of the house to sell him some hogs, pretending at first he only stood in upon the coast to take in fresh water and buy some provisions ; and the man not only sold him seven fat hogs, but invited him in, and gave him, and five men he had with him, a very good dinner ; and he invited the planter on board his ship, and, in return for his kindness, gave him a negro girl for his wife.

This so obliged the planter that the next morning he sent him on board, in a great luggage-boat, a cow and two sheep, with a chest of sweetmeats and some sugar, and a great bag of tobacco, and invited Captain William on shore again ; that, after this, they grew from one kindness to another ; that they began to talk about trading for some negroes ; and William, pretending it was to do him service, consented to sell him thirty negroes for his private use in his plantation, for which he gave William ready money in gold, at the rate of five-and-thirty moidores per head ; but the planter was obliged to use great caution in the bringing them on shore ; for which purpose he made William weigh and stand out to sea, and put in again, about fifty miles farther north, where at a little creek he took the negroes on shore at another plantation, being a friend's of his, whom, it seems, he could trust.

This remove brought William into a further intimacy, not only with the first planter, but also with his friends, who desired to have some of the negroes also ; so that, from one to another, they bought so many, till one overgrown planter took 100 negroes, which was all William had left, and sharing them with another planter, that other planter chaffered with William for ship and all, giving him in exchange a very clean, large, well-built sloop of near sixty tons, very well furnished, carrying six guns ; but we

made her afterwards carry twelve guns. William had 300 moidores of gold, besides the sloop, in payment for the ship; and with this money he stored the sloop as full as she could hold with provisions, especially bread, some pork, and about sixty hogs alive; among the rest, William got eighty barrels of good gunpowder, which was very much for our purpose; and all the provisions which were in the French ship he took out also.

This was a very agreeable account to us, especially when we saw that William had received in gold coined, or by weight, and some Spanish silver, 60,000 pieces of eight, besides a new sloop, and a vast quantity of provisions.

* * * * *

This might be called, indeed, the only trading voyage we had made; and now we were really very rich, and it came now naturally before us to consider whither we should go next. Our proper delivery port, as we ought to have called it, was at Madagascar, in the Bay of Mangahelly; but William took me by myself into the cabin of the sloop one day, and told me he wanted to talk seriously with me a little; so we shut ourselves in, and William began with me.

"Wilt thou give me leave," says William, "to talk plainly with thee upon thy present circumstances, and thy future prospect of living? and wilt thou promise, on thy word, to take nothing ill of me?"

"With all my heart," said I. "William, I have always found your advice good, and your designs have not only been well laid, but your counsel has been very lucky to us; and, therefore, say what you will, I promise you I will not take it ill."

"But that is not all my demand," says William; "if thou dost not like what I am going to propose to thee, thou shalt promise me not to make it public among the men."

"I will not, William," says I, "upon my word;" and swore to him, too, very heartily.

"Why, then," says William, "I have but one thing more to article with thee about, and that is, that thou wilt consent that if thou dost not approve of it for thyself, thou wilt yet consent that I shall put so much of it in practice as relates to myself

and my new comrade doctor, so that it be nothing to thy detriment and loss."

"In anything," says I, "William, but leaving me, I will; but I cannot part with you upon any terms whatever."

"Well," says William, "I am not designing to part from thee, unless it is thy own doing. But assure me in all these points, and I will tell my mind freely."

So I promised him everything he desired of me in the solemnest manner possible, and so seriously and frankly withal, that William made no scruple to open his mind to me.

"Why, then, in the first place," says William, "shall I ask thee if thou dost not think thou and all thy men are rich enough, and have really gotten as much wealth together (by whatsoever way it has been gotten, that is not the question) as we all know what to do with?"

"Why, truly, William," said I, "thou art pretty right; I think we have had pretty good luck."

"Well, then," says William, "I would ask whether, if thou hast gotten enough, thou hast any thought of leaving off this trade; for most people leave off trading when they are satisfied of getting, and are rich enough; for nobody trades for the sake of trading; much less do men rob for the sake of thieving."

"Well, William," says I, "now I perceive what it is thou art driving at. I warrant you," says I, "you begin to hanker after home."

"Why, truly," says William, "thou hast said it, and so I hope thou dost too. It is natural for most men that are abroad to desire to come home again at last, especially when they are grown rich, and when they are (as thou ownest thyself to be) rich enough, and so rich as they know not what to do with more if they had it."

"Well, William," said I, "but now you think you have laid your preliminary at first so home that I should have nothing to say; that is, that when I had got money enough, it would be natural to think of going home. But you have not explained what you mean by home, and there you and I shall differ. Why, man, I am at home; here is my habitation; I never had any other in my lifetime; I was a kind of charity school boy; so

that I can have no desire of going anywhere for being rich or poor, for I have nowhere to go."

"Why," says William, looking a little confused, "art not thou an Englishman?"

"Yes," says I, "I think so: you see I speak English; but I came out of England a child, and never was in it but once since I was a man; and then I was cheated and imposed upon, and used so ill that I care not if I never see it more."

"Why, hast thou no relations or friends there?" says he; "no acquaintance — none that thou hast any kindness or any remains of respect for?"

"Not I, William," said I; "no more than I have in the court of the Great Mogul."

"Nor any kindness for the country where thou wast born?" says William.

"Not I, any more than for the island of Madagascar, nor so much neither; for that has been a fortunate island to me more than once, as thou knowest, William," said I.

William was quite stunned at my discourse, and held his peace; and I said to him, "Go on, William; what hast thou to say farther? for I hear you have some project in your head," says I; "come, let's have it out."

"Nay," says William, "thou hast put me to silence, and all I had to say is overthrown; all my projects are come to nothing, and gone."

"Well, but, William," said I, "let me hear what they were; for though it is so that what I have to aim at does not look your way, and though I have no relation, no friend, no acquaintance in England, yet I do not say I like this roving, cruising life so well as never to give it over. Let me hear if thou canst propose to me anything beyond it."

"Certainly, friend," says William, very gravely, "there is something beyond it;" and lifting up his hands, he seemed very much affected, and I thought I saw tears stand in his eyes; but I, that was too hardened a wretch to be moved with these things, laughed at him. "What!" says I, "you mean death, I warrant you: don't you? That is beyond this trade. Why, when it comes, it comes; then we are all provided for."

"Ay," says William, "that is true; but it would be better that some things were thought on before that came."

"Thought on!" says I; "what signifies thinking of it? To think of death is to die, and to be always thinking of it is to be all one's life long a-dying. It is time enough to think of it when it comes."

You will easily believe I was well qualified for a pirate that could talk thus. But let me leave it upon record, for the remark of other hardened rogues like myself, — my conscience gave me a pang that I never felt before when I said, "What signifies thinking of it?" and told me I should one day think of these words with a sad heart; but the time of my reflection was not yet come; so I went on.

Says William very seriously, "I must tell thee, friend, I am sorry to hear thee talk so. They that never think of dying, often die without thinking of it."

I carried on the jesting way a while farther, and said, "Prithee, do not talk of dying; how do we know we shall ever die?" and began to laugh.

"I need not answer thee to that," says William; "it is not my place to reprove thee, who art commander over me here; but I would rather thou wouldst talk otherwise of death; it is a coarse thing."

"Say anything to me, William," said I; "I will take it kindly." I began now to be very much moved at his discourse.

Says William (tears running down his face), "It is because men live as if they were never to die, that so many die before they know how to live. But it was not death that I meant when I said that there was something to be thought of beyond this way of living."

"Why, William," said I, "what was that?"

"It was repentance," says he.

"Why," says I, "did you ever know a pirate repent?"

At this he startled a little, and returned, "At the gallows I have [known¹] one before, and I hope thou wilt be the second."

"Well, William," says I, "I thank you; and I am not so sense-

¹ In earlier editions this word is not bracketed. Cf. Defoe's *Works*, London, 1840, vol. III; London, H. G. Bohn, 1854, vol. I, etc.

less of these things, perhaps, as I make myself seem to be. But come, let me hear your proposal."

"My proposal," says William, "is for thy good as well as my own. We may put an end to this kind of life, and repent; and I think the fairest occasion offers for both, at this very time, that ever did, or ever will, or, indeed, can happen again."

"Look you, William," says I; "let me have your proposal for putting an end to our present way of living first, for that is the case before us, and you and I will talk of the other afterwards. I am not so insensible," said I, "as you may think me to be. But let us get out of this hellish condition we are in first."

"Nay," says William, "thou art in the right there; we must never talk of repenting while we continue pirates."

"Well," says I, "William, that's what I meant; for if we must not reform, as well as be sorry for what is done, I have no notion what repentance means; indeed, at best I know little of the matter; but the nature of the thing seems to tell me that the first step we have to take is to break off this wretched course; and I'll begin there with you, with all my heart."

I could see by his countenance that William was thoroughly pleased with the offer; and if he had tears in his eyes before, he had more now; but it was from quite a different passion; for he was so swallowed up with joy he could not speak.

"Come, William," says I, "thou showest me plain enough thou hast an honest meaning; dost thou think it practicable for us to put an end to our unhappy way of living here, and get off?"

"Yes," says he, "I think it very practicable for me; whether it is for thee or no, that will depend upon thyself."

"Well," says I, "I give you my word, that as I have commanded you all along, from the time I first took you on board, so you shall command me from this hour, and everything you direct me I'll do."

"Wilt thou leave it all to me? Dost thou say this freely?"

"Yes, William," said I, "freely; and I'll perform it faithfully."

"Why, then," says William, "my scheme is this: We are now at the mouth of the Gulf of Persia; we have sold so much of our cargo here at Surat, that we have money enough; send me away

for Bassorah with the sloop, laden with the China goods we have on board, which will make another good cargo, and I'll warrant thee I'll find means, among the English and Dutch merchants there, to lodge a quantity of goods and money also as a merchant, so as we will be able to have recourse to it again upon any occasion, and when I come home we will contrive the rest; and, in the meantime, do you bring the ship's crew to take a resolution to go to Madagascar as soon as I return."

I told him I thought he need not go so far as Bassorah, but might run into Gombroon, or to Ormuz, and pretend the same business.

"No," says he, "I cannot act with the same freedom there, because the Company's factories are there, and I may be laid hold of there on pretence of interloping."

"Well, but," said I, "you may go to Ormuz, then; for I am loth to part with you so long as to go to the bottom of the Persian Gulf." He returned, that I should leave it to him to do as he should see cause.

We had taken a large sum of money at Surat, so that we had near a hundred thousand pounds in money at our command, but on board the great ship we had still a great deal more.

I ordered him publicly to keep the money on board which he had, and to buy up with it a quantity of ammunition, if he could get it, and so to furnish us for new exploits; and, in the meantime, I resolved to get a quantity of gold and some jewels, which I had on board the great ship, and place them so that I might carry them off without notice as soon as he came back; and so, according to William's directions, I left him to go the voyage, and I went on board the great ship, in which we had indeed an immense treasure.

We waited no less than two months for William's return, and indeed I began to be very uneasy about William, sometimes thinking he had abandoned me, and that he might have used the same artifice to have engaged the other men to comply with him, and so they were gone away together; and it was but three days before his return that I was just upon the point of resolving to go away to Madagascar, and give him over; but the old surgeon, who mimicked the Quaker and passed for the master of the sloop

at Surat, persuaded me against that, for which good advice and apparent faithfulness in what he had been trusted with, I made him a party to my design, and he proved very honest.

At length William came back, to our inexpressible joy, and brought a great many necessary things with him; as, particularly, he brought sixty barrels of powder, some iron shot, and about thirty ton of lead; also he brought a great deal of provisions; and, in a word, William gave me a public account of his voyage, in the hearing of whoever happened to be upon the quarter-deck, that no suspicions might be found about us.

After all was done, William moved that he might go up again, and that I would go with him; named several things which we had on board that he could not sell there; and, particularly, told us he had been obliged to leave several things there, the caravans being not come in; and that he had engaged to come back again with goods.

This was what I wanted. The men were eager for his going, and particularly because he told them they might load the sloop back with rice and provisions; but I seemed backward to going, when the old surgeon stood up and persuaded me to go, and with many arguments pressed me to it; as, particularly, if I did not go, there would be no order, and several of the men might drop away, and perhaps betray all the rest; and that they should not think it safe for the sloop to go again if I did not go; and to urge me to it, he offered himself to go with me.

Upon these considerations I seemed to be overpersuaded to go, and all the company seemed to be better satisfied when I had consented; and, accordingly, we took all the powder, lead, and iron out of the sloop into the great ship, and all the other things that were for the ship's use, and put in some bales of spices and casks or frails of cloves, in all about seven ton, and some other goods, among the bales of which I had conveyed all my private treasure, which, I assure you, was of no small value, and away I went.

At going off I called a council of all the officers in the ship to consider in what place they should wait for me, and how long, and we appointed the ship to stay eight-and-twenty days at a little island on the Arabian side of the Gulf, and that, if the sloop

did not come in that time, they should sail to another island to the west of that place, and wait there fifteen days more, and that then, if the sloop did not come, they should conclude some accident must have happened, and the rendezvous should be at Madagascar.

Being thus resolved, we left the ship, which both William and I, and the surgeon, never intended to see any more. We steered directly for the Gulf, and through to Bassorah, or Balsara. This city of Balsara lies at some distance from the place where our sloop lay, and the river not being very safe, and we but ill acquainted with it, having but an ordinary pilot, we went on shore at a village where some merchants live, and which is very populous, for the sake of small vessels riding there.

Here we stayed and traded three or four days, landing all our bales and spices, and indeed the whole cargo that was of any considerable value, which we chose to do rather than go up immediately to Balsara till the project we had laid was put in execution.

After we had bought several goods, and were preparing to buy several others, the boat being on shore with twelve men, myself, William, the surgeon, and one fourth man, whom we had singled out, we contrived to send a Turk just at the dusk of the evening with a letter to the boatswain, and giving the fellow a charge to run with all possible speed, we stood at a small distance to observe the event. The contents of the letter were thus written by the old doctor:—

“BOATSWAIN THOMAS, — We are all betrayed. For God’s sake make off with the boat, and get on board, or you are all lost. The captain, William the Quaker, and George the reformed are seized and carried away: I am escaped and hid, but cannot stir out; if I do I am a dead man. As soon as you are on board cut or slip, and make sail for your lives. Adieu. — R.S.”

We stood undiscovered, as above, it being the dusk of the evening, and saw the Turk deliver the letter, and in three minutes we saw all the men hurry into the boat and put off, and no sooner were they on board than they took the hint, as we supposed, for

the next morning they were out of sight, and we never heard tale or tidings of them since.

We were now in a good place, and in very good circumstances, for we passed for merchants of Persia.

It is not material to record here what a mass of ill-gotten wealth we had got together: it will be more to the purpose to tell you that I began to be sensible of the crime of getting of it in such a manner as I had done; that I had very little satisfaction in the possession of it; and, as I told William, I had no expectation of keeping it, nor much desire; but, as I said to him one day walking out into the fields near the town of Bassorah, so I depended upon it that it would be the case, which you will hear presently.

We were perfectly secured at Bassorah, by having frightened away the rogues, our comrades; and we had nothing to do but to consider how to convert our treasure into things proper to make us look like merchants, as we were now to be, and not like freebooters, as we really had been.

We happened very opportunely here upon a Dutchman, who had travelled from Bengal to Agra, the capital city of the Great Mogul, and from thence was come to the coast of Malabar by land, and got shipping, somehow or other, up the Gulf; and we found his design was to go up the great river to Bagdad or Babylon, and so, by the caravan, to Aleppo and Scanderoon. As William spoke Dutch, and was of an agreeable, insinuating behaviour, he soon got acquainted with this Dutchman, and discovering our circumstances to one another, we found he had considerable effects with him; and that he had traded long in that country, and was making homeward to his own country; and that he had servants with him; one an Armenian, whom he had taught to speak Dutch, and who had something of his own, but had a mind to travel into Europe; and the other a Dutch sailor, whom he had picked up by his fancy, and reposed a great trust in him, and a very honest fellow he was.

This Dutchman was very glad of an acquaintance, because he soon found that we directed our thoughts to Europe also; and as he found we were encumbered with goods only (for we let him know nothing of our money), he readily offered us his assistance

to dispose of as many of them as the place we were in would put off, and his advice what to do with the rest.

While this was doing, William and I consulted what to do with ourselves and what we had; and first, we resolved we would never talk seriously of our measures but in the open fields, where we were sure nobody could hear; so every evening, when the sun began to decline and the air to be moderate we walked out, sometimes this way, sometimes that, to consult of our affairs.

I should have observed that we had new clothed ourselves here, after the Persian-manner, with long vests of silk, a gown or robe of English crimson cloth, very fine and handsome, and had let our beards grow so after the Persian manner that we passed for Persian merchants, in view only, though, by the way, we could not understand or speak one word of the language of Persia, or indeed of any other but English and Dutch; and of the latter I understand very little.

However, the Dutchman supplied all this for us; and as we had resolved to keep ourselves as retired as we could, though there were several English merchants upon the place, yet we never acquainted ourselves with one of them, or exchanged a word with them; by which means we prevented their inquiry of us now, or their giving any intelligence of us, if any news of our landing here should happen to come, which, it was easy for us to know, was possible enough, if any of our comrades fell into bad hands, or by many accidents which we could not foresee.

It was during my being here, for here we stayed near two months, that I grew very thoughtful about my circumstances; not as to the danger, neither indeed were we in any, but were entirely concealed and unsuspected; but I really began to have other thoughts of myself, and of the world, than ever I had before.

William had struck so deep into my unthinking temper with hinting to me that there was something beyond all this; that the present time was the time of enjoyment, but that the time of account approached; that the work that remained was gentler than the labour past, viz., repentance, and that it was high time to think of it; — I say these, and such thoughts as these, engrossed my hours, and, in a word, I grew very sad.

As to the wealth I had, which was immensely great, it was all like dirt under my feet; I had no value for it, no peace in the possession of it, no great concern about me for the leaving of it.

William had perceived my thoughts to be troubled and my mind heavy and oppressed for some time; and one evening, in one of our cool walks, I began with him about the leaving our effects. William was a wise and wary man, and indeed all the prudentials of my conduct had for a long time been owing to his advice, and so now all the methods for preserving our effects, and even ourselves, lay upon him; and he had been telling me of some of the measures he had been taking for our making homeward, and for the security of our wealth, when I took him very short. "Why, William," says I, "dost thou think we shall ever be able to reach Europe with all this cargo that we have about us?"

"Ay," says William, "without doubt, as well as other merchants with theirs, as long as it is not publicly known what quantity or of what value our cargo consists."

"Why, William," says I, smiling, "do you think that if there is a God above, as you have so long been telling me there is, and that we must give an account to Him, — I say, do you think, if He be a righteous Judge, He will let us escape thus with the plunder, as we may call it, of so many innocent people, nay, I might say nations, and not call us to an account for it before we can get to Europe, where we pretend to enjoy it?"

William appeared struck and surprised at the question, and made no answer for a great while; and I repeated the question, adding that it was not to be expected.

After a little pause, says William, "Thou hast started a very weighty question, and I can make no positive answer to it; but I will state it thus: first, it is true that, if we consider the justice of God, we have no reason to expect any protection; but as the ordinary ways of Providence are out of the common road of human affairs, so we may hope for mercy still upon our repentance, and we know not how good He may be to us; so we are to act as if we rather depended upon the last, I mean the merciful part, than claimed the first, which must produce nothing but judgment and vengeance."

"But hark ye, William," says I, "the nature of repentance, as

you have hinted once to me, included reformation; and we can never reform; how, then, can we repent?"

"Why can we never reform?" says William.

"Because," said I, "we cannot restore what we have taken away by rapine and spoil."

"It is true," says William, "we never can do that, for we can never come to the knowledge of the owners."

"But what, then, must be done with our wealth," said I, "the effects of plunder and rapine? If we keep it, we continue to be robbers and thieves; and if we quit it we cannot do justice with it, for we cannot restore it to the right owners."

"Nay," says William, "the answer to it is short. To quit what we have, and do it here, is to throw it away to those who have no claim to it, and to divest ourselves of it, but to do no right with it; whereas we ought to keep it carefully together, with a resolution to do what right with it we are able; and who knows what opportunity Providence may put into our hands to do justice, at least, to some of those we have injured? So we ought, at least, to leave it to Him and go on. As it is, without doubt our present business is to go to some place of safety, where we may wait His will."

This resolution of William was very satisfying to me indeed, as, the truth is, all he said, and at all times, was solid and good; and had not William thus, as it were, quieted my mind, I think, verily, I was so alarmed at the just reason I had to expect vengeance from Heaven upon me for my ill-gotten wealth, that I should have run away from it as the devil's goods, that I had nothing to do with, that did not belong to me, and that I had no right to keep, and was in certain danger of being destroyed for.

However, William settled my mind to more prudent steps than these, and I concluded that I ought, however, to proceed to a place of safety, and leave the event to God Almighty's mercy. But this I must leave upon record, that I had from this time no joy of the wealth I had got. I looked upon it all as stolen, and so indeed the greatest part of it was. I looked upon it as a hoard of other men's goods, which I had robbed the innocent owners of, and which I ought, in a word, to be hanged for here, and damned for hereafter. And now, indeed, I began sincerely to hate myself

for a dog; a wretch that had been a thief and a murderer; a wretch that was in a condition which nobody was ever in; for I had robbed, and though I had the wealth by me, yet it was impossible I should ever make any restitution; and upon this account it ran in my head that I could never repent, for that repentance could not be sincere without restitution, and therefore must of necessity be damned. There was no room for me to escape. I went about with my heart full of these thoughts, little better than a distracted fellow; in short, running headlong into the dreadfulest despair, and premeditating nothing but how to rid myself out of the world; and, indeed, the devil, if such things are of the devil's immediate doing, followed his work very close with me, and nothing lay upon my mind for several days but to shoot myself into the head with my pistol.

I was all this while in a vagrant life, among infidels, Turks, pagans, and such sort of people. I had no minister, no Christian to converse with but poor William. He was my ghostly father or confessor, and he was all the comfort I had. As for my knowledge of religion, you have heard my history. You may suppose I had not much; and as for the Word of God, I do not remember that I ever read a chapter in the Bible in my lifetime. I was little Bob at Bussleton, and went to school to learn my Testament.

However, it pleased God to make William the Quaker everything to me. Upon this occasion, I took him out one evening, as usual, and hurried him away into the fields with me, in more haste than ordinary; and there, in short, I told him the perplexity of my mind, and under what terrible temptations of the devil I had been; that I must shoot myself, for I could not support the weight and terror that was upon me.

"Shoot yourself!" says William; "why, what will that do for you?"

"Why," says I, "it will put an end to a miserable life."

"Well," says William, "are you satisfied the next will be better?"

"No, no," says I; "much worse, to be sure."

"Why, then," says he, "shooting yourself is the devil's motion, no doubt; for it is the devil of a reason, that, because

thou art in an ill case, therefore thou must put thyself into a worse."

This shocked my reason indeed. "Well, but," says I, "there is no bearing the miserable condition I am in."

"Very well," says William; "but it seems there is some bearing a worse condition; and so you will shoot yourself, that you may be past remedy?"

"I am past remedy already," says I.

"How do you know that?" says he.

"I am satisfied of it," said I.

"Well," says he, "but you are not sure; so you will shoot yourself to make it certain; for though on this side death you cannot be sure you will be damned at all, yet the moment you step on the other side of time you are sure of it; for when it is done, it is not to be said then that you will be, but that you are damned."

"Well, but," says William, as if he had been between jest and earnest, "pray, what didst thou dream of last night?"

"Why," said I, "I had frightful dreams all night; and, particularly, I dreamed that the devil came for me, and asked me what my name was; and I told him. Then he asked me what trade I was. 'Trade?' says I; 'I am a thief, a rogue, by my calling: I am a pirate and a murderer, and ought to be hanged.' 'Ay, ay,' says the devil, 'so you do; and you are the man I looked for, and therefore come along with me.' At which I was most horribly frightened, and cried out so that it waked me; and I have been in horrible agony ever since."

"Very well," says William; "come, give me the pistol thou talkedst of just now."

"Why," says I, "what will you do with it?"

"Do with it!" says William. "Why, thou needest not shoot thyself; I shall be obliged to do it for thee. Why, thou wilt destroy us all."

"What do you mean, William?" said I.

"Mean!" said he; "nay, what didst thou mean, to cry out aloud in thy sleep, 'I am a thief, a pirate, a murderer, and ought to be hanged'? Why, thou wilt ruin us all. 'Twas well the Dutchman did not understand English. In short, I must shoot

thee, to save my own life. Come, come," says he, "give me thy pistol."

I confess this terrified me again another way, and I began to be sensible that, if anybody had been near me to understand English, I had been undone. The thought of shooting myself forsook me from that time; and I turned to William, "You disorder me extremely, William," said I; "why, I am never safe, nor is it safe to keep me company. What shall I do? I shall betray you all."

"Come, come, friend Bob," says he, "I'll put an end to it all, if you will take my advice."

"How's that?" said I.

"Why, only," says he, "that the next time thou talkest with the devil, thou wilt talk a little softer, or we shall be all undone, and you too."

This frightened me, I must confess, and allayed a great deal of the trouble of mind I was in. But William, after he had done jesting with me, entered upon a very long and serious discourse with me about the nature of my circumstances, and about repentance; that it ought to be attended, indeed, with a deep abhorrence of the crime that I had to charge myself with; but that to despair of God's mercy was no part of repentance, but putting myself into the condition of the devil; indeed, that I must apply myself with a sincere, humble confession of my crime, to ask pardon of God, whom I had offended, and cast myself upon His mercy, resolving to be willing to make restitution, if ever it should please God to put it in my power, even to the utmost of what I had in the world. And this, he told me, was the method which he had resolved upon himself; and in this, he told me, he had found comfort.

I had a great deal of satisfaction in William's discourse, and it quieted me very much; but William was very anxious ever after about my talking in my sleep, and took care to lie with me always himself, and to keep me from lodging in any house where so much as a word of English was understood.

However, there was not the like occasion afterward; for I was much more composed in my mind, and resolved for the future to live a quite different life from what I had done. As to the wealth

I had, I looked upon it as nothing; I resolved to set it apart to any such opportunity of doing justice as God should put into my hand; and the miraculous opportunity I had afterward of applying some parts of it to preserve a ruined family, whom I had plundered, may be worth reading, if I have room for it in this account.

With these resolutions I began to be restored to some degree of quiet in my mind; and having, after almost three months' stay at Bassorah, disposed of some goods, but having a great quantity left, we hired boats according to the Dutchman's direction, and went up to Bagdad, or Babylon, on the river Tigris, or rather Euphrates. We had a very considerable cargo of goods with us, and therefore made a great figure there, and were received with respect. We had, in particular, two-and-forty bales of Indian stuffs of sundry sorts, silks, muslins, and fine chintz; we had fifteen bales of very fine China silks, and seventy packs or bales of spices, particularly cloves and nutmegs, with other goods. We were bid money here for our cloves, but the Dutchman advised us not to part with them, and told us we should get a better price at Aleppo, or in the Levant; so we prepared for the caravan.

We concealed our having any gold or pearls as much as we could, and therefore sold three or four bales of China silks and Indian calicoes, to raise money to buy camels and to pay the customs which are taken at several places, and for our provisions over the deserts.

I travelled this journey, careless to the last degree of my goods or wealth, believing that, as I came by it all by rapine and violence, God would direct that it should be taken from me again in the same manner; and, indeed, I think I might say I was very willing it should be so. But, as I had a merciful Protector above me, so I had a most faithful steward, counsellor, partner, or whatever I might call him, who was my guide, my pilot, my governor, my everything, and took care both of me and of all we had; and though he had never been in any of these parts of the world, yet he took the care of all upon him; and in about nine-and-fifty days we arrived from Bassorah, at the mouth of the river Tigris or Euphrates, through the desert, and through Aleppo to Alexandria, or, as we call it, Scanderoon, in the Levant.

Here William and I, and the other two, our faithful comrades, debated what we should do; and here William and I resolved to separate from the other two, they resolving to go with the Dutchman into Holland, by the means of some Dutch ship which lay then in the road. William and I told them we resolved to go and settle in the Morea, which then belonged to the Venetians.

It is true we acted wisely in it not to let them know whither we went, seeing we had resolved to separate; but we took our old doctor's directions how to write to him in Holland, and in England, that we might have intelligence from him on occasion, and promised to give him an account how to write to us, which we afterwards did, as may in time be made out.

We stayed here some time after they were gone, till at length, not being thoroughly resolved whither to go till then, a Venetian ship touched at Cyprus, and put in at Scanderoon to look for freight home. We took the hint, and bargaining for our passage, and the freight of our goods, we embarked for Venice, where, in two-and-twenty days, we arrived safe, with all our treasure, and with such a cargo, take our goods and our money and our jewels together, as, I believed, was never brought into the city by two single men, since the state of Venice had a being.

We kept ourselves here *incognito* for a great while, passing for two Armenian merchants still, as we had done before; and by this time we had gotten so much of the Persian and Armenian jargon, which they talked at Baßorah and Bagdad, and everywhere that we came in the country, as was sufficient to make us able to talk to one another, so as not to be understood by anybody, though sometimes hardly by ourselves.

Here we converted all our effects into money, settled our abode as for a considerable time, and William and I, maintaining an inviolable friendship and fidelity to one another, lived like two brothers; we neither had or sought any separate interest; we conversed seriously and gravely, and upon the subject of our repentance continually; we never changed, that is to say, so as to leave off our Armenian garbs; and we were called, at Venice, the two Grecians.

I had been two or three times going to give a detail of our wealth, but it will appear incredible, and we had the greatest

difficulty in the world how to conceal it, being justly apprehensive lest we might be assassinated in that country for our treasure. At length William told me he began to think now that he must never see England any more, and that indeed he did not much concern himself about it; but seeing we had gained so great wealth, and he had some poor relations in England, if I was willing, he would write to know if they were living, and to know what condition they were in, and if he found such of them were alive as he had some thoughts about, he would, with my consent, send them something to better their condition.

I consented most willingly; and accordingly William wrote to a sister and an uncle, and in about five weeks' time received an answer from them both, directed to himself, under cover of a hard Armenian name that he had given himself, viz., Signore Constantine Alexion of Ispahan, at Venice.

It was a very moving letter he received from his sister, who, after the most passionate expressions of joy to hear he was alive, seeing she had long ago had an account that he was murdered by the pirates in the West Indies, entreats him to let her know what circumstances he was in; tells him she was not in any capacity to do anything considerable for him, but that he should be welcome to her with all her heart; that she was left a widow, with four children, but kept a little shop in the Minories, by which she made shift to maintain her family; and that she had sent him five pounds, lest he should want money, in a strange country, to bring him home.

I could see the letter brought tears out of his eyes as he read it; and, indeed, when he showed it to me, and the little bill for five pounds, upon an English merchant in Venice, it brought tears out of my eyes too.

After we had been both affected sufficiently with the tenderness and kindness of this letter, he turns to me; says he, "What shall I do for this poor woman?" I mused a while; at last says I, "I will tell you what you shall do for her. She has sent you five pounds, and she has four children, and herself, that is five; such a sum, from a poor woman in her circumstances, is as much as five thousand pounds is to us; you shall send her a bill of exchange for five thousand pounds English money, and bid her con-

ceal her surprise at it till she hears from you again ; but bid her leave off her shop, and go and take a house somewhere in the country, not far off from London, and stay there, in a moderate figure, till she hears from you again."

"Now," says William, "I perceive by it that you have some thoughts of venturing into England."

"Indeed, William," said I, "you mistake me ; but it presently occurred to me that you should venture, for what have you done that you may not be seen there ? Why should I desire to keep you from your relations, purely to keep me company ?"

William looked very affectionately upon me. "Nay," says he, "we have embarked together so long, and come together so far, I am resolved I will never part with thee as long as I live, go where thou wilt, or stay where thou wilt ; and as for my sister," said William, "I cannot send her such a sum of money, for whose is all this money we have ? It is most of it thine."

"No, William," said I, "there is not a penny of it mine but what is yours too, and I won't have anything but an equal share with you, and therefore you shall send it to her ; if not, I will send it."

"Why," says William, "it will make the poor woman distracted ; she will be so surprised she will go out of her wits."

"Well," said I, "William, you may do it prudently ; send her a bill backed of a hundred pounds, and bid her expect more in a post or two, and that you will send her enough to live on without keeping shop, and then send her more."

Accordingly William sent her a very kind letter, with a bill upon a merchant in London for a hundred and sixty pounds, and bid her comfort herself with the hope that he should be able in a little time to send her more. About ten days after, he sent her another bill of five hundred and forty pounds ; and a post or two after, another for three hundred pounds, making in all a thousand pounds ; and told her he would send her sufficient to leave off her shop, and directed her to take a house as above.

He waited then till he received an answer to all the three letters, with an account that she had received the money, and, which I did not expect, that she had not let any other acquaintance know

that she had received a shilling from anybody, or so much as that he was alive, and would not till she had heard again.

When he showed me this letter, "Well, William," said I, "this woman is fit to be trusted with life or anything; send her the rest of the five thousand pounds, and I'll venture to England with you, to this woman's house, whenever you will."

In a word, we sent her five thousand pounds in good bills; and she received them very punctually, and in a little time sent her brother word that she had pretended to her uncle that she was sickly and could not carry on the trade any longer, and that she had taken a large house about four miles from London, under pretence of letting lodgings for her livelihood; and, in short, intimated as if she understood that he intended to come over to be *incognito*, assuring him he should be as retired as he pleased.

This was opening the very door for us that we thought had been effectually shut for this life; and, in a word, we resolved to venture, but to keep ourselves entirely concealed, both as to name and every other circumstance; and accordingly William sent his sister word how kindly he took her prudent steps, and that she had guessed right that he desired to be retired, and that he obliged her not to increase her figure, but live private, till she might perhaps see him.

He was going to send the letter away. "Come, William," said I, "you shan't send her an empty letter; tell her you have a friend coming with you that must be as retired as yourself, and I'll send her five thousand pounds more."

So, in short, we made this poor woman's family rich; and yet, when it came to the point, my heart failed me, and I durst not venture; and for William, he would not stir without me; and so we stayed about two years after this, considering what we should do.

You may think, perhaps, that I was very prodigal of my ill-gotten goods, thus to load a stranger with my bounty, and give a gift like a prince to one that had been able to merit nothing of me, or indeed know me; but my condition ought to be considered in this case; though I had money to profusion, yet I was perfectly destitute of a friend in the world, to have the least obligation or assistance from, or knew not either where to dispose

or trust anything I had while I lived, or whom to give it to if I died.

When I had reflected upon the manner of my getting of it, I was sometimes for giving it all to charitable uses, as a debt due to mankind, though I was no Roman Catholic, and not at all of the opinion that it would purchase me any repose to my soul; but I thought, as it was got by a general plunder, and which I could make no satisfaction for, it was due to the community, and I ought to distribute it for the general good. But still I was at a loss how, and where, and by whom to settle this charity, not daring to go home to my own country, lest some of my comrades, strolled home, should see and detect me, and for the very spoil of my money, or the purchase of his own pardon, betray and expose me to an untimely end.

Being thus destitute, I say, of a friend, I pitched thus upon William's sister; the kind step of hers to her brother, whom she thought to be in distress, signifying a generous mind and a charitable disposition; and having resolved to make her the object of my first bounty, I did not doubt but I should purchase something of a refuge for myself, and a kind of a centre, to which I should tend in my future actions; for really a man that has a subsistence, and no residence, no place that has a magnetic influence upon his affections, is in one of the most odd, uneasy conditions in the world, nor is it in the power of all his money to make it up to him.

It was, as I told you, two years and upwards that we remained at Venice and thereabout, in the greatest hesitation imaginable, irresolute and unfixed to the last degree. William's sister importuned us daily to come to England, and wondered we should not dare to trust her, whom we had to such a degree obliged to be faithful; and in a manner lamented her being suspected by us.

At last I began to incline; and I said to William, "Come, brother William," said I (for ever since our discourse at Bassorah I called him brother), "if you will agree to two or three things with me, I'll go home to England with all my heart."

Says William, "Let me know what they are."

"Why, first," says I, "you shall not disclose yourself to any of your relations in England but your sister — no, not one;

secondly, we will not shave off our mustachios or beards" (for we had all along worn our beards after the Grecian manner), "nor leave off our long vests, that we may pass for Grecians and foreigners; thirdly, that we shall never speak English in public before anybody, your sister excepted; fourthly, that we will always live together and pass for brothers."

William said he would agree to them all with all his heart, but that the not speaking English would be the hardest, but he would do his best for that too; so, in a word, we agreed to go from Venice to Naples, where we converted a large sum of money into bales of silk, left a large sum in a merchant's hands at Venice, and another considerable sum at Naples, and took bills of exchange for a great deal too; and yet we came with such a cargo to London as few American merchants had done for some years, for we loaded in two ships seventy-three bales of thrown silk, besides thirteen bales of wrought silks, from the duchy of Milan, shipped at Genoa, with all which I arrived safely; and some time after I married my faithful protectress, William's sister, with whom I am much more happy than I deserve.

And now, having so plainly told you that I am come to England, after I have so boldly owned what life I have led abroad, it is time to leave off, and say no more for the present, lest some should be willing to inquire too nicely after your old friend

CAPTAIN BOB.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

VOL. I. LETTER I

MISS ANNA HOWE TO CLARISSA HARLOWE

Jan. 10.

I AM extremely concerned, my dearest friend, for the disturbances that have happened in your family. I know how it must hurt you to become the subject of the public talk: and yet upon an occasion so generally known, it is impossible but that whatever relates to a young lady whose distinguished merits have made her the public care, should engage everybody's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourself; and of the usage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the sufferer was the aggressor.

Mr. Diggs, the surgeon, whom I sent for at the first hearing of the rencounter, to inquire, for *your* sake, how your brother was, told me, that there was no danger from the wound, if there were none from the fever; which it seems had been increased by the perturbation of his spirits.

Mr. Wyerley drank tea with us yesterday; and though he is far from being partial to Mr. Lovelace, as it may be well supposed, yet both he and Mr. Symmes, blame your family for the treatment they gave him when he went in person to inquire after your brother's health, and to express his concern for what had happened.

They say, that Mr. Lovelace could not avoid drawing his sword: and that either your brother's unskilfulness or passion left him from the very first pass entirely in his power.

This, I am told, was what Mr. Lovelace said upon it; retreating as he spoke: "Have a care, Mr. Harlowe — your violence puts you out of your defence. You give me too much advantage. For your sister's sake, I will pass by every thing: — if — "

But this the more provoked his rashness, to lay himself open to the advantage of his adversary — who, after a slight wound given him in the arm, took away his sword.

There are people who love not your brother, because of his natural imperiousness and fierce and uncontrollable temper: these say, that the young gentleman's passion was abated on seeing his blood gush plentifully down his arm; and that he received the generous offices of his adversary (who helped him off with his coat and waistcoat, and bound up his arm; till the surgeon could come) with such patience, as was far from making a visit afterwards from that adversary to inquire after his health, appear either insulting or improper.

Be this as it may, every body pities you. So steady, so uniform in your conduct: so desirous, as you always said, of sliding through life to the end of it unnoted; and, as I may add, not wishing to be observed even for your silent benevolence; sufficiently happy in the noble consciousness which attends it: *rather useful than glaring*, your deserved motto; though now to your regret pushed into blaze, as I may say: and yet blamed at home for the faults of others — how must such a virtue suffer on every hand! — Yet it must be allowed, that your present trial is but proportioned to your prudence.

As all your friends without doors are apprehensive that some other unhappy event may result from so violent a contention, in which it seems the families on both sides are now engaged, I must desire you to enable me, on the authority of your own information, to do you occasional justice.

My mother, and all of us, like the rest of the world, talk of nobody but you on this occasion, and of the consequences which may follow from the resentments of a man of Mr. Lovelace's spirit; who, as he gives out, has been treated with high indignity by your uncles. My mother will have it, that you cannot now, with any decency, either see him, or correspond with him. She is a good deal prepossessed by your uncle Antony; who occasionally calls upon us, as you know; and on this rencounter, has represented to her the crime which it would be in a sister to encourage a man who is to wade into her favour (this was his expression) through the blood of her brother.

Write to me therefore, my dear, the whole of your story from the time that Mr. Lovelace was first introduced into your family; and particularly an account of all that passed between him and your sister; about which there are different reports; some people scrupling not to insinuate that the younger sister has stolen a lover from the elder: and pray write in so full a manner as may satisfy those who know not so much of your affairs as I do. If any thing unhappy should fall out from the violence of such spirits as you have to deal with, your account of all things *previous* to it will be your best justification.

You see what you draw upon yourself by excelling all your sex. Every individual of it who knows you, or has heard of you, seems to think you answerable to *her* for your conduct in points so very delicate and concerning.

Every eye, in short, is upon you with the expectation of an example. I wish to heaven you were at liberty to pursue your own methods: all would then, I dare say, be easy, and honourably ended. But I dread your directors and directresses; for your mother, admirably well qualified as she is to lead, must submit to be led. Your sister and brother will certainly put you out of your course.

But this is a point you will not permit me to expatiate upon: pardon me therefore, and I have done. — Yet, why should I say, pardon me? When your concerns are my concerns? When your honour is my honour? When I love you, as never woman loved another? And when you have allowed of that concern and of that love; and have for years, which in persons so young may be called many, ranked in the first class of your friends,

Your ever grateful and affectionate,

ANNA HOWE.

Will you oblige me with a copy of the preamble to the clauses in your grandfather's will in your favour; and allow me to send it to my aunt Harman? — She is very desirous to see it. Yet your character has so charmed her, that, though a stranger to you personally, she assents to the preference given you in that will, before she knows the testator's reasons for giving you that preference.

LETTER VII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

[After her return from her.¹]

Harlowe Place, Feb. 20.

I BEG*your excuse for not writing sooner ! Alas, my dear, I have sad prospects before me ! My brother and sister have succeeded in all their views. They have found out another lover for me ; an hideous one ! — Yet he is encouraged by every body. No wonder that I was ordered home so suddenly. It was for fear, as I have been informed [an unworthy fear !] that I should have entered into any concert with Mr. Lovelace, had I known their motive for commanding me home ; apprehending, 'tis evident, that I should dislike the man they had to propose to me.

And well might they apprehend so : — for who do you think he is ? — No other than that *Solmes* ! — Could you have believed it ? — And they are all determined too ; my mother with the rest ! — Dear, dear excellence ! how could she be thus brought over, when I am assured, that on his first being proposed she was pleased to say, That had Mr. Solmes the *Indies* in possession, and would endow me with them, she would not think him deserving of her Clarissa !

The reception I met with at my return, so different from what I used to meet with on every little absence, (and now I had been from them three weeks) convinced me that I was to suffer for the happiness I had had in your company and conversation, for that most agreeable period. I will give you an account of it.

My brother met me at the door, and gave me his hand when I stepped out of the chariot. He bowed very low : “ Pray, Miss, favour me ” — I thought it in good humour ; but found it afterwards mock respect : and so he led me in great form, I prattling all the way, inquiring of every body's health, (although I was so soon to see them, and there was hardly time for answers) into the great parlour ; where were my father, mother, my two uncles, and sister.

¹ Author's note.

I was struck to the heart as soon as I entered, to see a solemnity. They all kept their seats. I ran to my father, and kneeled : then to my mother : and met from both a cold salute : from my father a blessing but half pronounced : my mother indeed called me child ; but embraced me not with her usual indulgent ardour.

After I had paid my duty to my uncles, and my compliments to my sister, which she received with solemn and stiff form, I was bid to sit down. But my heart was full : and I said it became me to stand, if I *could* stand, upon a reception so awful and unusual. I was forced to turn my face from them, and pull out my handkerchief.

My unbrotherly accuser hereupon stood forth, and charged me with having received no less than *five or six visits* at Miss Howe's from the man they had all so much reason to hate [that was the expression ;] notwithstanding the commands I had had to the contrary. And he bid me deny it, if I could.

I had never been used, I said, to deny the truth, nor would I now. I owned I had in the three weeks past seen the person I presumed he meant, *oftener* than five or six times. [Pray hear me, brother, said I, for he was going to flame out.] But he always asked for Mrs. or Miss Howe, when he came.

You see, my dear, I made not the pleas I might have made.

My brother seemed ready to give a loose to his passion : my father put on the countenance which always portends a gathering storm : my uncles mutteringly whispered : and my sister aggravatingly held up her hands. While I begged to be heard out ; — and my mother said, "Let the *child*," that was her kind word, "be heard."

* * * * *

And my uncle *Antony*, in his rougher manner, added, that surely I would not give them reason to apprehend, that I thought my grandfather's favour¹ to me had made me independent of them all. — If I did, he would tell me, the will *could* be set aside, and *should*.

I did not know, I said, that I had given occasion for this harsh-

¹ Her grandfather, as an inducement to her to make him frequent visits, had fitted up a dairy house for her on his own estate.

ness. I hoped I should always have a just sense of every one's favour to me, superadded to the duty I owed as a daughter and a niece: but that I was so much surprised at a reception so unusual and unexpected, that I hoped my papa and mamma would give me leave to retire, in order to recollect myself.

No one gainsaying, I made my silent compliments, and withdrew; — leaving my brother and sister, as I thought, pleased; and as if they wanted to congratulate each other on having occasioned so severe a beginning to be made with me.

I went up to my chamber, and there with my faithful Hannah deplored the determined face which the new proposal, it was plain they had to make me, wore.

I had not recovered myself when I was sent for down to tea. I begged by my maid to be excused attending; but on the repeated command, went down with as much cheerfulness as I could assume.

Mr. Solmes came in before we had done tea. My uncle Antony presented him to me, as a gentleman he had a particular friendship for. My uncle Harlowe in terms equally favourable for him. My father said, Mr. Solmes is my friend, Clarissa Harlowe. My mother looked at him, and looked at me, now and then, as he sat near me, I thought with concern. — I at *her*, with eyes appealing for pity. At *him*, when I could glance at him, with disgust little short of affrightment. While my brother and sister Mr. *Solmes*'d him, and *sir*'d him up, at every word. So caressed, in short, by all; — yet such a wretch! — But I will at present only add, my humble thanks and duty to your honoured mother (to whom I will particularly write, to express the grateful sense I have of her goodness to me); and that I am

Your ever obliged

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Feb. 24.

THEY drive on here at a furious rate. The man lives here, I think. He courts them, and is more and more a favourite. Such terms! such settlements! That's the cry.

Hitherto, I seem to be delivered over to my brother, who pretends as great love to me as ever.

My father and mother industriously avoid giving me opportunity of speaking to them alone.

I have already stood the shock of three of this man's particular visits, besides my share in his more general ones; and find it is impossible I should ever endure him. He has but a very ordinary share of understanding; is very illiterate; knows nothing but the value of estates, and how to improve them, and what belongs to land-jobbing and husbandry. Yet am I as one stupid, I think. They have begun so cruelly with me, that I have not spirit enough to assert my own negative.

* * * * *

Meantime it has been signified to me, that it will be acceptable if I do not think of going to church next Sunday.

The same signification was made me for last Sunday; and I obeyed. They are apprehensive that Mr. Lovelace will be there with design to come home with me.

Help me, dear Miss Howe, to a little of your charming spirit: I never more wanted it.

* * * * *

Feb. 25, in the evening.

What my brother and sister have said against me I cannot tell: — but I am in heavy disgrace with my father.

I was sent for down to tea. I went with a very cheerful aspect: but had occasion soon to change it.

Such a solemnity in every body's countenance! My mother's eyes were fixed upon the tea-cups; and when she looked up, it was heavily, as if her eyelids had weights upon them; and then not to me. My father sat half-aside in his elbow-chair, that his head might be turned from me, his hands clasped, and waving, as it were, up and down; his fingers, poor dear gentleman! in motion, as if angry to the very ends of them. My sister sat swelling. My brother looked at me with scorn, having measured me, as I may say, with his eyes as I entered, from head to foot. My aunt was there, and looked upon me as if with kindness re-

strained, bending coldly to my compliment to her as she sat; and then cast an eye first on my brother, then on my sister, as if to give the reason [so I am willing to construe it] of her unusual stiffness:—Bless me, my dear! that they should choose to intimidate rather than invite a mind, till now, not thought either unpersuadable or ungenerous!

I took my seat. Shall I make tea, madam, to my mother?—I always used, you know, my dear, to make tea.

No! a very short sentence, in one very short word, was the expressive answer. And she took the canister in her own hand.

My brother bid the footman who attended leave the room; I, said he, will give the water.

My heart was in agitation, I did not know what to do with myself. What is to follow? thought I.

Just after the second dish, out stepped my mother—A word with you, sister Hervey! taking her hand. Presently my sister dropt away. Then my brother. And I was left alone with my father.

He looked so very sternly, that my heart failed me as twice or thrice I would have addressed myself to him: nothing but solemn silence on all sides having passed before.

At last, I asked, If it were his pleasure that I should pour him out another dish.

He answered me with the same angry monosyllable, which I had received from my mother before; and then arose, and walked about the room. I arose too, with intent to throw myself at his feet; but was too much overawed by his sternness, even to make such an expression of my duty to him as my heart overflowed with.

At last, as he supported himself, because of his gout, on the back of a chair, I took a little more courage; and approaching him, besought him to acquaint me in what I had offended him.

He turned from me, and in a strong voice, Clarissa Harlowe, said he, know that I will be obeyed.

God forbid, sir, that you should not!—I have never yet opposed your will—

Nor I your whimsies, Clarissa Harlowe, interrupted he.—

Don't let me run the fate of all who shew indulgence to your sex; to be the more contradicted for mine to you.

My father, you know, my dear, has not (any more than my brother) a kind opinion of our sex; although there is not a more condescending wife in the world than my mother.

I was going to make protestations of duty — No protestations, girl! No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I *will* have no child, but an obedient one.

Sir, you never had reason, I hope —

Tell me not what I never *had*, but what I *have*, and what I *shall* have.

Good sir, be pleased to hear me — My brother and my sister, I fear —

Your brother and sister shall not be spoken against, girl! — They have a just concern for the honour of my family.

And I hope, sir —

Hope nothing. — Tell me not of *hopes*, but of *facts*. I ask nothing of you but what is in your *power* to comply with, and what it is your *duty* to comply with.

Then, sir, I *will* comply with it — But yet I hope from your goodness —

No expostulations! no *buts*, girl! no qualifyings! I will be obeyed, I tell you; and cheerfully too! — or you are no child of mine!

I wept.

Let me beseech you, my dear and ever-honoured papa (and I dropt down on my knees) that I may have only yours and my mamma's will, and not my brother's, to obey.

I was going on; but he was pleased to withdraw, leaving me on the floor; saying, that he would not hear me thus by subtilty and cunning aiming, to distinguish away my duty; repeating, that he *would* be obeyed.

My heart is too full! — so full, that it may endanger my duty, were I to try to unburden it to you on this occasion: so I will lay down my pen. — But can — Yet, positively, I *will* lay down my pen!

LETTER XXXI

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Monday, March 13.

IN vain dost thou ¹ and thy compeers press me to go to town, while I am in such an uncertainty as I am in at present with this proud beauty. All the ground I have hitherto gained with her, is entirely owing to her concern for the safety of people whom I have reason to hate.

Write then, thou biddest me, if I will not come: that, indeed, I can do; and as well without a subject as with one. And what follows shall be a proof of it.

The lady's malevolent brother has now, as I told thee at M. Hall, introduced another man; the most unpromising in his person and qualities, the most formidable in his offers that has yet appeared.

This man has by his proposals captivated every soul of the Harlowes — *Soul!* did I say — There is not a soul among them but my charmer's: and she, withstanding them all, is actually confined, and otherwise maltreated by a father the most gloomy and positive; at the instigation of a brother the most arrogant and selfish — But thou knowest their characters; and I will not therefore sully my paper with them.

But is it not a confounded thing to be in love with one, who is the daughter, the sister, the niece, of a family I must eternally despise? And, the devil of it, that love increasing with her — what shall I call it? — 'Tis not scorn: — 'tis not pride; — 'tis not the insolence of an adored beauty: — but 'tis to *virtue*, it seems, that my difficulties are owing; and I pay for not being a sly sinner, an hypocrite; for being regardless of my reputation; for permitting slander to open its mouth against me. But is it necessary for such a one as I, who have been used to carry all before me, upon my own terms — I, who never inspired a fear, that had not a discernibly predominant mixture of love in it; to be an hypocrite?

¹ These gentlemen affected what they called the Roman style (to wit, the *thee* and the *thou*) in their letters: and it was an agreed rule with them, to take in good part whatever freedoms they treated each other with, if the passages were written in that style. [Author's note.]

Well, but it seems I must *practise* for this art, if I would succeed with this truly admirable creature; but why *practise* for it? — Cannot I *indeed* reform? — I have but *one* vice; — have I, Jack? — Thou knowest my heart, if any man living does. As far as I know it myself, thou knowest it. But 'tis a cursed deceiver; for it has many and many a time imposed upon its master — *Master*, did I say? That am I not now; nor have I been from the moment I beheld this angel of a woman. Prepared indeed as I was by her character before I saw her: for what a mind must that be, which though not virtuous itself, admires not virtue in another? — My visit to Arabella, owing to a mistake of the sisters, into which, as thou hast heard me say, I was led by the blundering uncle; who was to introduce *me* (but lately come from abroad) to the *divinity*, as I thought; but, instead of her, carried me to a *mere mortal*. And much difficulty had I, so fond and so forward my lady! to get off without forfeiting all with a family that I intended should give me a goddess.

I have boasted that I was once in love before: — and indeed I thought I was. It was in my early manhood — with that quality-jilt, whose infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon as many of the sex as shall come into my power. I believe, in different climes, I have already sacrificed an hecatomb to my Nemesis, in pursuance of this vow.

But now am I *indeed* in love. I can think of nothing, of nobody, but the divine Clarissa Harlowe — *Harlowe?* — How that hated word sticks in my throat.

* * * * *

Dost thou think, that if it were not from the hope, that this stupid family are all combined to do my work for me, I would bear their insults? — Is it possible to imagine, that I would be braved as I am braved, threatened as I am threatened, by those who are afraid to see me; and by this brutal brother too, to whom I gave a life [a life, indeed, not worth my taking!]; had I not a greater pride in knowing, that by means of his very spy upon me, I am playing him off as I please; cooling or inflaming his violent passions as may best suit my purposes; permitting so much to be revealed of my life and actions, and intentions,

as may give him such a confidence in his double-faced agent, as shall enable me to dance his employer upon my own wires?

And what my motive, dost thou ask? No less than this, that my beloved shall find no protection out of my family: for, if I know *hers*, fly she must, or have the man she hates. This, therefore, if I take my measures right, and my familiar fail me not, will secure her mine in spite of them all; in spite of her own inflexible heart: mine, without condition; without reformation promises; without the necessity of a siege of years, perhaps; and to be even then, after wearing the guise of merit-doubting hypocrisy, at an uncertainty, upon a probation unapproved of — Then shall I have all the rascals and rascalleesses of the family come creeping to me: I prescribing to me; and bringing that sordidly imperious brother to kneel at the footstool of my throne.

All my fear arises from the little hold I have in the heart of this charming frost-piece: such a constant glow upon her lovely features: eyes so sparkling: limbs so divinely turned: health so florid: youth so blooming: air so animated — To have an heart so impenetrable: and *I*, the hitherto successful Lovelace, the addresser — How can it be?

By this incoherent ramble thou wilt gather, that I am not likely to come up in haste; since I must endeavour first to obtain some assurance from the beloved of my soul, that I shall not be sacrificed to such a wretch as Solmes! Woe be to the fair-one, if ever she be *driven* into my power (for I despair of a voluntary impulse in my favour) and I find a difficulty in obtaining this security.

That her indifference to me is not owing to the superior liking she has for *any* other, is what rivets my chains: but take care, fair-one: take care, O thou most exalted of female minds, and loveliest of persons, how thou debasest thyself by encouraging such a competition as thy sordid relations have set on foot in mere malice to me!

* * * * *

Thus, Jack, as thou desirest, have I written. — Written upon something; upon nothing; upon revenge, which I love; upon love, which I hate, *heartily* hate, because 'tis my master: and upon

the devil knows what besides: — for looking back, I am amazed at the length of it. *Thou* mayest read it: *I* would not for a king's ransom — But so as I do *but* write, thou sayest thou wilt be pleased.

Be pleased then. I *command* thee to be pleased: if not for the writer's or written sake, for thy word's sake. And so in the royal style (for am I not likely to be thy king and thy emperor in the great affair before us?) I bid thee very heartily Farewell.

LETTER LII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Thursday night, March 23.

I SEND you the boasted confutation letter, just now put into my hands — My brother and sister, my uncle Antony and Mr. Solmes, are, I understand, exulting over the copy of it below, as an unanswerable performance.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

ONCE again, my inflexible sister, I write to you. It is to let you know, that the pretty piece of art you found out to make me the vehicle of your whining pathetics to your father and mother, has not had the expected effect.

I do assure you, that your behaviour has not been misrepresented — nor need it. Your mother, who is solicitous to take all opportunities of putting the most favourable constructions upon all you do, has been forced, as you well know, to give you up, upon full trial: no need then of the expedient of pursuing your needleworks in her sight. She cannot bear your whining pranks: and it is for *her* sake, that you are not permitted to come into her presence — nor will be, but upon her own terms.

You had like to have made a simpleton of your aunt Hervey yesterday: she came down from you, pleading in your favour; but when she was asked, what concession she had brought you to? she looked about her, and knew not what to answer. So your mother, when surprised into the beginning of your cunning address to her and to your father, under my name (for I had

begun to read it, little suspecting such an *ingenious* subterfuge) and would then make me read it through, wrung her hands, Oh ! her dear child, her dear child, must not be so compelled ! — But when she was asked, whether she would be willing to have for her son-in-law the man who bids defiance to her whole family ; and who had like to have murdered her son ? And what concessions she had gained from her dear child to merit this tenderness ? And that for one who had apparently deceived her in assuring her that her heart *was free* ? — Then could she look about her, as her sister had done before : then was she again brought to herself, and to a resolution to assert her authority [Not to *transfer* it, witty presumer !] over the rebel who of late has so ingratelully struggled to throw it off.

You seem, child, to have a high notion of the matrimonial duty ; and I'll warrant, like the rest of your sex (one or two, whom I have the honour to know, excepted) that you will go to church to promise what you will never think of afterwards.

* * * * *

I have written a longer letter, than ever I designed to write to you, after the insolent treatment and prohibition you have given me : and, now I am commissioned to tell you, that your friends are as weary of confining you, as you are of being confined. And therefore you must prepare yourself to go in a very few days, as you have been told before, to your uncle Antony's ; who, notwithstanding your apprehensions, will draw up his bridge when he pleases ; will see what company he pleases in his own house ; nor will he demolish his chapel to cure you of your foolish late commenced antipathy to a place of divine worship. — The more foolish, as, if we intended to use force, we could have the ceremony pass in your chamber, as well as any where else.

Prejudice against Mr. Solmes has evidently blinded you, and there is a *charitable* necessity to open your eyes : since no one but you thinks the gentleman so contemptible in his *person* ; nor, for a plain country gentleman, who has too much solid sense to appear like a coxcomb, justly blameable in his *manners* — And as to his *temper*, it is necessary you should speak upon fuller knowledge, than at present it is plain you can have of him.

Upon the whole, it will not be amiss, that you prepare for your speedy removal, as well for the sake of your own conveniency, as to shew your readiness, in *one* point, at least, to oblige your friends; one of whom you may, if you please to deserve it, reckon, though *but* a brother,

JAMES HARLOWE.

P.S. If you are disposed to see Mr. Solmes, and to make some excuses to him for your past conduct, in order to be able to meet him *somewhere else* with the less concern to yourself for your freedoms with him; he shall attend you where you please.

If you have a mind to read the settlements, before they are read to you for your signing, they shall be sent you up — Who knows, but they will help you to some fresh objections? — Your heart is *free*, you know — It *must* — For, did you not tell your mother it was? And will the *pious* Clarissa fib to her mamma?

I desire no reply. The case requires none. Yet I will ask you, have you, miss, no more proposals to make?

I was so vexed when I came to the end of this letter (the post-script to which, perhaps, might be written after the others had seen the letter) that I took up my pen, with an intent to write to my uncle Harlowe about resuming my own estate, in pursuance of your advice: but my heart failed me when I recollected, that I had not one friend to stand by or support me in my claim; and that it would but the more incense them, without answering any good end. O that my cousin were but come!

Is it not a sad thing, beloved as I thought myself so lately by every one, that now I have not one person in the world to plead for me, to stand by me, or who would afford me refuge, were I to be under the necessity of seeking for it!

I don't know what to do, not I! — God forgive me, but I am very impatient! I wish — but I don't know what to wish, without a sin! — Yet I wish it would please God to take me to his mercy! — I can meet with none here — What a world is this?

But it is time to lay down my pen, since my ink runs nothing but gall.

LETTER LXXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Friday, 4 o'clock.

I AM really ill. I was used to make the best of any little accidents that befel me, for fear of making my *then* affectionate friends uneasy: but now I shall make the worst of my indisposition, in hopes to obtain a suspension of the threatened evil of Wednesday next. And if I do obtain it, will postpone my appointment with Mr. Lovelace.¹

Betty has told them that I am very much indisposed. But I have no pity from any body.

I believe, I am become the object of every one's aversion, and that they would all be glad I were dead. Indeed, I believe it. "What ails the perverse creature?" cries one. — "Is she love-sick?" another.

I was in the ivy summer-house, and came out shivering with cold, as if aguishly affected. Betty observed this, and reported it. — "O, no matter! — Let her shiver on! — Cold cannot hurt her. Obstinacy will defend her from harm. Perverseness is a bracer to a love-sick girl, and more effectual than the cold bath to make hardy, although the constitution be ever so tender."

This said by a cruel brother, and heard said by the dearer friends of one, for whom, but a few months ago, every body was apprehensive at the least blast of wind to which she exposed herself!

Betty, it must be owned, has an admirable memory on these occasions. Nothing of this nature is lost by her repetition: even the very air with which she repeats what she hears said, renders it unnecessary to ask, who spoke this or that severe thing.

Friday, 6 o'clock.

My aunt, who again stays all night, has just left me. She came to tell me the result of my friends' deliberations about me. It is this:

¹ In a letter to Lovelace she had agreed to try to meet him in the garden, in order to discuss the possibility of his aunts' affording her protection.

Next Wednesday morning they are all to be assembled: to wit, my father, mother, my uncles, herself, and my uncle Hervey; my brother and sister of course: My good Mrs. Norton¹ is likewise to be admitted: and Dr. Lewen is to be at hand, to exhort me, it seems, if there be occasion: but my aunt is not certain whether he is to be among them, or to tarry till called in.

When this awful court is assembled, the poor prisoner is to be brought in, supported by Mrs. Norton; who is to be first tutored to instruct me in the duty of a child; which it seems I have forgotten.

Nor is the success at all doubted, my aunt says: since it is not believed that I can be hardened enough to withstand the expostulations of so venerable a judicature, although I have withstood those of several of them separately. And still the less, as she hints at *extraordinary condescensions from my father*. But what condescensions, from even my father, can induce me to make such a sacrifice as is expected from me?

Yet my spirits will never bear up, I doubt, at such a tribunal — my father presiding in it.

Indeed I expected, that my trials would not be at an end till he had admitted me into his awful presence.

What is hoped from me, she says, is, That I will cheerfully, on Tuesday night, if not before, sign the articles: and so turn the succeeding day's solemn convention into a day of festivity. I am to have the licence sent me up, however, and once more the settlements, that I may see how much in earnest they are.

She further hinted, that my father himself would bring up the settlements for me to sign.

O my dear! what a trial will this be! — How shall I be able to refuse to my father the writing of my name? — To my father, from whose presence I have been so long banished! — He commanding and entreating, perhaps, in a breath! — How shall I be able to refuse this to my father!

* * * * *

¹ Mrs. Norton had been Clarissa's nurse.

LETTER LXXXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Sat. morn. 8 o'clock, (April 8.)

WHETHER you will blame me or not, I cannot tell, but I have deposited a letter confirming my resolution to leave this house on Monday next. I have not kept a copy of it. But this is the substance :

I tell him, "That I have no way to avoid the determined resolution of my friends in behalf of Mr. Solmes, but by abandoning this house by his assistance."

I have not pretended to make a merit with him on this score ; for I plainly tell him, "That could I, *without an unpardonable sin*, die when I *would*, I would sooner make death my choice, than take a step, which all the world, if not my own heart, will condemn me for taking."

I tell him, "That I shall not try to bring any other clothes with me, than those I shall have on ; and those but my common wearing-apparel ; lest I should be suspected. That I must expect to be denied the possession of my estate. That, therefore, he will have nothing to hope for from this step, *that he had not before* : and that in every light I reserve to myself to *accept or refuse his address, as his behaviour and circumspection shall appear to me to deserve*."

I tell him, "That I think it best to go into a private lodging, in the neighbourhood of Lady Betty Lawrence ; and not to her ladyship's house ; that *he shall instantly leave me*, and (as he had promised) not come near me, but by my leave.

"That if I find myself in danger of being discovered, and carried back by violence, I will then throw myself directly into the protection either of Lady Betty or Lady Sarah.¹

"That I must, however, plainly tell him, that if in this treaty my friends *insist upon my resolving against marrying him*, I will *engage to comply with them* ; provided they will allow me to promise him, *that I will never be the wife of any other man while he remains single, or is living* : that this is a compliment I am willing

¹ Relatives of Lovelace's, known to Clarissa only through his reports.

to pay him in return for the trouble and pains he has taken, and the usage he has met with, on my account.

O my dear Miss Howe ! — what a sad, sad thing is the necessity, forced upon me, for all this preparation and contrivance ! — But it is now too late ! — But how ? — *Too late*, did I say ? — What a word is *that* ! — what a dreadful thing, *were* I to repent, to *find* it to be too late to remedy the apprehended evil !

Saturday, 10 o'clock.

MR. SOLMES is here. He is to dine with his new relations, as Betty tells me he already calls them.

He would have thrown himself in my way once more: but I hurried up to my prison, in my return from my garden-walk, to avoid him.

* * * * *

Let me have your prayers, my dear; and your approbation, or your censure, of the steps I have taken: for yet it may not be quite too late to revoke the appointment. I am

Your most affectionate and faithful,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Sunday morning, April 9.

* * * * *

I resolve then, upon the whole, to stand this one trial of Wednesday next — or, perhaps, I should rather say, of Tuesday evening, if my father hold his purpose, of endeavouring, in person, to make me *read* or *hear* read, and then *sign*, the settlements. — *That, that* must be the greatest trial of all.

If I am compelled to sign them over-night — then (the Lord bless me !) must all I dread follow, as of course, on Wednesday. If I can prevail upon them by my prayers [perhaps I shall fall into fits; for the very first appearance of my father, after having

been so long banished his presence, will greatly affect me — if, I say, I can prevail upon them by my prayers] to lay aside their views; or to suspend the day, if but for one week; if *not*, but for two or three days; still Wednesday will be a lighter day of trial. They will surely give me time to *consider*, to *argue* with myself. This will not be *promising*. As I have made no effort to get away, they have no reason to suspect me; so I may have an opportunity, in the last resort, to withdraw. Mrs. Norton is to be with me: she, although she should be chidden for it, will in my extremity plead for me. My aunt Hervey *may*, in such an extremity, join with her. Perhaps my mother may be brought over. I will kneel to each, one by one, to make a friend. Some of them have been afraid to see me, lest they should be moved in my favour: does not this give me a reasonable hope that I *may* move them? My brother's counsel, heretofore given, to turn me out of doors to my evil destiny, may again be repeated, and may prevail. *Then* shall I be in no *worse* case than *now*, as to the displeasure of my friends; and thus far *better*, that it will not be my fault that I seek another protection: which even *then* ought to be my cousin Morden's rather than Mr. Lovelace's, or any other person's.

My heart, in short, misgives me less, when I resolve *this* way, than when I think of the *other*; and in so strong and involuntary a bias, the *heart* is, as I may say, *conscience*. And well cautions the wise man: "Let the counsel of thine own heart stand; for there is no man more faithful to thee than it: for a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen, that sit above in a high tower."¹

Forgive these indigested self-reasonings. I will close here: and instantly set about a letter of revocation to Mr. Lovelace; take it as he will. It will only be another trial of temper to *him*. To *me* of infinite importance. And has he not promised temper and acquiescence, on the supposition of a change in my mind?

¹ Eccus. xxxvii. 13, 14. [Author's note.]

LETTER LXXXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Sunday morning, (April 9.)

* * * * *

Nine o'clock.

My cousin Dolly Hervey slid the inclosed letter into my hand, as I passed by her coming out of the garden.

DEAREST MADAM,

I HAVE got intelligence from one who pretends to know every thing, that you must be married on Wednesday morning to Mr. Solmes. Perhaps, however, she says this only to vex me; for it is that saucy creature Betty Barnes. A licence is got as she says: and so far she went as to tell me (bidding me say nothing; but she knew I would) that Mr. Brand is to marry you; for Dr. Lewen, I hear, refuses, unless your consent can be obtained; and they have heard that he does not approve of their proceedings against you. Mr. Brand, I am told, is to have his fortune made by uncle Harlowe and among them.

You will know better than I what to make of all these matters; for sometimes I think Betty tells me things as if I should not tell you, and yet expects that I will.¹ For there is great whispering between Miss Harlowe and her; and I have observed that when their whispering is over, Betty comes and tells me something by way of secret. She and all the world know how much I love you: and so I would *have* them. It is an honour to me to love a young lady who is, and ever was, an honour to all her family, let them say what they will.

But from a more certain authority than Betty's I can assure you (but I must beg of you to burn this letter) that you are to be searched once more for letters, and for pen and ink; for they know you write. Something they pretend to have come at from

¹It is easy for such of the readers as have been attentive to Mr. Lovelace's manner of working, to suppose, from this hint of Miss Hervey's, that he had instructed his double-faced agent to put his sweetheart Betty upon alarming Miss Hervey, in hopes she would alarm her beloved cousin (as we see she does,) in order to keep her steady to her appointment with him. [Author's note.]

one of Mr. Lovelace's servants, which they hope to make something of. I know not for certain what it is. He must be a very vile and wicked man, who would boast of a lady's favour to him, and reveal secrets. But Mr. Lovelace, I dare say, is too much of a gentleman to be guilty of such ingratitude.

Then they have a notion, from that false Betty I believe, that you intend to take something to make yourself sick; and so they will search for phials and powders, and such like.

If nothing shall be found that will increase their suspicions, you are to be used more kindly by your papa when you appear before them all than he of late has used you.

Yet, sick, or well, alas! my dear cousin! you must be married. But your husband is to go home every night without you till you are reconciled to him. And so illness can be no pretence to save you.

They are sure you will make a good wife. So would not I, unless I liked my husband. And Mr. Solmes is always telling them how he will purchase your love by rich presents. — A sycophant man! — I wish he and Betty Barnes were to come together, and he would beat her every day.

After what I have told you, I need not advise you to secure every thing you would not have seen.

Once more let me beg that you will burn this letter: and pray, dearest madam, do not take any thing that may prejudice your health: for that will not do. I am

Your truly loving cousin,

D. H.

LETTER XCI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

St. Alban's, Tuesday morn. past one.

O MY DEAREST FRIEND!

AFTER what I had resolved upon, as by my former, what shall I write? What *can* I? With what consciousness, even by *letter*, do I approach you? — You will soon hear (if already you have not heard from the mouth of common fame) that your Clarissa Harlowe is gone off with a man!

O my dearest friend! — But I must make the best of it. I hope that will not be very bad! Yet am I convinced, that I did a rash and inexcusable thing in meeting him; and all his tenderness, all his vows, cannot pacify my inward reproaches on that account.

Adieu, my dearest friend! — I beseech you to love me still — but alas! what will your mother say? — What will mine? —

I cannot at present tell you how, or where, you can direct to me. For very early shall I leave this place; harassed and fatigued to death. Once more adieu. Pity and pray for

Your

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XCII

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

Tuesday, 9 o'clock.

I WRITE, because you enjoin me to do so. Love you still! — How can I help it, if I would? You may believe how I stand aghast, your letter communicating the first news — good God of heaven and earth! — But what shall I say? — I am all impatience for particulars.

Let me now repeat my former advice — if you are *not* married by this time, be sure delay not the ceremony. Since things are as they are, I wish it were thought that you were privately married before you went away.

* * * * *

I send what you write for. If there be any thing else you want that is in my power, command without reserve

Your ever affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

VOL. II. LETTER III

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tuesday, Wed. Apr. 11, 12.

You claim my promise, that I will be as particular as possible, in all that passes between me and my goddess.

* * * * *

I told thee my reasons for not going in search of a letter of countermand. I was right; for if I had, I should have found such a one; and had I received it, she would not have met me.

The moment I heard the door unbolt, I was sure of her. But when that was followed with the presence of my charmer, flashing upon me all at once in a flood of brightness, sweetly dressed, though all unprepared for a journey, I trod air, and hardly thought myself a mortal.

Expect therefore a faint sketch of her admirable person with her dress.

Her wax-like flesh (for after all, flesh and blood I think she is) by its delicacy and firmness, answers for the soundness of her health. Thou hast often heard me launch out in praise of her complexion. I never in my life beheld a skin so *illustriously fair*. The lily and the driven snow it is nonsense to talk of: her lawn and her laces one might indeed compare to those: but what a whited wall would a woman appear to be, who had a complexion which would justify such unnatural comparisons? But this lady is all glowing, all charming flesh and blood: yet so clear, that every meandering vein is to be seen.

Thou hast heard me also describe the wavy ringlets of her shining hair, needing neither art nor powder; of itself an ornament, defying all other ornaments: wantoning in and about a neck that is beautiful beyond description.

Her head-dress was a Brussels-lace cap, peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features. A sky-blue ribband illustrated that. But although the weather was somewhat sharp, she had not on either hat or cloakhood; for besides that she loves to use herself hardily, she seems to have intended to shew me, that she was determined not to stand to her appointment. O Jack! that such a sweet girl should be a rogue!

Her gown was a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy: the cuffs and robings curiously embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming Arachne, in a running pattern of violets and their leaves; the light in the flowers silver; gold in the leaves. A pair of diamond snaps in her ears.

Her ruffles were the same as her cap. Her apron a flowered

lawn. Her coat white satin, quilted: blue satin her shoes, braided with the same colour, without lace; for what need has the prettiest foot in the world of ornament? neat buckles in them: and on her charming arms a pair of black velvet glove-like muffs of her own invention; for she makes and gives fashions as she pleases. — Her hands velvet of themselves, thus uncovered the freer to be grasped by those of her adorer.

I have told thee what were *my* transports, when the undrawn bolt presented to me my long-expected goddess. — *Her* emotions were more sweetly feminine, after the first moments; for then the fire of her starry eyes began to sink into a less dazzling languor. She trembled: nor knew she how to support the agitations of a heart she had never found so ungovernable. She was even fainting, when I clasped her in my supporting arms. What a precious moment that! How near, how sweetly near the throbbing partners!

By her dress, I saw, as I observed before, how unprepared she was for a journey; and not doubting her intention once more to disappoint me, I would have drawn her after me. Then began a contention the most vehement that ever I had with woman. It would pain thy friendly heart to be told the infinite trouble I had with her. I begged, I prayed, on my knees, yet in vain, I begged and prayed her to answer her own appointment: and had I not happily provided for such a struggle, knowing whom I had to deal with, I had certainly failed in my design; and as certainly would have accompanied her in, without thee and thy brethren: and who knows what might have been the consequence?

But my honest agent answering my signal, *though not quite so soon as I expected*, in the manner thou knowest I had prescribed, They are coming! they are coming! — Fly, fly, my beloved creature, cried I, drawing my sword with a flourish, as if I would have slain half an hundred of the supposed intruders: and, seizing her trembling hands, I drew her after me so swiftly, that *my* feet, winged by love, could hardly keep pace with *her* feet, agitated by fear. — And so I became her emperor.

I'll tell thee all, when I see thee: and thou shalt then judge of *my* difficulties, and of *her* perverseness. And thou wilt rejoice

with me at my conquest over such a watchful and open-eyed charmer.

But seest thou not now (as I think I do) the wind-outstripping fair one flying *from her love to her love*? Is there not such a game? — Nay, flying from friends she was resolved not to abandon, to the man she was determined not to go off with? — *The sex! the sex, all over!* — Charming contradiction! — Hah, hah, hah, hah! — I must here — I must here, lay down my pen, to hold my sides: for I must have my laugh out now the fit is upon me.

* * * * *

LETTER LIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Wednesday afternoon, April 26.

At length, my dearest Miss Howe, I am in London, and in my new lodgings. They are neatly furnished, and the situation, for the town, is pleasant.

But, I think you must not ask me, how I like the old gentlewoman. Yet she seems courteous and obliging. Her kinswomen just appeared to welcome me at my alighting. They seem to be genteel young women. But more of their aunt and of them, as I shall see more.

* * * * *

HERE I was broke in upon by Mr. Lovelace; introducing the widow leading in a kinswoman of hers to attend me, if I approved of her, till my Hannah should come, or till I had provided myself with some other servant. The widow gave her many good qualities; but said, that she had one great defect; which was, that she could not write, nor read writing; that part of her education having been neglected when she was young.

As for her *defect*, I can easily forgive that. She is very likely and genteel; too genteel indeed, I think, for a servant. But, what I like least of all in her, she has a strange sly eye. I never saw such an eye — half-confident, I think. But indeed Mrs.

Sinclair herself (for that is the widow's name,) has an odd winking eye; and her respectfulness seems too much studied, methinks, for the London ease and freedom. But people can't help their looks, you know; and after all, she is extremely civil and obliging. And as for the young woman, (Dorcas is her name) she will not be long with me.

I accepted her: how could I do otherwise? But upon their leaving me, I told *him* (who seemed inclinable to begin a conversation with me) that I desired that this apartment might be considered as my retirement: that when I saw him it might be in the dining-room. He withdrew very respectfully to the door; but there stopt.

I see he has no mind to leave me, if he can help it.

My approbation of his tender behaviour in the midst of my grief has given him a right, as he seems to think, of addressing me with all the freedom of an approved lover.

While we were talking at the door, my new servant came up, with an invitation to us both to tea. I said *he* might accept of it, if he pleased; but I desired him to make my excuses below, and inform them of my choice to be retired as much as possible: yet to promise for me my attendance on the widow and her nieces at breakfast in the morning.

LETTER XCII

MISS HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

Thursday, May 18.

I HAVE neither time nor patience, my dear friend, to answer every material article in your last letters just now received. Mr. Lovelace's proposals are all I like of him. And yet (as you do) I think that he concludes them not with that warmth and earnestness which we might naturally have expected from him. Never in my life did I hear or read of so patient a man, with such a blessing in his reach.

He to suggest delay from a compliment to be made to Lord M.¹ and to give time for settlements! *He*, a part of whose character

¹ Lovelace's uncle.

it is, not to know what complaisance to his relations is — I have no patience with him !

Would to heaven to-morrow, without complimenting any body, might be his happy day ! — Villain ! After he had himself suggested the compliment ! — And I think he accuses you of delaying ! — Fellow, that he is — How my heart is wrung ! —

Yet once more, I say I can have no notion that he can or dare to mean you dishonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear — that's all.

However, since you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool, at the first opportunity ; and though I doubt that this man will be the most ungovernable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a punishment, since you cannot as a reward : in short, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

And what is the result of all I have written, but this ? Either marry, my dear, or get from them all, and from him too.

I shall be impatient till I have your next. I am, my dearest friend,

Your ever affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER CV

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Monday morning, May 22.

No generosity in this lady. None at all. Wouldst thou not have thought, that after I had permitted her to withdraw, primed for mischief as I was, she would meet me next morning early ; and that with a smile ; making me one of her best courtesies ?

I was in the dining-room before six, expecting her. She opened not her door. I went up stairs and down ; and hemmed ; and called Will ; called Dorcas ; threw the doors hard to ; but still she opened not her door. Thus till half an hour after eight fooled I away my time ; and then (breakfast ready) I sent Dorcas to request her company.

But I was astonished, when (following the wench, as she did at the first invitation) I saw her enter dressed, all but her gloves, and those and her fan in her hand: in the same moment bidding Dorcas direct Will to get a chair to the door.

Cruel creature, thought I, to expose me thus to the derision of the women below!

Going abroad, madam?

I am, sir.

I looked cursed silly, I am sure. You will breakfast first, I hope, madam; in a very humble strain; yet with a hundred tenter-hooks in my heart.

Had she given me more notice of her intention, I had perhaps wrought myself up to the frame I was in the day before, and begun my vengeance. And immediately came into my head all the virulence that had been transcribed for me from Miss Howe's letters, and in that letter which I had transcribed myself.

Yes, she would drink one dish; and then laid her gloves and fan in the window, just by.

I was perfectly disconcerted. I hemmed, and was going to speak several times; but I knew not in what key. Who's modest now! thought I. Who's insolent now!—How a tyrant of a woman confounds a bashful man! She was acting Miss Howe, I thought; and I the spiritless Hickman.

At last, I *will* begin, thought I.

She a dish—I a dish.

Sip, her eyes her own, she; like an haughty and imperious sovereign, conscious of dignity, every look a favour.

Sip, like her vassal, I; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I sipped or tasted.

I was—I was—I sip'd—(drawing in my breath and the liquor together, though I scalded my mouth with it) I was in hopes, madam—

Dorcas came in just then.—Dorcas, said she, is a chair gone for?

D—n'd impertinence, thought I, thus to put me out in my speech; and I was forced to wait for the servant's answer to the insolent mistress's question.

William is gone for one, madam.

This cost me a minute's silence before I could begin again. And then it was with my hopes, and my hopes, and my hopes, that I should have been early admitted to —

What weather is it, Dorcas? said she, as regardless of me as if I had not been present.

A little lowering, madam — the sun is gone in — it was very fine half an hour ago.

I had no patience. Up I rose. Down went the tea-cup, saucer and all — Confound the weather, the sunshine, and the wench! — Be gone for a devil, when I am speaking to your lady, and have so little opportunity given me.

Up rose the saucy-face, half-frighted; and snatched from the window her gloves and fan.

You must not go, madam; — Seizing her hand — By my soul you must not —

Must not, sir! — But I must — you can curse your maid in my absence as well as if I were present — except — except — you intend for *me* what you direct to *her*.

Dearest creature, you must not go — you must not leave me — such determined scorn! such contempts! — Questions asked your servant of no meaning but to break in upon me — I cannot bear it!

Detain me not, struggling. I will not be withheld. I like you not, nor your ways. You sought to quarrel with me yesterday, *for no reason in the world that I can think of but because I was too obliging*. You are an ingrateful man; and I hate you with my whole heart, Mr. Lovelace.

Do not make me desperate, madam. Permit me to say, that you shall not leave me in this humour. Wherever you go I will attend you.

She would have flung from me: I will *not* be detained, Mr. Lovelace. *I will* go out.

Indeed you must not, madam, in this humour. And I placed myself between her and the door. — And then, fanning, she, threw herself into a chair, her sweet face all crimsoned over with passion.

I cast myself at her feet. Begone, Mr. Lovelace, said she, with a rejecting motion, her fan in her hand; for your own sake

leave me! — My soul is above thee, man! with both her hands pushing me from her! — Urge me not to tell thee how sincerely I think my soul above thee! — Thou hast in mine, a proud, a too proud heart, to contend with! — Leave me, and leave me for ever! — Thou hast a proud heart to contend with! —

Her air, her manner, her voice, were bewitchingly noble, though her words were so severe.

Let me worship an angel, said I, no woman. Forgive me, dearest creature! — Creature if you be, forgive me! — Forgive my inadvertencies! Forgive my inequalities! — Pity my infirmities! — Who is equal to my *Clarissa*?

I trembled between admiration and love; and wrapt my arms about her knees as she sat. She tried to rise at the moment; but my clasping round her thus ardently, drew her down again; and never was woman more affrighted. But, free as my clasping emotion might appear to her apprehensive heart, I had not at that instant any thought but what reverence inspired. And till she had actually withdrawn [which I permitted under promise of a speedy return, and on her consent to dismiss the chair] all the motions of my heart were as pure as her own.

VOL. III. LETTER XLI

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Monday afternoon.

PITY me, Jack, for pity's sake; since, if thou dost not, nobody else will.

She began with me like a true woman [*she* in the fault, *I* to be blamed] the moment I entered the dining-room; not the least apology, not the least excuse, for the uproar she had made, and the trouble she had given me.

I come, said she, into thy detested presence, because I cannot help it. But why am I to be imprisoned here? Although to no purpose, I cannot help —

Dearest madam, interrupted I, give not way to so much violence. You must know, that your detention is entirely owing to the desire I have to make you all the amends that is in my power to make you. And this, as well for *your* sake as *my own*.

— Surely there is still *one* way left to repair the wrongs you have suffered —

Canst thou blot out the past week ! Several weeks past, I should say ; ever since I have been with thee ? Canst thou call back time ? — If thou canst —

Surely, madam, again interrupting her, if I may be permitted to call you *legally* mine, I might have but anticip—

Wretch, that thou art ! Say not another word upon this subject. When thou vowedst, when thou promisedst at Hampstead,¹ I had begun to think that I must be thine. If I had consented, at the request of those I thought thy relations, this would have been a principal inducement, that I could then have brought thee, what was *most* wanted, an unsullied honour in dowry, to a wretch destitute of all honour ; and could have met the congratulations of a family to which thy life has been one continued disgrace, with a consciousness of *deserving* their gratulations. But “Great and good God of Heaven, said she, give me patience to support myself under the weight of those afflictions, which thou, for wise and good ends, though at present impenetrable by me, hast permitted !”

Then, turning towards me, who knew neither what to say to her, nor *for* myself, I renounce thee for ever, Lovelace ! — Abhorred of my soul ! for ever I renounce thee ! — Seek thy fortunes wheresoever thou wilt ! —

Hinder me not from going whither my mysterious destiny shall lead me.

What right have you to stop me, as you lately did ; and to bring me up by force, my hands and arms bruised with your violence ? What right have you to detain me here ?

I am cut to the heart, madam, with invectives so violent. I am but too sensible of the wrong I have done you, or I could not *bear* your reproaches. Yet, if you think yourself in my power, I would caution you, madam, not to make me desperate. For you *shall* be mine, or my life shall be the forfeit ! Nor is life worth having without you ! —

¹ Some weeks before the interview described in this letter Clarissa had escaped from the London house and found shelter at Hampstead. Lovelace had pursued her here, and had brought her back to London under false pretences.

Be *thine*! — I be *thine*! — said the passionate beauty. O how lovely in her violence!

Yes, madam, be *mine*! — I repeat, you *shall* be mine! — My very crime is your glory. My love, my admiration of you is increased by what has passed. I am willing, madam, to court your returning favour: but let me tell you, were the house beset by a thousand armed men, resolved to take you from me, they should not effect their purpose, while I had life.

I never, never will be yours, said she, clasping her hands together, and lifting up her eyes! — I never will be yours!

We may yet see many happy years, madam. Enjoin but the terms I can make my peace with you upon, and I will instantly comply.

Never, never, repeated she, will I be yours!

Only forgive me, my dearest life, this *one* time! —

Hear me out, I beseech you, madam; for she was going to speak: the God, whom you serve, requires but repentance and amendment. Imitate *him*, my dearest love, and bless me with the means of reforming a course of life, that begins to be hateful to me. And let to-morrow's sun witness to our espousals.

I cannot judge thee, said she; but the God to whom thou so boldly referrest, can; and assure thyself *he* will. But, if indeed thou art touched for thy ungrateful baseness, and meanest any thing by pleading the holy example thou recommendest to my imitation; in this thy pretended repentant moment, let me sift thee thoroughly; and by thy answer I shall judge of the sincerity of thy pretended declarations.

* * * * *

Let me ask thee next, said she (thou knowest the opinion I have of the women thou broughtest to me at Hampstead; and who have seduced me hither to my ruin; let me ask thee) if, *really* and *truly*, they were Lady Betty Lawrence and thy cousin Montague?

Astonishing, my dear, that you should suspect them! — But, knowing your strange opinion of them, what can I say to be believed?

Dost thou *thus* evade my question? Let me know, I repeat, whether those women be *really* lady Betty Lawrence and thy cousin Montague?

Let me, my dearest love, be enabled to-morrow to call you lawfully mine, and we will set out the next day, if you please, for Berkshire, to my Lord M.'s, where they both are at this time; and you shall convince yourself by your own eyes, and by your own ears; which you will believe sooner than all I can say or swear.

Now, Belford, she pressing me still for a categorical answer, I swore to it [*lovers' oaths, Jack!*] that they were really and truly Lady Betty Lawrence and my cousin Montague.

She lifted up her hands and eyes — what *can* I think! — What *can* I think! —

You *think* me a devil, madam; a very devil! or you could not, after you have put these questions to me, seem to doubt the truth of answers so solemnly sworn to.

And if I do think thee so, have I not cause? Is there another man in the world who could act by any poor friendless creature as thou hast acted by *me*, whom thou hast *made* friendless — and who, before I knew thee, had for a friend every one who knew me?

A horrid dear creature! — By my soul, she made me shudder! She had need indeed to talk of *her* unhappiness in falling into the hands of the only *man* in the world, who could have used her, as I have used her — she is the only *woman* in the world, who could have shocked and disturbed me, as she has done. — So we *are* upon a foot in *that* respect. And I think I have the *worst* of it by much: since very little has been my joy; very much my trouble: and *her* punishment, as she calls it, is *over*: but when *mine* will, or what it *may be*, who can tell?

* * * * *

What a devil ails me! — I can neither think nor write! — Lie down, pen, for a moment!

LETTER LVI

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Friday night, or rather Sat. morn. 1 o'clock.

I AM most *confoundedly* out of humour. The reason let it follow; if it will follow — no preparation for it from me.

I tried by gentleness and love to soften — what? — marble. A heart incapable either of love or gentleness. Her past injuries for ever in her head.

I then wanted to provoke her: like a coward boy, who waits for the first blow before he can persuade himself to fight. She seemed aware of her danger: and would not directly brave my resentment.

In this situation; the women ready to assist; and, if I proceeded not, as ready to ridicule me; what had I left me, but to pursue the concerted scheme.

* * * * *

If you must have it all, you must!

Now, Belford, see us all sitting in judgment, resolved to punish the fair briberess — I, and the mother, the hitherto *dreaded* mother, the nieces Sally, Polly, the traitress Dorcas, and Mabell,¹ a guard, as it were, over Dorcas, that she might not run away, and hide herself: all pre-determined, and of *necessity* pre-determined, from the journey I was going to take, and my precarious situation with her — and hear her *unbolt, unlock, unbar* the door; then, as it proved afterwards, put the key into the lock on the outside, lock the door, and put it in her pocket — Will, I knew, below, who would give me notice, if, while we were all above, she should mistake her way, and go down stairs, instead of coming into the dining-room: the street doors also doubly secured, and every shutter to the windows round the house fastened, that no noise or screaming should be heard [such was the brutal preparation!] — And then *hear* her step towards us, and instantly *see* her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majesty in her person and manner, that

¹ Women in the house where Clarissa was confined.

is *natural* to her; but which then shone out in all its glory; — Every tongue silent, every eye awed, every heart quaking, mine, in a particular manner, sunk throbbless, and twice below its usual region, to once at my throat: — a shameful recreant! — She silent too, looking round her, first on me; then on the mother, as no longer fearing her! then on Sally, Polly, and the culprit Dorcas! — Such the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment!

She would have spoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confusion. A mouse might have been heard passing over the floor: her own light feet and rustling silks could not have prevented it; for she seemed to tread air, and to be all soul. She passed backwards and forwards, now towards me, now towards the door several times, before speech could get the better of indignation; and at last, after twice or thrice hemming to recover her articulate voice — “O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace! thinkest thou that I see not through this poor villainous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices?

“Thou, woman, [looking at the mother] once my terror! always my dislike; but now my detestation! shouldst once more (for thine perhaps was the preparation) have provided for me intoxicating potions to rob me of my senses —

“And then, thou wretch, [*turning to me*] mightest more securely have depended upon such a low contrivance as this!

“And ye, vile women, who perhaps have been the ruin, body and soul, of hundreds of innocents, (you shew me *how*, in full assembly) know, that I am not married — ruined as I am, by your help, I bless God, I am *not* married to this miscreant — and I have friends that will demand my honour at your hands! — And to whose authority I will apply; for none has this man over me. Look to it then, what further insults you offer me, or incite him to offer me. I am a person, though thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune. I never will be his; and, to your utter ruin, will find friends to pursue you: and now I have this full proof of your detestable wickedness, and have heard your base incitements, will have no mercy upon you!”

They could not laugh at the poor figure I made. Lord! how every devil, conscience-shaken, trembled! —

What a dejection must ever fall to the lot of guilt, were it given to innocence always thus to exert itself! —

“And as for thee, thou vile Dorcas; thou *double* deceiver — whining out thy pretended love for me! — Begone, wretch! — Nobody will hurt thee! — Begone, I say! — Thou hast too well acted thy part to be blamed by *any* here, but myself — thou art safe: thy guilt is thy security in such a house as this! — Thy shameful, thy poor part, thou hast as well acted, as the low farce could give thee to act! — as well as they each of them (thy superiors, though not thy betters) thou seest can act theirs. — Steal away into darkness: no inquiry after this will be made, whose the first advances, thine or mine.”

And, as I hope to live, the wench, confoundedly frightened, slunk away; so did her sentinel Mabell; though I, endeavouring to rally, cried out for Dorcas to stay — but I believe the devil could not have stopt her, when an angel bid her begone.

Madam, said I, let me tell you; and was advancing towards her with a fierce aspect, most cursedly vexed, and ashamed too —

But she turned to me; “Stop where thou art, O vilest and most abandoned of men! — Stop where thou art! — Nor, with that determined face, offer to touch me, if thou wouldst not that I should be a corpse at thy feet!”

To my astonishment, she held forth a penknife in her hand, the point to her own bosom, grasping resolutely the whole handle, so that there was no offering to take it from her.

“I offer not mischief to any body but myself. You, sir, and ye women, are safe from every violence of mine. The LAW shall be all my resource: the LAW,” and she spoke the word with emphasis, that to such people carries natural terror with it, and now struck a panic into them.

No wonder, since those who will damn themselves to procure ease and plenty in this world, will tremble at everything that seems to threaten their methods of obtaining that ease and plenty. —

The LAW only shall be my refuge! —

The infamous mother whispered me, that it were better to *make terms* with this *strange* lady, and let her go.

Sally, notwithstanding all her impudent bravery at other

times, said, *If Mr. Lovelace had told them what was not true of her being his wife —*

And Polly Horton, that she must *needs* say, the lady, if she were *not* my wife, had been very much injured; that was all.

That is not now a matter to be disputed, cried I: you and I know, madam —

"We do, — said she; and I thank God, I am *not* thine — *once more* I thank God for it — I have no doubt of the further baseness that thou hast intended me, by this vile and low trick: but I have my SENSES, Lovelace: and from my heart I despise thee, thou very poor Lovelace! — How canst thou stand in my presence? thou, that" —

Madam, madam, madam — these are insults not to be borne — and was approaching her.

She withdrew to the door, and set her back against it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving bosom; while the women held me, beseeching me not to provoke the violent lady — for their *house* sake, and be curs'd to them, they besought me — and all three hung upon me — while the truly heroic lady, braved me, at that distance.

"Approach me, Lovelace, with resentment, if thou wilt. I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will be merciful to my poor soul! I expect no mercy from thee! I have gained this distance, and two steps nearer me, and thou shalt see what I dare do!" —

Leave me, women, to myself, and to my angel; — They retired at a distance — O my beloved creature, how you terrify me! — Holding out my arms, and kneeling on one knee — Not a step, not a step further, except to receive my death at that injured hand which is thus held up against a life far dearer to me than my own! I am a villain! the blackest of villains — Say you will sheath your knife in the injurer's, not the injured's heart, and then I will indeed approach you, but not else.

The mother twang'd her d—n'd nose; and Sally and Polly pulled out their handkerchiefs, and turned from us. They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld such a scene —

Innocence so triumphant: villainy so debased, they must mean!

Unawares to myself, I had moved onward to my angel; — “And dost thou, dost thou, *still* disclaiming, *still* advancing — dost thou, dost thou, *still* insidiously move towards me?” [and her hand was extended] “I dare — I dare — not rashly neither — my heart from *principle* abhors the act, which *thou* makest *necessary*! — God in thy mercy; [lifting up her eyes and hands] God, in thy mercy! —”

I threw myself to the further end of the room. An ejaculation, a silent ejaculation employing her thoughts that moment! Polly says the whites of her lovely eyes were only visible: and, in the instant that she extended her hand, *assuredly* to strike the fatal blow [how the very recital terrifies me!] she cast her eye towards me, and saw me, at the utmost distance the room would allow, and heard my broken voice — my voice was utterly broken; nor knew I what I said, or whether to the purpose or not — and her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpose; and, lifting up her eyes — “Thank God! — Thank God! said the angel — delivered *for the present*; for the *present* delivered — from myself — keep, sir, keep that distance,” [looking down towards me, who was prostrate on the floor, my heart pierced, as with a hundred daggers:] “that distance has saved a life: to what reserved, the Almighty only knows!” —

To *be* happy, madam; and to *make* happy! — And O let me but hope for your favour for to-morrow — I will put off my journey till then — and may God —

Swear not, sir! — with an awful and piercing aspect — you have too, too often sworn! — God’s eye is upon us! — His more *immediate* eye; and looked wildly. — But the women looked up to the ceiling, as if *afraid* of God’s eye, and trembled. And well they might; and *I* too, who so very lately had each of us the devil in our hearts.

If not to-morrow, madam, say but next Thursday, your uncle’s birth-day, say but next Thursday!

“This I say, of this you may assure yourself, I never, never *will* be yours. — And let me hope, that I may be entitled to the performance of your promise, to be permitted to leave this *innocent* house, as one called it (but long have my ears been

accustomed to such inversions of words) as soon as the day breaks."

Did my perdition depend upon it, that you cannot, madam, but upon terms. And I hope you will not terrify me — still dreading the accursed knife.

"Nothing less than an attempt upon my honour shall make me desperate. I have no view but to defend my honour: with such a view only I entered into treaty with your infamous agent below. The resolution you have seen, I trust, God will give me again, upon the same occasion. But for a *less*, I wish not for it. — Only take notice, women, that I am no wife of *this man*: basely as he has used me, I am not his wife. He has no authority over me. If he go away by and by, and you act by his authority to detain me, look to it.

Then, taking one of the lights, she turned from us; and away she went unmolested. — Not a soul was *able* to molest her.

Mabell saw her, tremblingly, and in a hurry, take the key of her chamber-door out of her pocket, and unlock it; and, as soon as she entered, heard her double-lock, bar, and bolt it.

* * * * *

THIS, this Belford, was the hand I made of a contrivance from which I expected so much! — And now I am ten times worse off than before.

LETTER CV

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. Hall, Sat. night, July 15.

ALL undone, undone by Jupiter! — Zounds, Jack, what shall I do now! A curse upon all my plots and contrivances!

The moment thou receivest this, I bespeak thy assistance. This messenger rides for life and death —

This cursed, cursed woman,¹ on Friday dispatched man and horse with the joyful news that she had found out my angel;²

¹ Mrs. Sinclair, in whose keeping Clarissa had been since she came to London.

² Clarissa had escaped a second time, and had taken lodgings with a Mrs. Smith, in Covent Garden.

and on Friday morning, after she had been at prayers at Covent Garden church — praying for my reformation perhaps — got her arrested by two sheriff's officers, as she was returning to her lodgings, who (villains !) put her into a chair they had in readiness, and carried her to one of the cursed fellow's houses.

She has arrested her for 150*l.* pretendedly due for board and lodging.

And here, has the dear creature lain already two days.

Hasten, hasten, dear Jack, to the injured charmer ! — she deserved not this !

Set her free the moment you see her : — On your knees, for me, beg her pardon : — only let her permit *you* to receive her commands.

Let her have all her clothes and effects sent her instantly, as a small proof of my sincerity. And force upon the dear creature, who must be moneyless, what sums you can get her to take.

A line ! a line ! a kingdom for a line ! with tolerable news, the first moment thou canst write ! — This fellow waits to bring it.

LETTER CIX

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Monday, July 17.

ABOUT six this morning I went to Rowland's.¹ Mrs. Sinclair was to follow me, in order to dismiss the action ; but not to come in sight.

Rowland, upon inquiry, told me that the lady was extremely ill ; and that she had desired, that no one but his wife or maid should come near her.

I said, I *must* see her.

His wife went up : but returned presently, saying, she could not get her to speak to her ; yet that her eyelids moved.

Oons, woman, said I, the lady may be in a fit : the lady may be dying — let me go up. Shew me the way.

A horrid hole of a house, in an alley they call a court ; stairs wretchedly narrow, even to the first floor rooms : and into a

¹ Where Clarissa was imprisoned for debt.

den they led me, with broken walls, which had been papered, as I saw by a multitude of tacks, and some torn bits held on by the rusty heads.

The floor indeed was clean, but the ceiling was smoked with variety of figures, and initials of names, that had been the woe-ful employment of wretches who had no other way to amuse themselves.

A bed at one corner, with coarse curtains tacked up at the feet to the ceiling; because the curtain-rings were broken off; but a coverlid upon it with a cleanish look, though plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in tassels, that the rents in it might go no further.

The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to save mending; and only a little four-paned eyelet-hole of a casement to let in the air; more, however, coming in at broken panes, than could come in at that.

Four old Turkey-worked chairs, bursten-bottomed, the stuffing staring out.

An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails bestowed in mending it to make it stand, than the table cost fifty years ago, when new.

On the mantle-piece was an iron shove-up candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, four of them, I suppose, for a penny.

Near that, on the same shelf, was an old looking glass, cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thousand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by some poor creature, to whom it gave the representation of his heart's woes in his face.

The chimney had two half tiles in it on one side, and one whole one on the other; which shewed it had been in better plight; but now the very mortar had followed the rest of the tiles in every other place, and left the bricks bare.

An old half-barred stove-grate was in the chimney; and in that a large stone bottle without a neck, filled with baleful yew, as an evergreen, withered southern-wood, dead sweet-briar, and sprigs of rue in flower.

To finish the shocking description, in a dark nook stood an old broken-bottomed cane couch, without a squab, or coverlid,

sunk at one corner, and unmortised by the failing of one of its worm-eaten legs, which lay in two pieces under the wretched piece of furniture it could no longer support.

And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bedchamber of the divine Clarissa!!!

I had leisure to cast my eye on these things: for, going up softly, the poor lady turned not about at our entrance; nor, till I spoke, moved her head.

She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the dismal window, against the table, on an old bolster (as it seemed to be) of the cane couch, half-covered with her handkerchief; her back to the door; which was only shut to, [no need of fastenings!] her arms crossed upon the table, the fore-finger of her right hand in her Bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book on the table. Her dress was white lustring, exceeding neat.

When I surveyed the room around, and the kneeling lady, sunk with majesty too in her white flowing robes, (for she had not on a hoop) spreading the dark, though not dirty, floor, and illuminating that horrid corner, something rose in my throat, I know not what. Con — Con — confound you both, said I, to the man and woman, is this an apartment for such a lady?

Sir, we would have had the lady to accept of our own bedchamber: but she refused it. We are poor people — and we expect nobody will stay with us longer than they can help it.

Up then raised the charming sufferer her lovely face; but with such a significance of woe overspreading it, that I could not, for the soul of me, help being visibly affected.

* * * * *

I dare not approach you, dearest lady, without your leave: but on my knees I beseech you to permit me to release you from this d—n'd house, and out of the power of the accursed woman, who was the occasion of your being here!

She lifted up her sweet face once more, and beheld me on my knees.

Are you not — are you not Mr. Belford, sir! I think your name is Belford?

It is, madam, and I ever was a worshipper of your virtues, and an advocate for you; and I come to release you from the hands you are in.

This moment, dearest lady, this very moment, if you please, you may depart. You are absolutely free, and your own mistress.

I had now as lieve die here in this place, as any where. I will owe no obligation to any friend of *him* in whose company you have seen me. So, pray, sir, withdraw.

* * * * *

I sent up again, by Rowland's wife, when I heard that the lady was recovered, beseeching her to quit that devilish place; and the woman assured her, that she was at full liberty to do so; for that the action was dismissed.

Being told, that she desired not to be disturbed, I took this opportunity to go to her lodgings in Covent Garden.

The man's name is Smith, a dealer in gloves, and petty merchandise. Honest people, it seems.

I talked with the man, and told him what had befallen the lady; owing, as I said, to a mistake of orders; and gave her the character she deserved.

He told me, that a letter was left for her there on Saturday; and, about half an hour before I came, another, superscribed by the same hand; the first, by the post; the other, by a countryman.

I thought it right to take the two letters back with me; and dismissing my coach, took a chair, as a more proper vehicle for the lady, if I (the friend of her *destroyer*) could prevail upon her to leave Rowland's.

She gave the maid something; probably the only half-guinea she had: and then with difficulty, her limbs trembling under her, and supported by Mrs. Rowland, got down stairs.

I offered my arm: she was pleased to lean upon it.

I ordered my servant (whose mourning made him less observable as such, and who had not been in the lady's eye) to keep the chair in view; and to bring me word how she did when set down. The fellow had the thought to step to the shop, just

before the chair entered it, under the pretence of buying snuff; and so enabled himself to give me an account, that she was received with great joy by the good woman of the house; who told her, she was but just come in: and was preparing to attend her in High Holborn. — O Mrs. Smith, said she, as soon as she saw her, did you not think I was run away? — You don't know what I have suffered since I saw you. I have been in a prison! — Arrested for debts I owe not! — But, thank God, I am here!

Will you let Catharine assist me to bed? — I have not had my clothes off since Thursday night.

What she further said, the fellow heard not, she leaning upon the maid, and going up stairs.

LETTER CXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Thursday afternoon.

You pain me, my dearest Miss Howe, by the ardour of your noble friendship. I will be very brief, because I am not well. But beforehand, I must tell you, my dear, I will *not* have that man — don't be angry with me. — But indeed I won't. So let him be asked no questions about me, I beseech you.

I do *not* despond, my dear.

I am no prisoner now in a vile house. I am not now in the power of that man's devices. I am not now obliged to hide myself in corners for fear of him. One of his intimate companions is become my warm friend, and engages to keep him from me, and that by his own consent. I am among honest people. I have all my clothes and effects restored to me. The wretch himself bears testimony to my honour.

Indeed I am very weak and ill: but I have an excellent physician, Dr. H. and as worthy an apothecary, Mr. Goddard — their treatment of me, my dear, is perfectly *paternal*! — My mind too, I can find begins to strengthen: and methinks, at times, I find myself superior to my calamities.

I shall have sinkings sometimes. I must expect such. And my father's maledict — But you will chide me for introducing that, now I am enumerating my comforts.

But I charge you, my dear, that you do not suffer my calamities to sit too heavy upon your own mind. If you do, that will be to newpoint some of those arrows that have been blunted, and lost their sharpness.

You will think very meanly of your Clarissa, if you do not believe, that the greatest pleasure she can receive in this life, is in your prosperity and welfare. Think not of me, my only friend, but as we were in times past: and suppose me gone a great, great way off; — a long journey! —

Love me still, however. But let it be with a weaning love. I am not what I was, when we were *inseparable* lovers, as I may say — our *views* must now be different. And so, my dearest love, for the present adieu! — Adieu, my dearest love; — but I shall soon write again, I hope!

VOL. IV. LETTER LXXXIX

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday night, Aug. 31.

WHEN I concluded my last, I hoped, that my next attendance upon this *surprising* lady would furnish me with some particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way she is in, by reason of the welcome letter she had received from her cousin Morden. But it proved quite otherwise to *me*, though, not to *herself*, for I think I never was more shocked in my life than on the occasion I shall mention presently.

When I attended her about seven in the evening, she told me that she found herself in a very petulant way, after I had left her. Strange, said she, that the pleasure I received from my cousin's letter should have such an effect upon me? But I could not help giving way to a *comparative* humour, as I may call it, and to think it very hard, that my nearer relations did not take the methods which my cousin Morden kindly took, by inquiring into my merit or demerit, and giving my cause a fair audit, before they proceeded to condemnation.

She had hardly said this, when she started, and a blush overspread her sweet face, on hearing, as I also did, a sort of lumber-

ing noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people: and looking upon me with an eye of concern, Blunderers! said she, they have brought in *something* two hours before the time. — Don't be surprised, sir — it is all to save *you* trouble.

Before I could speak, in came Mrs. Smith: O madam, said she, what have you done? — Mrs. Lovick,¹ entering, made the same exclamation. Lord have mercy upon me, madam! cried I, what have you done? — For, she stepping at the instant to the door, the women told me it was a coffin. — O Lovelace! that thou hadst been there at the moment! — Thou, the causer of all these shocking scenes! Surely thou couldst not have been less affected than I, who have no guilt, as to *her*, to answer for.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, she returned to us: they were not to have brought it in till after dark, said she — Pray, excuse me, Mr. Belford: and don't you, Mrs. Lovick, be concerned: nor you, Mrs. Smith — why should you? There is nothing more in it, than the unusualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to the church where are the monuments of our ancestors, with whose dust we even *hope* our dust shall be one day mingled, as to be moved at such a sight as this?

We all remaining silent, the women having their aprons at their eyes, Why this concern for nothing at all? said she: if I am to be blamed for any thing, it is for shewing too much solicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do every thing for myself that I can do. I ever did. Every other material point is so far done, and taken care of, that I have had *leisure* for things of lesser moment. Minutenesses may be observed where greater articles are not neglected for them. I might have had this to order, perhaps, when less fit to order it. I have no mother, no sister, no Mrs. Norton, no Miss Howe, near me. Some of you must have seen *this* in a few days, if not now; perhaps have had the friendly trouble of directing it. And what is the difference of a few days to *you*, when *I* am gratified, rather than discomposed by it? I shall not die the

¹ A lodger at Mrs. Smith's.

sooner for such a preparation. Should not every body that has any thing to bequeath make their will? And who, that makes a will, should be afraid of a coffin? — My dear friends (to the women), I have considered these things; do not, with such an object before you as you have had in *me* for weeks, give me reason to think you have not.

How reasonable was all this! — It shewed, indeed, that she herself had well considered it. But yet we could not help being shocked at the thoughts of the coffin thus brought in; the lovely person before our eyes, who is in all likelihood so soon to fill it.

We were all silent still, the women in grief, I in a manner stunned. She would not ask *me*, she said; but would be glad, since it had thus earlier than she had intended been brought in, that her two good friends would walk in and look upon it. They would be less shocked when it was made more familiar to their eye: don't you lead back, said she, a starting steed to the object he is apt to start at, in order to familiarize him to it, and cure his starting? The same reason will hold in this case. Come, my good friends, I will lead you in.

I took my leave; telling her she had done wrong, very wrong; and ought not, by any means, to have such an object before her.

The women followed her in. — 'Tis a strange sex! nothing is too shocking for them to look upon, or see acted, that has but novelty and curiosity in it.

Down I hastened; got a chair; and was carried home, extremely shocked and discomposed: yet weighing the lady's arguments, I know not why I was so affected — except, as she said, at the unusualness of the thing.

While I waited for a chair, Mrs. Smith came down, and told me, that there were devices and inscriptions upon the lid. Lord bless me! is a coffin a proper subject to display fancy upon? — But these great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things!

LETTER CII

MR. LOVELACE TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Uxbridge, Tuesd. morn. between 4 and 5.

AND can it be, that this admirable creature will so soon leave this cursed world ! For cursed I shall think it, and more cursed myself, when she is gone. O, Jack ! thou who canst sit so cool, and, like Addison's angel, *direct*, and even *enjoy*, the storm, that tears up my happiness by the roots ; blame me not for my impatience, however unreasonable ! If thou knewest, that already I feel the torments of the damned, in the remorse that wrings my heart, on looking back upon my past actions by her, thou wouldst not be the devil thou art, to halloo on a worrying conscience, which, without thy merciless aggravations, is altogether intolerable.

I know not what I write, nor what I would write.

Forbidden to attend the dear creature, yet longing to see her, I would give the world to be admitted once more to her beloved presence. I ride towards London three or four times a day, resolving, *pro* and *con*, twenty times in two or three miles ; and at last ride back ; and, in view of Uxbridge, loathing even the kind friend, and hospitable house, turn my horse's head again towards the town, and resolve to gratify my humour, let her take it as she will ; but, at the very entrance of it, after infinite canvassings, once more alter my mind, dreading to offend and shock her, lest, by that means, I should curtail a life so precious.

Woe be to either of the wretches who shall bring me the fatal news that she is no more ! For it is but too likely that a shriek-owl so hated will never whoot or scream again.

But, surely, she will not, she cannot yet die ! Such a matchless excellence.

But, once more — should the worst happen — say not what that worst is — and I am gone from this hated island — gone forever — and may eternal — but I am crazed already — and will therefore conclude myself,

Thine more than mine own,
(And no great compliment neither,)

R. L.

LETTER CXIII

MR. BELFORD [TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.]

Tuesday, Sept. 5, at Mr. Smith's.]

Eight in the Evening.

I HAD but just time, in my former, to tell you, that Col. Morden was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and alighted at the door, just as the clock struck five. Mrs. Smith was then below in the back shop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. Lovick having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion that the admirable lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was *her* opinion too, from some numbnesses which she called the forerunners of death, and from an increased inclination to doze.

The colonel, as Mrs. Smith told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alighted, How Miss Harlowe was? She answered, Alive; but, she feared, drawing on apace. Good God! said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up. Can I see her? My name is Morden. I have the honour to be nearly related to her. Step up, pray; and let her know [she is sensible, I hope] that I am here. Who is with her?

Nobody but her nurse, and Mrs. Lovick, a widow gentlewoman, who is as careful of her, as if she were her mother.

And *more* careful too, interrupted he, or she is not careful at all —

Except a gentleman be with her, one Mr. Belford, continued Mrs. Smith, who has been the best friend she has had.

If Mr. Belford be with her, surely I may — but pray step up, and let Mr. Belford know, that I shall take it for a favour to speak with him first.

Mrs. Smith came up to me in my new apartment. I had but just dispatched your servant, and was asking her nurse, if I might again be admitted? Who answered, that she was dozing in the elbow-chair, having refused to lie down, saying, she should soon, she hoped, lie down for good.

The colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeness.

* * * * *

Mrs. Smith, at his request, stepped up, and brought us down word, that Mrs. Lovick and her nurse were with her; and that she was in so sound a sleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that she neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The colonel begged, if not improper, that he might see her, though sleeping.

She believed he might, she answered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and nurse not to stir, when we entered: and then we went up softly together.

We beheld the lady, in a charming attitude. Dressed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, she was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, supporting it, as it were; for, it seems, the lady had bid her do so, saying, She had been a mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, she said, for the last time she should ever be so.

One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler, and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands white as the lily, with her meandering veins more transparently blue than ever I had seen even hers, (veins so soon, alas! to be choaked up by the congealment of that purple stream, which already so languidly creeps, rather than flows through them!) her hands hanging lifelessly, one before her, the other grasped by the right hand of the kind widow, whose tears bedewed the sweet face which her motherly bosom supported, though unfelt by the fair sleeper; and either insensibly to the good woman, or what she would not disturb her to wipe off, or to change her posture: her aspect was sweetly calm and serene: and though she started now-and-then, yet her sleep seemed easy; her breath indeed short and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person.

In this heart-moving attitude she appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The colonel, sighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the most profound and affectionate attention; till at last, on her starting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen, that was drawn before her *house*, as she calls it, which, as I have heretofore observed, stands under one of the windows.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, overwhelmed with grief, seemed unable to speak: but, on casting his eye behind the screen, he soon broke silence; for, struck with the shape of the coffin, he lifted up a purplish-coloured cloth that was spread over it, and, starting back, Good God! said he, what's here!

* * * * *

The lady fetched a profound sigh, and, starting, it broke off our talk; and the colonel then withdrew farther behind the screen, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

Where am I? said she. How drowsy I am! How long have I dozed? Don't go, sir (for I was retiring). I am very stupid, and shall be more and more so, I suppose.

* * * * *

If, madam, your cousin Morden should come, you would be glad to see him, I presume? ¹

I am too weak to wish to see my cousin now. It would but discompose me, and him too. Yet, if he come while I *can* see, I *will* see him, were it but to thank him for former favours, and for his present kind intentions to me.

But if he come, what shall I do about the screen?

The colonel (who heard all this) sent in his name; and I, pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; she having first ordered the screen to be put as close to the window as possible, that he might not see that was behind it; while he, having heard what she had said about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as she sat, dropping down on

¹ Spoken by Belford.

one knee; for, supporting herself upon the two elbows of the chair, she attempted to rise, but could not. Excuse, my dear cousin, said she, excuse me, that I cannot stand up — I did not expect this favour now. But I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodness to me.

I never, my best beloved and dearest cousin, said he (with eyes running over) shall forgive myself, that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did —

If they did, repeated she, interrupting him, I should have had more compassion from them. I am sure I should. But pray, sir, how did you leave them? Are *you* reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor Clarissa, that you will: for every widened difference augments but my fault: since *that* is the foundation of all.

* * * * *

LETTER CXX

MR. BELFORD TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday night.

I MAY as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman, whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired: but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down: and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his with his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a

most disconsolate manner ; and turning her face to me as soon as she saw me, O, Mr. Belford, cried she, with folded hands — The dear lady — A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling down by the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress ; her face was swoln with weeping (though used to such scenes as this) ; and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me, by them, to join in the helpless sorrow, a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly exprest her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word ; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, O ! Mr. Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless — Now ! — Now ! [in broken periods she spoke] — I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature — will all soon be over — a few — a very few moments — will end this strife — and I shall be happy.

Comfort here, sir — turning her head to the colonel — comfort my cousin — see ! the blame — able kindness — he would not wish me to be happy — so *soon* !

Here she stopt, for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him : then resuming, My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted — what is dying but the common lot ? — The mortal frame may *seem* to labour — but that is all ! — It is not so hard to die, as I believed it to be ! — The preparation is the difficulty — I bless God, I have had time for that — the rest is worse to beholders, than to me ! — I am all blessed hope — hope itself. She *looked* what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father

and mother — there she stopt. And then proceeding — To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles — and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath — for all their goodness to me — even for their displeasure — I bless them — most happy has been to me my punishment *here* ! Happy indeed !

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. . Then, *O death !* said she, *where is thy sting !* [The words I remember to have heard in the burial service read over my uncle and poor Belton]. And after a pause — *It is good for me that I was afflicted !* Words of Scripture I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow — O dear, *dear* gentlemen, said she, you know not what *foretastes* — what *assurances* — and there she again stopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling. .

Then turning her head towards me — Do *you*, sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him ! And I pray to God to forgive him ! — Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. Let him know how happily I die ! — And that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour.

She was again silent for a few moments : and then resuming — My sight fails me ! — Your voices only — [for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own] : and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand ? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's ? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both — in your last hour — for you *must* come to this — happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter ; and, after a few minutes, And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand — nearer — still nearer — drawing it towards her ; and she pressed it with her dying lips — God protect you, dear, dear sir — and once more receive my best and most grateful thanks — and tell my dear Miss Howe — and vouchsafe to see and to tell my worthy Norton — she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven — tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments ! — And pray God to give them happiness *here* for many, many years,

for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown *hereafter*; and such assurances of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods, methinks, still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent — And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors — you see, in me, how all ends — may *you* be — and down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon shewing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crouding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly — Bless — bless — bless — you all — and — now — and now — [holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time] Come — O come — blessed Lord — JESUS!

And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired: — such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun.

O Lovelace! — But I can write no more!

LETTER CXXXIX

COLONEL MORDEN TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Sunday night, Sept. 10.

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I send you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was so very ill upon the road, that slowly as the hearse moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we should not have got her to St. Alban's.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe Place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the hearse to proceed more slowly still, the cross-road we were in being rough; and having more time before us than I wanted; for I wished not the hearse to be in till near dusk. I got to Harlowe Place about four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful house. You desire me to be very minute.

At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every servant whom I saw had swelled eyes, and looked with so much concern, that at first I apprehended some new disaster had happened in the family. Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe, and Mrs. Hervey, were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardness of heart.

My cousin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expressed a fixed concern; and he desired me to excuse his behaviour the last time I was there.

My cousin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief.

O cousin! said she, hanging upon my arm, I dare not ask you any questions! — About the approach of the hearse, I suppose she meant.

I myself was full of grief; and without going farther or speaking, sat down in the hall in the first chair.

The brother sat down on one hand of me, the sister on the other. Both were silent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me soon after. His face was overspread with all the appearance of woe. He requested me to walk into the parlour; where, as he said, were all his fellow mourners.

I attended him in. My cousins James and Arabella followed me.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may say, broke out the moment I entered the parlour.

My cousin Harlowe, the dear creature's father, as soon as he saw me, said, O cousin, cousin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourself with! — *You* are a happy man!

The poor mother, bowing her head to me in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes, with one hand. The

other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window sat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the sorrowing company; his eyes red and swelled.

My cousin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe — Don't — dear sister! said he. — Then towards my cousin Harlowe — Don't — dear brother! — Don't thus give way — and without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, sunk into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

Miss Arabella followed her uncle Antony, as he walked in before me, and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her mother's chair; and inclining her face over it, on the unhappy lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent used, but then was unable, to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe, with all his vehemence of spirit, was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no doubt, was the cause of it.

* * * * *

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were cast upon my cousin James, as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse.

About six o'clock the hearse came to the outward gate — the parish-church is at some distance; but the wind setting fair, the afflicted family were struck, just before it came, into a fresh fit of grief, on hearing the funeral bell tolled in a very solemn manner. A respect, as it proved, and as they all guessed, paid to the memory of the dear deceased, out of officious love, as the hearse passed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was so great in expectation of it, what it must be when it arrived.

A servant came in to acquaint us with what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner courtyard apprised us of before. He

spoke not. He could not speak. He looked, bowed and withdrew.

I stepped out. No one else could then stir. Her brother, however, soon followed me. When I came to the door, I beheld a sight very affecting.

You have heard, sir, how universally my dear cousin was beloved. By the poor and middling sort especially, no young lady was ever so much beloved. And with reason: she was the common patroness of all the honest poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us, in every deep and sincere grief, to interest all we know in what is so concerning to ourselves. The servants of the family, it seems, had told *their* friends, and those *theirs*, that though, living, their dear young lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home: so that the hearse, and the solemn tolling of the bell, had drawn together at least fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and some of good appearance. Not a soul of them, it seems, with a dry eye, and each lamenting the death of this admired lady, *who*, as I am told, *never stirred out but somebody was the better for her*.

These, when the coffin was taken out of the hearse, crowding about it, hindered for a few moments its being carried in; the young people struggling who should bear it; and yet, with respectful *whisperings*, rather than clamorous *contention*. A mark of veneration I had never before seen paid, upon any occasion, in all my travels, from the underbred many, from whom noise is generally inseparable in all their emulations.

At last six maidens were permitted to carry it in by the six handles.

The corpse was thus borne, with the most solemn respect, into the hall, and placed for the present upon two stools there. The plates, and emblems, and inscription, set every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told that all was of her own ordering. They wished to be permitted a sight of the corpse; but rather mentioned this as their *wish* than as their *hope*. When they had all satisfied their curiosity, and remarked upon the emblems, they dispersed with blessings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her

to be happy; and inferring, were *she* not so, what would become of them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good she delighted to do. Nor were there wanting those among them, who heaped curses upon the man who was the author of her fall.

The servants of the family then got about the coffin. They could not before: and that afforded a new scene of sorrow: but a silent one; for they spoke only by their eyes, and by sighs, looking upon the lid, and upon one another, by turns, with hands lifted up. The presence of their young master possibly might awe them, and cause their grief to be expressed only in dumb show.

But when the corpse was carried into the lesser parlour adjoining to the hall, which she used to call *her* parlour, and put upon a table in the middle of the room, and the father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her sister, came in, joining her brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe, the scene was still more affecting. Their sorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving severity: and now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence; never, never more to be restored to them! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foresaw the remorse that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was so grieved for their apprehended grief, and *endeavoured to comfort them by her posthumous letters*. But it was still a greater generosity in her to try to excuse them to me, as she did, when we were alone together, a few hours before she died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) she ought to have done, the only error she was ever guilty of. The more freely however perhaps (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expense. I am, dear sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER CLXXVI

Translation of a Letter from F. G. DE LA TOUR
TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ., NEAR SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON

Trent, Dec. 18. N.S.

SIR,

I HAVE melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He shewed me his letter to you before he sealed it; signifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that ever I beheld in men, stript to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but, before my chevalier could recover himself, the colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the

shoulder: and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the colonel said, sir, I believe you have enough.

My chevalier swore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and ran my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell; saying, The luck is yours, sir — O my beloved Clarissa! Now art thou — inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropt from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French — Ah, monsieur! you are a dead man! Call to God for mercy!

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the surgeons; who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture: and then the colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle) extremely outrageous. — Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The colonel, against the surgeons' advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct, and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him, that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace said, you have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, sir, said Mr. Morden: and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my chevalier — a cursed fate! — Or this could not have been! — But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour.

Sir, said the colonel, with the piety of a confessor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God.

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but *suffered much*, as well from his *impatience* and *disappointment*, as from his *wounds*; for he seemed *very unwilling to die*.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, Take her away! Take her away! but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound) calling her, Sweet excellence! Divine creature! Fair sufferer! — And once he said, Look down, blessed spirit, look down; — And there stopt; — his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning, he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they shew an ultimate composure; which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

Blessed — said he, addressing himself no doubt to heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up — a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more — but recovering, he again, with great fervor, (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word *blessed*! Then in a seeming ejaculation, he

spoke inwardly so as not to be understood : at last he distinctly pronounced these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE !

And then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman ! his end so near : so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty ; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank : a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government — for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the sacraments in the catholic way. May his soul be happy, I pray God !

I have had some trouble also on account of the manner of his death, from the magistracy here ; who have taken the requisite informations in the affair. And it has cost some money. Of which, and of my dear chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And so, waiting at this place your commands, I am, SIR,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,
F. J. DE LA TOUR.

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING

HENRY FIELDING

BOOK I

CONTAINING AS MUCH OF THE BIRTH OF THE FOUNDLING
AS IS NECESSARY OR PROPER TO ACQUAINT THE
READER WITH IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS HISTORY

CHAPTER I

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE WORK, OR BILL OF FARE TO THE FEAST

AN author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. In the former case, it is well known that the entertainer provides what fare he pleases; and though this should be very indifferent, and utterly disagreeable to the taste of his company, they must not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is set before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the master of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat will insist on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimsical these may prove; and if everything is not agreeable to their taste, will challenge a right to censure, to abuse, and to d—n their dinner without control.

To prevent, therefore, giving offence to their customers by any such disappointment, it hath been usual with the honest and well-meaning host to provide a bill of fare which all persons may peruse at their first entrance into the house; and having thence acquainted themselves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either stay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to some other ordinary better accommodated to their taste.

As we do not disdain to borrow wit or wisdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condescended to take a hint from these honest victuallers, and shall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but shall likewise give the reader particular bills to every course which is to be served up in this and the ensuing volumes.

The provision, then, which we have here made is no other than *Human Nature*. Nor do I fear that my sensible reader, though most luxurious in his taste, will start, cavil, or be offended, because I have named but one article. The tortoise — as the alderman of Bristol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience — besides the delicious calipash and calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is such prodigious variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several species of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhaust so extensive a subject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this dish is too common and vulgar; for what else is the subject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the stalls abound? Many exquisite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a sufficient cause for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that something was to be found in the most paltry alleys under the same name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham, or Bologna sausage, is to be found in the shops.

But the whole, to continue the same metaphor, consists in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr Pope tells us —

“True wit is nature to advantage drest;
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well exprest.”

The same animal which hath the honour to have some part of his flesh eaten at the table of a duke, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and some of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vilest stall in town. Where, then, lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at

dinner on the same ox or calf, but in the seasoning, the dressing, the garnishing, and the setting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the most languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the sharpest and keenest.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment consists less in the subject than in the author's skill in well dressing it up. How pleased, therefore, will the reader be to find that we have, in the following work, adhered closely to one of the highest principles of the best cook which the present age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced. This great man, as is well known to all lovers of polite eating, begins at first by setting plain things before his hungry guests, rising afterwards by degrees as their stomachs may be supposed to decrease, to the very quintessence of sauce and spices. In like manner, we shall represent human nature at first to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and simple manner in which it is found in the country, and shall hereafter hash and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian seasoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By these means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered desirous to read on for ever, as the great person just above-mentioned is supposed to have made some persons eat.

Having premised thus much, we will now detain those who like our bill of fare no longer from their diet, and shall proceed directly to serve up the first course of our history for their entertainment.

CHAPTER II

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF SQUIRE ALLWORTHY, AND A FULLER ACCOUNT OF MISS BRIDGET ALLWORTHY, HIS SISTER

IN that part of the western division of this kingdom which is commonly called Somersetshire, there lately lived, and perhaps lives still, a gentleman whose name was Allworthy, and who might well be called the favourite of both nature and fortune; for both of these seem to have contended which should bless and enrich him most. In this contention, nature may seem to some to have come off victorious, as she bestowed on him many gifts, while fortune had only one gift in her power;

but in pouring forth this, she was so very profuse, that others perhaps may think this single endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various blessings which he enjoyed from nature. From the former of these, he derived an agreeable person, a sound constitution, a solid understanding, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largest estates in the county.

This gentleman had in his youth married a very worthy and beautiful woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: by her he had three children, all of whom died in their infancy. He had likewise had the misfortune of burying this beloved wife herself, about five years before the time in which this history chuses to set out. This loss, however great, he bore like a man of sense and constancy, though it must be confest he would often talk a little whimsically on this head; for he sometimes said he looked on himself as still married, and considered his wife as only gone a little before him, a journey which he should most certainly, sooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the least doubt of meeting her again in a place where he should never part with her more — sentiments for which his sense was arraigned by one part of his neighbours, his religion by a second, and his sincerity by a third.

He now lived, for the most part, retired in the country, with one sister, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now somewhat past the age of thirty, an æra at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may with no impropriety be assumed. She was of that species of women whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called, by their own sex, very good sort of women — as good a sort of woman, madam, as you would wish to know. Indeed, she was so far from regretting want of beauty, that she never mentioned that perfection, if it can be called one, without contempt; and would often thank God she was not as handsome as Miss Such-a-one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors which she might have otherwise avoided. Miss Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of person in a woman to be no better than snares for herself, as well as for others; and yet so discreet

was she in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard as if she had all the snares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole sex. Indeed, I have observed, though it may seem unaccountable to the reader, that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readiest to go on duty where there is the least danger. It often basely and cowardly deserts those paragons for whom the men are all wishing, sighing, dying, and spreading every net in their power; and constantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women for whom the other sex have a more distant and awful respect, and whom (from despair, I suppose, of success) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee that I intend to digress, through this whole history, as often as I see occasion, of which I am myself a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever; and here I must desire all those critics to mind their own business, and not to intermeddle with affairs or works which no ways concern them; for till they produce the authority by which they are constituted judges, I shall not plead to their jurisdiction.

CHAPTER III

AN ODD ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL MR ALLWORTHY AT HIS RETURN HOME. THE DECENT BEHAVIOUR OF MRS DEBORAH WILKINS, WITH SOME PROPER ANIMADVERSIONS ON BASTARDS

I HAVE told my reader, in the preceding chapter, that Mr Allworthy inherited a large fortune; that he had a good heart, and no family. Hence, doubtless, it will be concluded by many that he lived like an honest man, owed no one a shilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good house, entertained his neighbours with a hearty welcome at his table, and was charitable to the poor, *i.e.*, to those who had rather beg than work, by giving them the offals from it; that he died immensely rich and built an hospital.

And true it is that he did many of these things; but had he done nothing more I should have left him to have recorded his own merit on some fair freestone over the door of that hospital. Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the subject

of this history, or I should grossly mis-spent my time in writing so voluminous a work; and you, my sagacious friend, might with equal profit and pleasure travel through some pages which certain droll authors have been facetiously pleased to call *The History of England*.

Mr Allworthy had been absent a full quarter of a year in London, on some very particular business, though I know not what it was; but judge of its importance by its having detained him so long from home, whence he had not been absent a month at a time during the space of many years. He came to his house very late in the evening, and after a short supper with his sister, retired much fatigued to his chamber. Here, having spent some minutes on his knees — a custom which he never broke through on any account — he was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the cloathes, to his great surprize he beheld an infant, wrapt up in some coarse linen, in a sweet and profound sleep, between his sheets. He stood some time lost in astonishment at this sight; but, as good nature had always the ascendant in his mind, he soon began to be touched with sentiments of compassion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman-servant to rise immediately, and come to him; and in the meantime was so eager in contemplating the beauty of innocence, appearing in those lively colours with which infancy and sleep always display it, that his thoughts were too much engaged to reflect that he was in his shirt when the matron came in. She had indeed given her master sufficient time to dress himself; for out of respect to him, and regard to decency, she had spent many minutes in adjusting her hair at the looking-glass, notwithstanding all the hurry in which she had been summoned by the servant, and though her master, for aught she knew, lay expiring in an apoplexy, or in some other fit.

It will not be wondered at that a creature who had so strict a regard to decency in her own person, should be shocked at the least deviation from it in another. She therefore no sooner opened the door, and saw her master standing by the bedside in his shirt, with a candle in his hand, than she started back in a most terrible fright, and might perhaps have swooned away, had

he not now recollected his being undrest, and put an end to her terrors by desiring her to stay without the door till he had thrown some cloathes over his back, and was become incapable of shocking the pure eyes of Mrs Deborah Wilkins, who, though in the fifty-second year of her age, vowed she had never beheld a man without his coat. Sneerers and prophane wits may perhaps laugh at her first fright; yet my graver reader, when he considers the time of night, the summons from her bed, and the situation in which she found her master, will highly justify and applaud her conduct, unless the prudence which must be supposed to attend maidens at that period of life at which Mrs Deborah had arrived, should a little lessen his admiration.

When Mrs Deborah returned into the room, and was acquainted by her master with the finding the little infant, her consternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could she refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look, "My good sir! what's to be done?" Mr Allworthy answered, she must take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurse. "Yes, sir," says she; "and I hope your worship will send out your warrant to take up the hussy its mother, for she must be one of the neighbourhood; and I should be glad to see her committed to Bridewell, and whipt at the cart's tail. Indeed, such wicked sluts cannot be too severely punished. I'll warrant 'tis not her first, by her impudence in laying it to your worship." "In laying it to me, Deborah!" answered Allworthy: "I can't think she hath any such design. I suppose she hath only taken this method to provide for her child; and truly I am glad she hath not done worse." "I don't know what is worse," cries Deborah, "than for such wicked strumpets to lay their sins at honest men's doors; and though your worship knows your own innocence, yet the world is censorious; and it hath been many an honest man's hap to pass for the father of children he never begot; and if your worship should provide for the child, it may make the people the apter to believe; besides, why should your worship provide for what the parish is obliged to maintain? For my own part, if it was an honest man's child, indeed — but for my own part, it goes against me to touch these misbegotten wretches,

whom I don't look upon as my fellow-creatures. Faugh ! how it stinks ! It doth not smell like a Christian. If I might be so bold to give my advice, I would have it put in a basket, and sent out and laid at the churchwarden's door. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy ; and if it was well wrapt up, and put in a warm basket, it is two to one but it lives till it is found in the morning. But if it should not, we have discharged our duty in taking proper care of it ; and it is, perhaps, better for such creatures to die in a state of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their mothers ; for nothing better can be expected of them."

There were some strokes in this speech which perhaps would have offended Mr Allworthy, had he strictly attended to it ; but he had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle pressure, seeming to implore his assistance, had certainly outpleaded the eloquence of Mrs Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs Deborah positive orders to take the child to her own bed, and to call up a maid-servant to provide it pap, and other things, against it waked. He likewise ordered that proper cloathes should be procured for it early in the morning, and that it should be brought to himself as soon as he was stirring.

Such was the discernment of Mrs Wilkins, and such the respect she bore her master, under whom she enjoyed a most excellent place, that her scruples gave way to his peremptory commands ; and she took the child under her arms, without any apparent disgust at the illegality of its birth ; and declaring it was a sweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy here betook himself to those pleasing slumbers which a heart that hungers after goodness is apt to enjoy when thoroughly satisfied. As these are possibly sweeter than what are occasioned by any other hearty meal, I should take more pains to display them to the reader, if I knew any air to recommend him to for the procuring such an appetite.

CHAPTER IV

THE READER'S NECK BROUGHT INTO DANGER BY A DESCRIPTION;
HIS ESCAPE; AND THE GREAT CONDESCENSION OF MISS BRIDGET
ALLWORTHY

THE Gothic stile of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr Allworthy's house. There was an air of grandeur in it that struck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the best Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within as venerable without.

It stood on the south-east side of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, so as to be sheltered from the north-east by a grove of old oaks which rose above it in a gradual ascent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a most charming prospect of the valley beneath.

In the midst of the grove was a fine lawn, sloping down towards the house, near the summit of which rose a plentiful spring, gushing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a constant cascade of about thirty feet, not carried down a regular flight of steps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and mossy stones till it came to the bottom of the rock, then running off in a pebbly channel, that with many lesser falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the house on the south side, and which was seen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the center of a beautiful plain, embellished with groups of beeches and elms, and fed with sheep, issued a river, that for several miles was seen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods till it emptied itself into the sea, with a large arm of which, and an island beyond it, the prospect was closed.

On the right of this valley opened another of less extent, adorned with several villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abby, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained still entire.

The left-hand scene presented the view of a very fine park, composed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diversity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taste, but owing less to art than to nature, could give.

Beyond this, the country gradually rose into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect we have before described to his eye; and now having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty rose the sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr Allworthy himself presented — a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

Reader, take care. I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us c'en venture to slide down together; for Miss Bridget rings her bell, and Mr Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and, if you please, shall be glad of your company.

The usual compliments having past between Mr Allworthy and Miss Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he summoned Mrs Wilkins, and told his sister he had a present for her, for which she thanked him — imagining, I suppose, it had been a gown, or some ornament for her person. Indeed, he very often made her such presents; and she, in complacency to him, spent much time in adorning herself. I say in complacency to him, because she always exprest the greatest contempt for dress, and for those ladies who made it their study.

But if such was her expectation, how was she disappointed when Mrs Wilkins, according to the order she had received from her master, produced the little infant? Great surprizes, as hath been observed, are apt to besilent; and so was Miss Bridget, till her brother began, and told her the whole story, which, as the reader knows it already, we shall not repeat.

Miss Bridget had always exprest so great a regard for what the ladies are pleased to call virtue, and had herself maintained such a severity of character, that it was expected, especially by Wilkins, that she would have vented much bitterness on this occasion,

and would have voted for sending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the house; but, on the contrary, she rather took the good-natured side of the question, intimated some compassion for the helpless little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

Perhaps the reader may account for this behaviour from her condescension to Mr Allworthy, when we have informed him that the good man had ended his narrative with owning a resolution to take care of the child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the truth, she was always ready to oblige her brother, and very seldom, if ever, contradicted his sentiments. She would, indeed, sometimes make a few observations, as that men were headstrong, and must have their own way, and would wish she had been blest with an independent fortune; but these were always vented in a low voice, and at the most amounted only to what is called muttering.

However, what she withheld from the infant, she bestowed with the utmost profuseness on the poor unknown mother, whom she called an impudent slut, a wanton hussy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile strumpet, with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to lash those who bring a disgrace on the sex.

A consultation was now entered into how to proceed in order to discover the mother. A scrutiny was first made into the characters of the female servants of the house, who were all acquitted by Mrs Wilkins, and with apparent merit; for she had collected them herself, and perhaps it would be difficult to find such another set of scarecrows.

The next step was to examine among the inhabitants of the parish; and this was referred to Mrs Wilkins, who was to enquire with all imaginable diligence, and to make her report in the afternoon.

Matters being thus settled, Mr Allworthy withdrew to his study, as was his custom, and left the child to his sister, who, at his desire, had undertaken the care of it.

CHAPTER V

CONTAINING A FEW COMMON MATTERS, WITH A VERY UNCOMMON
OBSERVATION UPON THEM

WHEN her master was departed, Mrs Deborah stood silent, expecting her cue from Miss Bridget; for as to what had past before her master, the prudent housekeeper by no means relied upon it, as she had often known the sentiments of the lady in her brother's absence to differ greatly from those which she had expressed in his presence. Miss Bridget did not, however, suffer her to continue long in this doubtful situation; for having looked some time earnestly at the child, as it lay asleep in the lap of Mrs Deborah, the good lady could not forbear giving it a hearty kiss, at the same time declaring herself wonderfully pleased with its beauty and innocence. Mrs Deborah no sooner observed this than she fell to squeezing and kissing, with as great raptures as sometimes inspire the sage dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous bridegroom, crying out, in a shrill voice, "O, the dear little creature! — The dear, sweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow it is as fine a boy as ever was seen!"

These exclamations continued till they were interrupted by the lady, who now proceeded to execute the commission given her by her brother, and gave orders for providing all necessaries for the child, appointing a very good room in the house for his nursery. Her orders were indeed so liberal, that, had it been a child of her own, she could not have exceeded them; but, lest the virtuous reader may condemn her for showing too great regard to a base-born infant, to which all charity is condemned by law as irreligious, we think proper to observe that she concluded the whole with saying, "Since it was her brother's whim to adopt the little brat, she supposed little master must be treated with great tenderness. For her part, she could not help thinking it was an encouragement to vice; but that she knew too much of the obstinacy of mankind to oppose any of their ridiculous humours."

With reflections of this nature she usually, as has been hinted, accompanied every act of compliance with her brother's inclina-

tions ; and surely nothing could more contribute to heighten the merit of this compliance than a declaration that she knew, at the same time, the folly and unreasonableness of those inclinations to which she submitted. Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will, and consequently may be easily, and without any pains, preserved ; but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend, performs what we desire, with grumbling and reluctance, with expressions of dislike and dissatisfaction, the manifest difficulty which they undergo must greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of those deep observations which very few readers can be supposed capable of making themselves, I have thought proper to lend them my assistance ; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the course of my work. Indeed, I shall seldom or never so indulge him, unless in such instances as this, where nothing but the inspiration with which we writers are gifted, can possibly enable any one to make the discovery.

BOOK III. CHAPTER II

THE HEROE OF THIS GREAT HISTORY APPEARS WITH VERY BAD OMENS.
A LITTLE TALE OF SO LOW A KIND THAT SOME MAY THINK IT
NOT WORTH THEIR NOTICE. A WORD OR TWO CONCERN-
ING A SQUIRE, AND MORE RELATING TO A GAMEKEEPER
AND A SCHOOLMASTER

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish ; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture ; the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him : he had been already convicted of three robberies, viz., of

robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's¹ pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion; a youth of so different a cast from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighbourhood resounded his praises. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him: while Tom Jones was universally disliked; and many expressed their wonder that Mr Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the characters of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "*Noscitur a socio*;" which, I think, is thus expressed in English, "You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from his fellow, who, in two or three instances, had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact: for the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family; though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor

¹ Master Blifil is the son of Mrs. Blifil, formerly Miss Bridget Allworthy, and Captain Blifil, now deceased.

lad bore not only the whole smart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horseloads themselves; so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of Nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings

Fruges consumere nati,

"Born to consume the fruits of the earth;" so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others

Feras consumere nati,

"Born to consume the beasts of the field;" or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges near the border of that manor over which Fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of Nature, had planted one of the game consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen, in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr Allworthy's dominions.

Mr Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbours; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders

had not been always very scrupulously kept ; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, overpersuaded him ; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horse-back, at a little distance from them ; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom ; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr Allworthy. He was as good as his word : for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open, and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him ; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged no other excuse but what was really true, viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants ; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone ; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent

for, and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating, that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr Allworthy, who told him he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night; and the more so, as he was without his usual companion; for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being, lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honour he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr Thwackum, the person to whom Mr Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was, so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him, between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flead rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this

latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken; which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account." And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends; again repeating his sorrow for what had past.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum, than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fulness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to persuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy saying, "He had persisted in an untruth;" and gave some hints, that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said, the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honour for so doing.

"Honour!" cried Thwackum, with some warmth, "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honour teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honour exist independent of religion?"

This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended.

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CHAPTER IV

CONTAINING A NECESSARY APOLOGY FOR THE AUTHOR; AND A CHILDISH INCIDENT, WHICH PERHAPS REQUIRES AN APOLOGY LIKEWISE

BEFORE I proceed farther, I shall beg leave to obviate some misconstructions into which the zeal of some few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, especially to men who are warm in the cause of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the grossest misunderstanding or perversion of my meaning, misrepresent me, as endeavouring to cast any ridicule on the greatest perfections of human nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and ennoble the heart of man, and raise him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to say (and by how much the better man you are yourself, by so much the more will you be inclined to believe me), that I would rather have buried the sentiments of these two persons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of these glorious causes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their service, that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their false and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is the most dangerous enemy; and I will say boldly, that both religion and virtue have received more real discredit from hypocrites than the wittiest profligates or infidels could ever cast upon them: nay, farther, as these two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil society, and are indeed the greatest of blessings; so when poisoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worst of civil curses, and have enabled men to perpetrate the most cruel mischiefs to their own species.

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed: my chief apprehension is, as many true and just sentiments often came from the mouths of these persons, lest the whole should be taken together, and I should be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleased to consider, that, as neither of these men were fools, they could not be supposed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but absurdities; what injustice, therefore, must I have

done to their characters, had I selected only what was bad ! And how horribly wretched and maimed must their arguments have appeared !

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them, which is here exposed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square,¹ religion, in the composition of their several systems, and had not both utterly discarded all natural goodness of heart, they had never been represented as the objects of derision in this history ; in which we will now proceed.

This matter then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the last chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Master Blifil and Tom Jones, the consequence of which had been a bloody nose to the former ; for though Master Blifil, notwithstanding he was the younger, was in size above the other's match, yet Tom was much his superior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiously avoided all engagements with that youth ; for besides that Tommy Jones was an inoffensive lad amidst all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr Thwackum being always the second of the latter, would have been sufficient to deter him.

But well says a certain author, No man is wise at all hours ; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not so. A difference arising at play between the two lads, Master Blifil called Tom a beggarly bastard. Upon which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phenomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Master Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle and the tremendous Thwackum. In which court an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom ; who in his excuse only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Master Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed possible that this circumstance might have escaped his memory ; for, in his reply, he positively insisted, that he had made use of no such appellation ; adding, "Heaven forbid such naughty words should ever come out of his mouth !"

¹ Mr. Square is a gentleman philosopher also resident at Mr. Allworthy's and diametrically opposed in point of view to the Rev. Mr. Thwackum.

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmance of the words. Upon which Master Blifil said, "It is no wonder. Those who will tell one fib, will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to show my face."

"What fib, child?" cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

"Why, he told you that nobody was with him a shooting when he killed the partridge; but he knows" (here he burst into a flood of tears), "yes, he knows, for he confessed it to me, that Black George the gamekeeper was there. Nay, he said — yes you did — deny it if you can, that you would not have confest the truth, though master had cut you to pieces."

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph — "Oh! ho! this is your mistaken notion of honour! This is the boy who was not to be whipped again!" But Mr Allworthy, with a more gentle aspect, turned towards the lad, and said, "Is this true, child? How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood?"

Tom said, "He scorned a lie as much as any one: but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did; for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him: which," he said, "he thought himself farther obliged to, as the gamekeeper had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone himself, in compliance with his persuasions." He said, "This was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of it;" and concluded with very passionately begging Mr Allworthy "to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself only had been guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. Indeed, sir," said he, "it could hardly be called a lie that I told; for the poor fellow was entirely innocent of the whole matter. I should have gone alone after the birds; nay, I did go at first, and he only followed me to prevent more mischief. Do, pray, sir, let me be punished; take my little horse away again; but pray, sir, forgive poor George."

Mr Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

CHAPTER V

THE OPINIONS OF THE DIVINE AND THE PHILOSOPHER CONCERNING
THE TWO BOYS; WITH SOME REASONS FOR THEIR OPINIONS,
AND OTHER MATTERS

It is probable, that by disclosing this secret, which had been communicated in the utmost confidence to him, young Blifil preserved his companion from a good lashing; for the offence of the bloody nose would have been of itself sufficient cause for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally absorbed in the consideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment, so that Thwackum's hand was withheld by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whose meditations were full of birch, exclaimed against this weak, and, as he said he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the punishment of such crimes was, he said, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon, and others; which being to be found in so many other books, shall not be found here. He then applied himself to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square said, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue, but could not. He owned there was something which at first sight appeared like fortitude in the action; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falsehood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in some measure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr Thwackum's consideration, whether a larger castigation might not be laid on upon the account.

As both these learned men concurred in censuring Jones, so were they no less unanimous in applauding Master Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parson asserted to be the duty of every religious man; and by the philosopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitness of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr Allworthy. He

could not be prevailed on to sign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was something within his own breast with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preserved, corresponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or with the virtue of Square. He therefore strictly ordered the former of these gentlemen to abstain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had past. The pedagogue was obliged to obey those orders; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings that the boy would be certainly spoiled.

Towards the gamekeeper the good man behaved with more severity. He presently summoned that poor fellow before him, and after many bitter remonstrances, paid him his wages, and dismissed him from his service; for Mr Allworthy rightly observed, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falsehood to excuse yourself, and to excuse another. He likewise urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible severity against this man, that he had basely suffered Tom Jones to undergo so heavy a punishment for his sake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the discovery himself.

When the story became public, many people differed from Square and Thwackum, in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occasion. Master Blifil was generally called a sneaking rascal, a poor-spirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilst Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honest fellow. Indeed, his behaviour to Black George much ingratiated him with all the servants; for though that fellow was before universally disliked, yet he was no sooner turned away than he was as universally pitied; and the friendship and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated by them all with the highest applause; and they condemned Master Blifil as openly as they durst, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom smarted in the flesh; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exercise his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb says, It is easy to find a stick, &c. So was it easy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chastising poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the sport been the only inducement to

the pedagogue, it is probable Master Blifil would likewise have had his share ; but though Mr Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harsh, nay even barbarous, to the other. To say the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his master's affections ; partly by the profound respect he always showed his person, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine ; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated, his phrases, and maintained all his master's religious principles with a zeal which was surprizing in one so young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of respect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his master's approach ; but was altogether as unmindful both of his master's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtless, giddy youth, with little sobriety in his manners, and less in his countenance ; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his serious behaviour.

Mr Square had the same reason for his preference of the former lad ; for Tom Jones showed no more regard to the learned discourses which this gentleman would sometimes throw away upon him, than to those of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jest of the rule of right ; and at another time said, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making such a man as his father (for so Mr Allworthy suffered himself to be called).

Master Blifil, on the contrary, had address enough at sixteen to recommend himself at one and the same time to both these opposites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were present, he was profoundly silent, which both interpreted in his favour and in their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both these gentlemen to their faces ; he took frequent occasions of praising them behind their backs to Allworthy ; before whom, when they two were alone, and his uncle commended any religious or virtuous sentiment (for many such came constantly from him) he seldom failed to ascribe it to the good instructions he had received from

either Thwackum or Square; for he knew his uncle repeated all such compliments to the persons for whose use they were meant; and he found by experience the great impressions which they made on the philosopher, as well as on the divine: for, to say the truth, there is no kind of flattery so irresistible as this, at second hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, soon perceived how extremely grateful all those panegyrics on his instructors were to Mr Allworthy himself, as they so loudly resounded the praise of that singular plan of education which he had laid down; for this worthy man having observed the imperfect institution of our public schools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had resolved to educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had in a manner adopted, in his own house; where he thought their morals would escape all that danger of being corrupted to which they would be unavoidably exposed in any public school or university.

Having, therefore, determined to commit these boys to the tuition of a private tutor, Mr Thwackum was recommended to him for that office, by a very particular friend, of whose understanding Mr Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whose integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he almost entirely resided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and sobriety of manners. And these were doubtless the qualifications by which Mr Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him; though indeed this friend had some obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the most considerable persons in a borough which that gentleman represented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his first arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly answered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer acquaintance, however, and more intimate conversation, this worthy man saw infirmities in the tutor, which he could have wished him to have been without; though as those seemed greatly overbalanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr Allworthy to part with him: nor would they indeed have justified such a proceeding; for the reader is greatly mistaken, if he conceives that Thwackum ap-

peared to Mr Allworthy in the same light as he doth to him in this history ; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines that the most intimate acquaintance which he himself could have had with that divine, would have informed him of those things which we, from our inspiration, are enabled to open and discover. Of readers who, from such conceits as these, condemn the wisdom or penetration of Mr Allworthy, I shall not scruple to say, that they make a very bad and ungrateful use of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

These apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum served greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of Square, which our good man no less saw and condemned. He thought, indeed, that the different exuberancies of these gentlemen would correct their different imperfections ; and that from both, especially with his assistance, the two lads would derive sufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this possibly proceeded from some fault in the plan itself ; which the reader hath my leave to discover, if he can : for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this history ; where we hope nothing will be found which hath never yet been seen in human nature.

To return therefore : the reader will not, I think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above commemorated, produced the different effects of which he hath already seen some instance ; and besides this, there was another reason for the conduct of the philosopher and the pedagogue ; but this being matter of great importance, we shall reveal it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

CONTAINING A BETTER REASON STILL FOR THE BEFORE-MENTIONED OPINIONS

It is to be known then, that those two learned personages, who have lately made a considerable figure on the theatre of this history, had, from their first arrival at Mr Allworthy's house, taken so great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the closest alliance with him.

For this purpose they had cast their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not for some time made any mention of her, the reader, we trust, hath not forgot. Mrs Blifil was indeed the object to which they both aspired.

It may seem remarkable, that, of four persons whom we have commemorated at Mr Allworthy's house three of them should fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little descended into the vale of years; but in reality bosom friends, and intimate acquaintance, have a kind of natural propensity to particular females at the house of a friend — viz., to his grandmother, mother, sister, daughter, aunt, niece, or cousin, when they are rich; and to his wife, sister, daughter, niece, cousin, mistress, or servant-maid, if they should be handsome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that persons of such characters as were supported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little censured by some rigid moralists, before they had thoroughly examined it, and considered whether it was (as Shakespear phrases it) "Stuff o' th' conscience," or no. Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking by reflecting that to covet your neighbour's sister is nowhere forbidden: and he knew it was a rule in the construction of all laws, that "*Expressum facit cessare tacitum*." The sense of which is, "When a lawgiver sets down plainly his whole meaning, we are prevented from making him mean what we please ourselves." As some instances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a sister omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to Square, who was in his person what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he easily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitness of things.

Now, as both of these gentlemen were industrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themselves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her son the constant preference to the other lad; and as they conceived the kindness and affection which Mr Allworthy showed the latter, must be highly disagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occasions to degrade and vilify him, would be

highly pleasing to her; who, as she hated the boy, must love those who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for while Square could only scarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flea his skin; and, indeed, he considered every lash he gave him as a compliment paid to his mistress; so that he could, with the utmost propriety, repeat this old flogging line, "*Castigo te non quod odio habeam, sed quod AMEM.* I chastise thee not out of hatred, but out of love." And this, indeed, he often had in his mouth, or rather, according to the old phrase, never more properly applied, at his fingers' ends.

For this reason, principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have seen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads; this being, indeed, almost the only instance of their concurring on any point; for, beside the difference of their principles, they had both long ago strongly suspected each other's design, and hated one another with no little degree of inveteracy.

This mutual animosity was a good deal increased by their alternate successes; for Mrs Blifil knew what they would be at long before they imagined it; or, indeed, intended she should: for they proceeded with great caution, lest she should be offended, and acquaint Mr Allworthy. But they had no reason for any such fear; she was well enough pleased with a passion, of which she intended none should have any fruits but herself. And the only fruits she designed for herself were, flattery and courtship; for which purpose she soothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parson's principles; but Square's person was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did in countenance very nearly resemble that gentleman, who, in the Harlot's Progress, is seen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.

Whether Mrs Blifil had been surfeited with the sweets of marriage, or disgusted by its bitters, or from what other cause it proceeded, I will not determine; but she could never be brought to listen to any second proposals. However, she at last conversed with Square with such a degree of intimacy that malicious tongues began to whisper things of her, to which, as well for the sake of the lady, as that they were highly disagreeable to the rule of right and the fitness of things, we will give no credit, and therefore

shall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipped on, without getting a step nearer to his journey's end.

Indeed he had committed a great error, and that Square discovered much sooner than himself. Mrs Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly guessed) was not over and above pleased with the behaviour of her husband; nay, to be honest, she absolutely hated him, till his death at last a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if she had not the most violent regard to the offspring she had by him. And, in fact, she had so little of this regard, that in his infancy she seldom saw her son, or took any notice of him; and hence she acquiesced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr Allworthy showered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with Master Blifil. This acquiescence in Mrs Blifil was considered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condescension to her brother's humour, and she was imagined by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility she showed him, the more they conceived she detested him, and the surer schemes she was laying for his ruin: for as they thought it her interest to hate him, it was very difficult for her to persuade them she did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as she had more than once sily caused him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr Allworthy, who was an enemy to this exercise, was abroad; whereas she had never given any such orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewise imposed upon Square. In reality, though she certainly hated her own son — of which, however monstrous it appears, I am assured she is not a singular instance — she appeared, notwithstanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart sufficiently displeased with all the favour shown by Mr Allworthy to the foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her brother's back, and very sharply censured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, she would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himself, when a little quarrel, or miff, as it is vulgarly called, arose between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry

of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this disinclination which she had discovered to him when a child, by degrees abated, and at last she so evidently demonstrated her affection to him to be much stronger than what she bore her own son, that it was impossible to mistake her any longer. She was so desirous of often seeing him, and discovered such satisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and what is worse, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which she had shown to Square: on which account the philosopher conceived the most implacable hatred for our poor heroine.

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR HIMSELF MAKES HIS APPEARANCE ON
THE STAGE

THOUGH Mr Allworthy was not of himself hasty to see things in a disadvantageous light, and was a stranger to the public voice, which seldom reaches to a brother or a husband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs Blifil to Tom, and the preference which she too visibly gave him to her own son, of the utmost disadvantage to that youth.

For such was the compassion which inhabited Mr Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the steel of justice could ever subdue it. To be unfortunate in any respect was sufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoise it, to turn the scale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendship and his benefaction.

When therefore he plainly saw Master Blifil was absolutely detested (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compassion upon him; and what the effects of compassion are, in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to most of my readers.

Henceforward he saw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glass inverted, so that they became scarce perceptible. And this perhaps the amiable temper of pity may make commendable; but the next step the weakness of human nature alone must

excuse; for he no sooner perceived that preference which Mrs Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to sink in his affections as he rose in hers. This, it is true, would of itself alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his bosom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr Allworthy's mind for those impressions which afterwards produced the mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this history; and to which, it must be confest, the unfortunate lad, by his own wantonness, wildness, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording some instances of these, we shall, if rightly understood, afford a very useful lesson to those well-disposed youths who shall hereafter be our readers; for they may here find, that goodness of heart, and openness of temper, though these may give them great comfort within, and administer to an honest pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their business in the world. Prudence and circumspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are indeed, as it were, a guard to Virtue, without which she can never be safe. It is not enough that your designs, nay, that your actions, are intrinsically good; you must take care they shall appear so. If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside also. This must be constantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it so, that the sagacity and goodness of an Allworthy will not be able to see through it, and to discern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your constant maxim, that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will Virtue herself look beautiful, unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my worthy disciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find sufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I ask pardon for this short appearance, by way of chorus, on the stage. It is in reality for my own sake, that, while I am discovering the rocks on which innocence and goodness often split, I may not be misunderstood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers, by which I intend to show them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to speak, I myself was obliged to declare.

CHAPTER VIII

A CHILDISH INCIDENT, IN WHICH, HOWEVER, IS SEEN A GOOD-NATURED DISPOSITION IN TOM JONES

THE reader may remember that Mr Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horse, as a kind of smart-money for the punishment which he imagined he had suffered innocently.

This horse Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and sold him.

At his return, being questioned by Thwackum what he had done with the money for which the horse was sold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

"Oho!" says Thwackum, "you will not! then I will have it out of your br—h;" that being the place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occasion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and everything prepared for execution, when Mr Allworthy, entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where, being alone with Tom, he put the same question to him which Thwackum had before asked him.

Tom answered, he could in duty refuse him nothing; but as for that tyrannical rascal, he would never make him any other answer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped soon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr Allworthy very severely reprimanded the lad for his indecent and disrespectful expressions concerning his master; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loss of his favour, if he ever heard such another word from his mouth; for, he said, he would never support or befriend a reprobate. By these and the like declarations, he extorted some compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over-sincere; for he really meditated some return for all the smarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr Allworthy to express a concern for his resentment against Thwackum; and then the good man, after some wholesome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did as follows:—

"Indeed, my dear sir, I love and honour you more than all the world : I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present ; for I had more pleasure in feeding him than in riding him. Indeed, sir, it went to my heart to part with him ; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same : for none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them ? Indeed, sir, there never was any misery like theirs."

"Like whose, child ?" says Allworthy : "What do you mean ?"

"Oh, sir !" answered Tom, "your poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever since your discarding him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger : I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to have been the occasion of all their sufferings. I could not bear it, sir ; upon my soul, I could not." [Here the tears ran down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded.] "It was to save them from absolute destruction I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it : I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money."

Mr Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relieving them himself.

This affair was afterwards the subject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr Allworthy's face, who had intended to punish the fellow for his disobedience. He said, in some instances, what the world called charity appeared to him to be opposing the will of the Almighty, which had marked some particular persons for destruction ; and that this was in like manner acting in opposition to Mr Allworthy ; concluding, as usual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued strongly on the other side, in opposition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr Allworthy, who seemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occasion, as I am convinced most of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the rule of right an action which it would have been impossible to deduce from the rule of wrong.

CHAPTER IX

CONTAINING AN INCIDENT OF A MORE HEINOUS KIND, WITH THE
COMMENTS OF THWACKUM AND SQUARE

It hath been observed by some man of much greater reputation for wisdom than myself, that misfortunes seldom come single. An instance of this may, I believe, be seen in those gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected ; for here discovery seldom stops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom ; who was no sooner pardoned for selling the horse, than he was discovered to have some time before sold a fine Bible which Mr Allworthy gave him, the money arising from which sale he had disposed of in the same manner. This Bible Master Blifil had purchased, though he had already such another of his own, partly out of respect for the book, and partly out of friendship to Tom, being unwilling that the Bible should be sold out of the family at half-price. He therefore deposited the said half-price himself ; for he was a very prudent lad, and so careful of his money, that he had laid up almost every penny which he had received from Mr Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when Master Blifil was first possessed of this Bible, he never used any other. Nay, he was seen reading in it much oftener than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently asked Thwackum to explain difficult passages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an inquiry, which obliged Master Blifil to discover the whole matter.

Thwackum was resolved a crime of this kind, which he called sacrilege, should not go unpunished. He therefore proceeded immediately to castigation: and not contented with that he acquainted Mr Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monstrous crime, as it appeared to him: inveighing against Tom in the most bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and sellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square saw this matter in a very different light. He said, he could not perceive any higher crime in selling one book than in selling another. That to sell Bibles was strictly lawful by all laws both Divine and human, and consequently there was no unfitness in it. He told Thwackum, that his great concern on this occasion brought to his mind the story of a very devout woman, who, out of pure regard to religion, stole Tillotson's Sermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This story caused a vast quantity of blood to rush into the parson's face, which of itself was none of the palest; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs Blifil, who was present at this debate, interposed. That lady declared herself absolutely of Mr Square's side. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in support of his opinion; and concluded with saying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, she must confess her own son appeared to be equally culpable; for that she could see no difference between the buyer and the seller; both of whom were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs Blifil having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almost have stopt his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, who, for reasons before-mentioned, durst not venture at disoblighing the lady, was almost choaked with indignation. As to Mr Allworthy, he said, since the boy had been already punished he would not deliver his sentiments on the occasion; and whether he was or was not angry with the lad, I must leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon after this, an action was brought against the gamekeeper by Squire Western (the gentleman in whose manor the partridge was killed), for depredations of the like kind. This was a most unfortunate circumstance for the fellow, as it not only of itself threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr Allworthy from

restoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Master Blifil and young Jones, the latter slyly drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger, and nakedness, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had consumed almost the whole.

Such a scene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her cloath her children. The poor woman burst into tears at this goodness, and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from expressing her gratitude to Tom; who had, she said, long preserved both her and hers from starving. "We have riot," says she, "had a morsel to eat, nor have these poor children had a rag to put on, but what his goodness hath bestowed on us." For, indeed, besides the horse and the Bible, Tom had sacrificed a night-gown, and other things, to the use of this distressed family.

On their return home, Tom made use of all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of Black George himself; and in this he succeeded so well, that Mr Allworthy said, he thought the man had suffered enough for what was past; that he would forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was so delighted with this news, that, though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a shower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other hasty divulgers of news, he only brought on himself the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill-fortune of Black George made use of the very opportunity of his friend's absence to overturn all again.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH MASTER BLIFIL AND JONES APPEAR IN DIFFERENT LIGHTS

MASTER BLIFIL fell very short of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in justice: in which he followed both

the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent use of the word mercy, yet it was plain that in reality Square held it to be inconsistent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed somewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this sublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have destroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Master Blifil then, though he had kept silence in the presence of Jones, yet, when he had better considered the matter, could by no means endure the thought of suffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeserving. He therefore resolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above slightly hinted to the readers. The truth of which was as follows:

The gamekeeper, about a year after he was dismissed from Mr Allworthy's service, and before Tom's selling the horse, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth or those of his family, as he passed through a field belonging to Mr Western espied a hare sitting in her form. This hare he had basely and barbarously knocked on the head, against the laws of the land, and no less against the laws of sportsmen.

The higgler to whom the hare was sold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the squire, by becoming evidence against some poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a person already obnoxious to Mr Western, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, besides, the best sacrifice the higgler could make, as he had supplied him with no game since; and by this means the witness had an opportunity of screening his better customers: for the squire, being charmed with the power of punishing Black George, whom a single transgression was sufficient to ruin, made no further enquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr Allworthy, it might probably have done the gamekeeper very little mischief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inspired with the love of justice against offenders. Master Blifil had forgot the distance of the time. He varied likewise in the manner of the fact: and by the hasty addition of the single letter S he considerably

altered the story; for he said that George had wired hares. These alterations might probably have been set right, had not Master Blifil unluckily insisted on a promise of secrecy from Mr Allworthy before he revealed the matter to him; but by that means the poor gamekeeper was condemned without having an opportunity to defend himself: for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr Allworthy had no doubt concerning the rest.

Short-lived then was the joy of these poor people; for Mr Allworthy the next morning declared he had fresh reason, without assigning it, for his anger, and strictly forbad Tom to mention George any more: though as for his family, he said he would endeavour to keep them from starving; but as to the fellow himself, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incensed Mr Allworthy, for of Master Blifil he had not the least suspicion. However, as his friendship was to be tired out by no disappointments, he now determined to try another method of preserving the poor gamekeeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr Western. He had so greatly recommended himself to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of sportsmanship, that the squire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man if he had but sufficient encouragement. He often wished he had himself a son with such parts; and one day very solemnly asserted at a drinking bout, that Tom should hunt a pack of hounds for a thousand pound of his money, with any huntsman in the whole country.

By such kind of talents he had so ingratiated himself with the squire, that he was a most welcome guest at his table, and a favourite companion in his sport: everything which the squire held most dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horses, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He resolved therefore to make use of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr Western's family, in the same capacity in which he had before served Mr Allworthy.

The reader, if he considers that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr Western, and if he considers farther the weighty business by which that gentleman's displeasure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a foolish and desperate undertaking; but if he should totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for strengthening himself with all imaginable interest on so arduous an occasion.

For this purpose, then, Tom applied to Mr Western's daughter, a young lady of about seventeen years of age, whom her father, next after those necessary implements of sport just before mentioned, loved and esteemed above all the world. Now, as she had some influence on the squire, so Tom had some little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourselves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love, too, before we part, it is by no means proper she should make her appearance at the end of a book.

CONTAINING THE TIME OF A YEAR

BOOK IV. CHAPTER I

CONTAINING FIVE PAGES OF PAPER

As truth distinguishes our writings from those idle romances which are filled with monsters, the productions, not of nature, but of distempered brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the sole use of the pastry-cook; so, on the other hand, we would avoid any resemblance to that kind of history which a celebrated poet seems to think is no less calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it should be always attended with a tankard of good ale —

While — history with her comrade ale,
Soothes the sad series of her serious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern historians, nay, perhaps their muse, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inspiration to ale, it ought likewise to be the potation of their readers, since every book ought to be read with the same spirit and in the same manner as it is writ. Thus the famous

author of *Hurlothrumbo* told a learned bishop, that the reason his lordship could not taste the excellence of his piece was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which instrument he himself had always had in his own, when he composed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of these historians, we have taken every occasion of interspersing through the whole sundry similes, descriptions, and other kind of poetical embellishments. These are, indeed, designed to supply the place of the said ale, and to refresh the mind, whenever those slumbers, which in a long work are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, shall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the best narrative of plain matter of fact must overpower every reader; for nothing but the everlasting watchfulness, which Homer has ascribed only to Jove himself, can be proof against a newspaper of many volumes.

We shall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have chosen the several occasions for inserting those ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the present, where we are about to introduce a considerable character on the scene; no less, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, historical, prosaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleasing image which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. First, this is an art well known to, and much practised by, our tragick poets, who seldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the heroe is always introduced with a flourish of drums and trumpets, in order to rouse a martial spirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombast and fustian, which Mr Locke's blind man would not have grossly erred in likening to the sound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, soft music often conducts them on the stage, either to soothe the audience with the softness of the tender passion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle slumber in which they will most probably be composed by the ensuing scene.

And not only the poets, but the masters of these poets, the managers of playhouses, seem to be in this secret; for, besides the aforesaid kettle-drums, &c., which denote the heroe's approach, he is generally ushered on the stage by a large troop of half a dozen scene-shifters; and how necessary these are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical story:—

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an ale-house bordering on the theatre, when he was summoned to go on the stage. The heroe, being unwilling to quit his shoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himself the indignation of Mr Wilks (his brother-manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed these his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr Wilks, therefore, was thundering out, "Where are the carpenters to walk on before King Pyrrhus?" that monarch very quietly eat his mutton, and the audience however impatient, were obliged to entertain themselves with music in his absence.

To be plain, I much question whether the politician, who hath generally a good nose, hath not scented out somewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced that awful magistrate my lord-mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the several pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I must confess, that even I myself, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with show, have yielded not a little to the impressions of much preceding state. When I have seen a man strutting in a procession, after others whose business was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity than I have felt on seeing him in a common situation. But there is one instance, which comes exactly up to my purpose. This is the custom of sending on a basket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to strew the stage with flowers, before the great personages begin their procession. The antients would certainly have invoked the goddess Flora for this purpose, and it would have been no difficulty for their priests, or politicians to have persuaded the people of the real presence of the deity, though a plain mortal had personated her and performed her office. But we have no such design of imposing on our reader; and therefore

those who object to the heathen theology, may, if they please, change our goddess into the above-mentioned basket-woman. Our intention, in short, is to introduce our heroine with the utmost solemnity in our power, with an elevation of stile, and all other circumstances proper to raise the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain causes, advise those of our male readers who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well assured, that how amiable soever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair countrywomen will be found worthy to satisfy any passion, and to answer any idea of female perfection which our pencil will be able to raise.

And now, without any further preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

CHAPTER II

A SHORT HINT OF WHAT WE CAN DO IN THE SUBLIME, AND A DESCRIPTION OF MISS SOPHIA WESTERN

HUSHED be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas, and the sharp-pointed nose of bitter-biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the 1st of June, her birth-day, the blooming maid, in loose attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower rises to do her homage, till the whole field becomes enamelled, and colours contend with sweets which shall ravish her most.

So charming may she now appear! and you the feathered choristers of nature, whose sweetest notes not even Handel can excell, tune your melodious throats to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your music, and to love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle passion in every swain: for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, sprightliness, innocence, modesty, and tenderness, breathing sweetness from her rosy lips, and darting brightness from her sparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes!

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the statue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the gallery of beauties at Hampton Court. Thou may'st remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-cat. Or, if their reign was before thy times, at least thou hast seen their daughters, the no less dazzling beauties of the present age; whose names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now if thou hast seen all these, be not afraid of the rude answer which Lord Rochester once gave to a man who had seen many things. No. If thou hast seen all these without knowing what beauty is, thou hast no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou hast no heart.

Yet is it possible, my friend, that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia; for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the picture of Lady Ranelagh: and, I have heard, more still to the famous dutchess of Mazarine; but most of all she resembled one whose image never can depart from my breast, and whom, if thou dost remember, thou hast then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But lest this should not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour with our utmost skill to describe this paragon, though we are sensible that our highest abilities are very inadequate to the task.

Sophia, then, the only daughter of Mr Western, was a middle-sized woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her shape was not only exact, but extremely delicate: and the nice proportion of her arms promised the truest symmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was so luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion; and it was now curled so gracefully in her neck, that few could believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of the face which demanded less commendation than the rest, it might possibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eyebrows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a lustre in them, which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose

was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's description in those lines : —

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly.

Her cheeks were of the oval kind ; and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered. Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face ; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose ; but when exercise or modesty increased her natural colour, no vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr Donne :

—— Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.

Her neck was long and finely turned : and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might justly say, the highest beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was whiteness which no lilies, ivory, nor alabaster could match. The finest cambric might indeed be supposed from envy to cover that bosom which was much whiter than itself. — It was indeed,

Nitor splendens Pario marmore purius.

A gloss shining beyond the purest brightness of Parian marble.

Such was the outside of Sophia ; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person ; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former ; for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here : nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding,

and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental accomplishments she had derived from nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by art: for she had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence she had retired some years since into the country. By her conversation and instructions, Sophia was perfectly well bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that ease in her behaviour which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to say the truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath charms so inexpressible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its absence is well compensated by innocence; nor can good sense and a natural gentility ever stand in need of it.

CHAPTER III

WHEREIN THE HISTORY GOES BACK TO COMMEMORATE A TRIFLING INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED SOME YEARS SINCE; BUT WHICH, TRIFLING AS IT WAS, HAD SOME FUTURE CONSEQUENCES

THE amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend the gamekeeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr Allworthy and of Mr Western did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequent playmates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia, than

the grave and sober disposition of Master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these, would often appear so plainly, that a lad of a more passionate turn than Master Blifil was, might have shown some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; so Sophia imputed an action of Master Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum and Square discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had presented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was so extremely fond, that her chief business was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleasure to play with it. By these means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, was become so tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its mistress, would perch upon the finger, and lie contented in her bosom, where it seemed almost sensible of its own happiness; though she always kept a small string about its leg, nor would ever trust it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr Western's, Master Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and observing the extreme fondness that she showed for her little bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. Sophia presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no sooner in possession, than he slipt the string from its leg and tossed it into the air.

The foolish animal no sooner perceived itself at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia, seeing her bird gone, screamed out so loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little distance, immediately ran to her assistance.

He was no sooner informed of what had happened, than he cursed Blifil for a pitiful malicious rascal; and then immediately stripping off his coat he applied himself to climbing the tree to which the bird escaped.

Tom had almost recovered his little namesake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as she apprehended the boy's life was in danger, she screamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Master Blifil himself now seconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty shallow in that part) arrived safely on shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who stood dropping and shivering before him, when Mr Allworthy desired him to have patience; and turning to Master Blifil, said, "Pray, child, what is the reason of all this disturbance?"

Master Blifil answered, "Indeed, uncle, I am very sorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily the occasion of it all. I had Miss Sophia's bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, I own I could not forbear giving it what it desired; for I always thought there was something very cruel in confining anything. It seemed to be against the law of nature, by which everything hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even unchristian, for it is not doing what we would be done by; but if I had imagined Miss Sophia would have been so much concerned at it, I am sure I never would have done it; nay, if I had known what would have happened to the bird itself: for when Master Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away."

Poor Sophia, who now first heard of her little Tommy's fate

(for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened), shed a shower of tears. These Mr Allworthy endeavoured to assuage, promising her a much finer bird: but she declared she would never have another. Her father chid her for crying so for a foolish bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a son of his, his backside should be well flead.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were sent home, and the rest of the company returned to their bottle; where a conversation ensued on the subject of the bird, so curious, that we think it deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XIII

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL SOPHIA. THE GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF JONES, AND THE MORE DREADFUL CONSEQUENCE OF THAT BEHAVIOUR TO THE YOUNG LADY; WITH A SHORT DIGRESSION IN FAVOUR OF THE FEMALE SEX

MR WESTERN grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, insomuch that his beloved dogs themselves almost gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himself to abandon these, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his desires, though she had not the least delight in a sport, which was of too rough and masculine a nature to suit with her disposition. She had however another motive, beside her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chase; for by her presence she hoped in some measure to restrain his impetuosity, and to prevent him from so frequently exposing his neck to the utmost hazard.

The strongest objection was that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom she had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting season now approached, she hoped, by a short absence with her aunt, to reason herself entirely out of her unfortunate passion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the subsequent season without the least danger.

On the second day of her hunting, as she was returning from the chase, and was arrived within a little distance from Mr Western's house, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider, fell suddenly to prancing and capering in such a manner that she was in the most imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little distance behind, saw this, and immediately galloped up to her assistance. As soon as he came up, he leapt from his own horse, and caught hold of hers by the bridle. The unruly beast presently reared himself an end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burthen from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was so affected with the fright, that she was not immediately able to satisfy Jones, who was very solicitous to know whether she had received any hurt. She soon after, however, recovered her spirits, assured him she was safe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones answered, "If I have preserved you, madam, I am sufficiently repaid; for I promise you, I would have secured you from the least harm at the expense of a much greater misfortune to myself than I have suffered on this occasion."

"What misfortune?" replied Sophia eagerly; "I hope you have come to no mischief?"

"Be not concerned, madam," answered Jones. "Heaven be praised you have escaped so well, considering the danger you was in. If I have broke my arm, I consider it as a trifle, in comparison of what I feared upon your account."

Sophia then screamed out, "Broke your arm! Heaven forbid."

"I am afraid I have, madam," says Jones: "but I beg you will suffer me first to take care of you. I have a right hand yet at your service, to help you into the next field, whence we have but a very little walk to your father's house."

Sophia seeing his left arm dangling by his side, while he was using the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth. She now grew much paler than her fears for herself had made her before. All her limbs were seized with a trembling, insomuch that Jones could scarce support her; and as her thoughts were in no less agitation, she could not refrain from giving Jones a

look so full of tenderness, that it almost argued a stronger sensation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raise in the gentlest female bosom, without the assistance of a third more powerful passion.

Mr Western, who was advanced at some distance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the rest of the horsemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which Western, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horse without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, "I am glad it is no worse. If Tom hath broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend un again."

The squire alighted from his horse, and proceeded to his house on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial spectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their several countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compassion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably saved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr Western, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate escape of his daughter.

The generosity of Sophia's temper construed this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impression on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which so generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the sex, which is, says Mr Osborne, "so great, that a woman is the most cowardly of all the creatures God ever made;" — a sentiment more remarkable for its bluntness than for its truth. Aristotle, in his *Politics*, doth them, I believe, more justice, when he says, "The modesty and fortitude of men differ from those virtues in women; for the fortitude which becomes a woman, would be cowardice in a man; and the modesty which becomes a man, would be pertness in a woman." Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of those who derive the partiality which women are inclined to show to the brave, from this excess of their fear. Mr Bayle (I think, in his article of

Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory; for the truth of which, we have the authority of him who of all others saw farthest into human nature, and who introduces the heroine of his *Odyssey*, the great pattern of matrimonial love and constancy, assigning the glory of her husband as the only source of her affection towards him.¹

However this be, certain it is that the accident operated very strongly on Sophia; and, indeed, after much enquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that, at this very time, the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones; to say truth, he had for some time become sensible of the irresistible power of her charms.

BOOK V. CHAPTER II

IN WHICH MR JONES RECEIVES MANY FRIENDLY VISITS DURING HIS CONFINEMENT; WITH SOME FINE TOUCHES OF THE PASSION OF LOVE, SCARCE VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE

TOM JONES had many visitors during his confinement, though some, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr Allworthy saw him almost every day; but though he pitied Tom's sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occasioned them; yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sober sense of his indiscreet conduct; and that wholesome advice for that purpose could never be applied at a more proper season than at the present, when the mind was softened by pain and sickness, and alarmed by danger; and when its attention was unembarrassed with those turbulent passions which engage us in the pursuit of pleasure.

At all seasons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, especially when the latter was totally at ease, he took occasion to remind him of his former miscarriages, but in the mildest and tenderest manner, and only in order to introduce the caution which he prescribed for his future behaviour; "on which alone," he assured him, "would depend his own felicity, and the kindness which he might yet promise himself to receive

¹ The English reader will not find this in the poem; for the sentiment is entirely left out in the translation. [Author's note.]

at the hands of his father by adoption, unless he should hereafter forfeit his good opinion: for as to what had past," he said, "it should be all forgiven and forgotten. He therefore advised him to make a good use of this accident, that so in the end it might prove a visitation for his own good."

Thwackum was likewise pretty assiduous in his visits; and he too considered a sick-bed to be a convenient scene for lectures. His stile, however, was more severe than Mr Allworthy's: he told his pupil, "That he ought to look on his broken limb as a judgment from heaven on his sins. That it would become him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth thanksgivings that he had broken his arm only, and not his neck; which latter," he said, "was very probably reserved for some future occasion, and that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part," he said, "he had often wondered some judgment had not overtaken him before; but it might be perceived by this, that Divine punishments, though slow, are always sure." Hence likewise he advised him, "to foresee, with equal certainty, the greater evils which were yet behind, and which were as sure as this of overtaking him in his state of reprobacy. These are," said he, "to be averted only by such a thorough and sincere repentance as is not to be expected or hoped for from one so abandoned in his youth, and whose mind, I am afraid, is totally corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort you to this repentance, though I too well know all exhortations will be vain and fruitless. But *liberavi animam meam*. I can accuse my own conscience of no neglect; though it is at the same time with the utmost concern I see you travelling on to certain misery in this world, and to as certain damnation in the next."

Square talked in a very different strain; he said, "Such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man. That it was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole." He said, "It was a mere abuse of words to call those things evils, in which there was no moral unfitness: that pain, which was the worst consequence of such accidents, was the most contemptible thing in the world;" with more of the like

sentences, extracted out of the second book of Tully's Tusculan questions, and from the great Lord Shaftesbury. In pronouncing these he was one day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in such a manner, that it not only put an end to his discourse, but created much emotion in him, and caused him to mutter an oath or two: but what was worst of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was present, and who held all such doctrine to be heathenish and atheistical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with so malicious a sneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may so say) the temper of the philosopher, which the bite of his tongue had somewhat ruffled; and as he was disabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had possibly found a more violent method of revenging himself, had not the surgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own interest, interposed and preserved the peace.

Mr Blifil visited his friend Jones but seldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, professed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune; but cautiously avoided any intimacy, lest, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the sobriety of his own character: for which purpose he had constantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon speaks against evil communication. Not that he was so bitter as Thwackum; for he always expressed some hopes of Tom's reformation; "which," he said, "the unparalleled goodness shown by his uncle on this occasion, must certainly effect in one not absolutely abandoned:" but concluded, "if Mr Jones ever offends hereafter, I shall not be able to say a syllable in his favour."

As to Squire Western, he was seldom out of the sick-room, unless when he was engaged either in the field or over his bottle. Nay, he would sometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too: for no quack ever held his nostrum to be a more general panacea than he did this; which, he said, had more virtue in it than was in all the physic in an apothecary's shop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine; but from serenading his patient every hunting morning with the horn under his window, it was

impossible to withhold him; nor did he ever lay aside that hallow, with which he entered into all companies, when he visited Jones, without any regard to the sick person's being at that time either awake or asleep.

This boisterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, so happily it effected none, and was abundantly compensated to Jones, as soon as he was able to sit up, by the company of Sophia, whom the squire then brought to visit him; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpsichord, where she would kindly condescend, for hours together, to charm him with the most delicious music, unless when the squire thought proper to interrupt her, by insisting on Old Sir Simon, or some other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithstanding the nicest guard which Sophia endeavoured to set on her behaviour, she could not avoid letting some appearances now and then slip forth: for love may again be likened to a disease in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips, therefore, concealed, her eyes, her blushes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day, when Sophia was playing on the harpsichord, and Jones was attending, the squire came into the room, crying, "There, Tom, I have had a battle for thee below-stairs with thick parson Thwackum. He hath been a telling Allworthy, before my face, that the broken bone was a judgment upon thee. D—n it, says I, how can that be? Did he not come by it in defence of a young woman? A judgment indeed! Pox, if he never doth anything worse, he will go to heaven sooner than all the parsons in the country. He hath more reason to glory in it than to be ashamed of it." — "Indeed, sir," says Jones, "I have no reason for either; but if it preserved Miss Western, I shall always think it the happiest accident of my life." — "And to gu," said the squire, "to zet Allworthy against thee vor it! D—n un, if the parson had unt his petticoats on, I should have lent un o flick; for I love thee dearly, my boy, and d—n me if there is anything in my power which I won't do for thee. Sha't take thy choice of all the horses in my stable to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and Miss Slouch." Jones thanked

him, but declined accepting the offer. "Nay," added the squire, "sha't ha the sorrel mare that Sophy rode. She cost me fifty guineas, and comes six years old this grass." "If she had cost me a thousand," cries Jones passionately, "I would have given her to the dogs." "Pooh! pooh!" answered Western; "what! because she broke thy arm? Shouldst forget and forgive. I thought hadst been more a man than to bear malice against a dumb creature." — Here Sophia interposed, and put an end to the conversation, by desiring her father's leave to play to him; a request which he never refused.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing speeches; and probably she imputed the passionate resentment which Jones had expressed against the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her spirits were at this time in a visible flutter; and she played so intolerably ill, that had not Western soon fallen asleep, he must have remarked it. Jones, however, who was sufficiently awake, and was not without an ear any more than without eyes, made some observations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have passed formerly, gave him pretty strong assurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender bosom of Sophia; an opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confess the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himself, and was not forward enough in seeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can be cured only by that early town education, which is at present so generally in fashion.

When these thoughts had fully taken possession of Jones, they occasioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a constitution less pure and firm than his, might have been, at such a season, attended with very dangerous consequences. He was truly sensible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her person, no less admired her accomplishments, and tenderly loved her goodness. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of possessing her, nor had ever given the least voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much stronger passion for her than he himself was acquainted with. His heart

now brought forth the full secret, at the same time that it assured him the adorable object returned his affection.

CHAPTER IV

A LITTLE CHAPTER, IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A LITTLE INCIDENT

AMONG other visitants, who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on some expressions which have formerly dropt from her, may conceive that she herself had a very particular affection for Mr Jones; but, in reality, it was no such thing. Tom was a handsome young fellow; and for that species of men Mrs Honour had some regard; but this was perfectly indiscriminate; for having been crossed in the love which she bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had basely deserted her after a promise of marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single fragment. She viewed all handsome men with that equal regard and benevolence which a sober and virtuous mind bears to all the good. She might indeed be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind, preferring one to another for corporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference so far as to cause any perturbation in the philosophical serenity of her temper.

The day after Mr Jones had that conflict with himself which we have seen in the preceding chapter, Mrs Honour came into his room, and finding him alone, began in the following manner: — "La, sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants you, you would not guess in fifty years; but if you did guess, to be sure I must not tell you neither." — "Nay, if it be something which you must not tell me," said Jones, "I shall have the curiosity to enquire, and I know you will not be so barbarous to refuse me." — "I don't know," cries she, "why I should refuse you neither, for that matter; for to be sure you won't mention it any more. And for that matter, if you knew where I have been, unless you knew what I have been about, it would not signify much. Nay, I don't see why it should be kept a secret

for my part; for to be sure she is the best lady in the world." Upon this, Jones began to beg earnestly to be let into this secret, and faithfully promised not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus:—"Why, you must know, sir, my young lady sent me to enquire after Molly Seagrim, and to see whether the wench wanted anything; to be sure, I did not care to go, methinks; but servants must do what they are ordered.—So my lady bid me go and carry her some linen, and other things. She is too good. If such forward sluts were sent to Bridewel, it would be better for them. I told my lady, says I, madam, your la'ship is encouraging idleness."—"And was my Sophia so good?" says Jones. "My Sophia! I assure you, marry come up," answered Honour. "And yet if you knew all—" "What do you mean by these words," replied Jones, "if I knew all?" "I mean what I mean," says Honour. "Don't you remember putting your hands in my lady's muff once? I vow I could almost find in my heart to tell, if I was certain my lady would never come to the hearing on't." Jones then made several solemn protestations. And Honour proceeded—"Then to be sure, my lady gave me that muff; and afterwards, upon hearing what you had done"—"Then you told her what I had done?" interrupted Jones. "If I did, sir," answered she, "you need not be angry with me. Many's the man would have given his head to have had my lady told, if they had known,—for, to be sure, the biggest lord in the land might be proud—but, I protest, I have a great mind not to tell you." Jones fell to entreaties, and soon prevailed on her to go on thus. "You must know then, sir, that my lady had given this muff to me; but about a day or two after I had told her the story, she quarrels with her new muff, and to be sure it is the prettiest that ever was seen. Honour, says she, this is an odious muff; it is too big for me, I can't wear it: till I can get another, you must let me have my old one again, and you may have this in the room on't—for she's a good lady, and scorns to give a thing and take a thing, I promise you that. So to be sure I fetched it her back again, and, I believe, she hath worn it upon her arm almost ever since, and I warrants hath given it many a kiss when nobody hath seen her."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr Western himself, who came to summon Jones to the harpsichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Western observed, but, on seeing Mrs Honour, imputed it to a wrong cause; and having given Jones a hearty curse between jest and earnest, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than usual beauty, and we may believe it was no small addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr Jones, that she now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This so disconcerted the squire, that he snatched the muff from her, and with a hearty curse threw it into the fire. Sophia instantly started up, and with the utmost eagerness recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little consequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had so violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumstances too often omitted by injudicious historians, from which events of the utmost importance arise. The world may indeed be considered as a vast machine, in which the great wheels are originally set in motion by those which are very minute, and almost imperceptible to any but the strongest eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightness, and languishing softness of her eyes; the harmony of her voice, and of her person; not all her wit, good-humour, greatness of mind, or sweetness of disposition, had been able so absolutely to conquer and enslave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by surprize. All those considerations of honour and prudence which our hero had lately with so much military wisdom placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their posts, and the god of love marched in, in triumph.

BOOK VI. CHAPTER II

THE CHARACTER OF MRS WESTERN. HER GREAT LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, AND AN INSTANCE OF THE DEEP PENETRATION WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THOSE ADVANTAGES

THE reader hath seen Mr Western, his sister, and daughter, with young Jones, and the parson, going together to Mr Western's house, where the greater part of the company spent the evening with much joy and festivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave person; for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire possession of his heart, yet the pleasing reflection on Mr Allworthy's recovery, and the presence of his mistress, joined to some tender looks which she now and then could not refrain from giving him, so elevated our heroine, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the same gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her father and aunt together. The squire took no notice of this change in his daughter's disposition. To say the truth, though he was somewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country interest at an election, he was a man of no great observation. His sister was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had seen the world. Hence she had acquired all that knowledge which the said world usually communicates; and was a perfect mistress of manners, customs, ceremonies, and fashions. Nor did her erudition stop here. She had considerably improved her mind by study; she had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances — in all which she was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's History of England, Eachard's Roman History, and many French *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire*: to these she had added most of the political pamphlets and journals published within the last twenty years. From which she had attained a very competent skill in politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was, moreover, excellently well skilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than anybody who and who were together; a knowledge which she the more easily attained, as her pursuit of it was never

diverted by any affairs of her own; for either she had no inclinations, or they had never been solicited; which last is indeed very probable; for her masculine person, which was near six foot high, added to her manner and learning, possibly prevented the other sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as she had considered the matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the arts which fine ladies use when they desire to give encouragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of smiles, ogles, glances, &c., as they are at present practised in the beau-monde. To sum the whole, no species of disguise or affectation had escaped her notice; but as to the plain simple workings of honest nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful sagacity, Mrs Western had now, as she thought, made a discovery of something in the mind of Sophia. The first hint of this she took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle; and the suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some observations which she had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a mistake, she carried the secret a whole fortnight in her bosom, giving only some oblique hints, by simpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obscure word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the truth of her observation, she took an opportunity, one morning, when she was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whistles in the following manner:—

“Pray, brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my niece lately?”—“No, not I,” answered Western; “is anything the matter with the girl?”—“I think there is,” replied she; “and something of much consequence too.”—“Why, she doth not complain of anything,” cries Western; “and she hath had the small-pox.”—“Brother,” returned she, “girls are liable to other distempers besides the small-pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.” Here Western interrupted her with much earnestness, and begged her,

if anything ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately; adding, "she knew he loved her more than his own soul, and that he would send to the world's end for the best physician to her." "Nay, nay," answered she, smiling, "the distemper is not so terrible; but I believe, brother, you are convinced I know the world, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not most desperately in love." — "How! in love!" cries Western, in a passion; "in love, without acquainting me! I'll disinherit her; I'll turn her out of doors, stark naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindness vor 'ur, and vondness o'ur come to this, to fall in love without asking me leave?" — "But you will not," answered Mrs Western, "turn this daughter whom you love better than your own soul, out of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself would wish, I hope you would not be angry then?" — "No, no," cries Western, "that would make a difference. If she marries the man I would ha' her, she may love whom she pleases, I shan't trouble my head about that." "That is spoken," answered the sister, "like a sensible man; but I believe the very person she hath chosen would be the very person you would choose for her. I will disclaim all knowledge of the world, if it is not so; and I believe, brother, you will allow I have some." — "Why, lookie, sister," said Western, "I do believe you have as much as any woman; and to be sure those are women's matters. You know I don't love to hear you talk about politics; they belong to us, and petticoats should not meddle: but come, who is the man?" — "Marry!" said she, "you may find him out yourself if you please. You, who are so great a politician, can be at no great loss. The judgment which can penetrate into the cabinets of princes, and discover the secret springs which move the great state wheels in all the political machines of Europe, must surely, with very little difficulty, find out what passes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl." — "Sister," cries the squire, "I have often warn'd you not to talk the court gibberish to me. I tell you, I don't understand the lingo: but I can read a journal, or the *London Evening Post*. Perhaps, indeed, there may be now and tan a verse which I can't make much of, because half the

letters are left out; yet I know very well what is meant by that, and that our affairs don't go so well as they should do, because of bribery and corruption." — "I pity your country ignorance from my heart," cries the lady. — "Do you?" answered Western; "and I pity your town learning; I had rather be anything than a courtier, and a Presbyterian, and a Hanoverian too, as some people, I believe, are." — "If you mean me," answered she, "you know I am a woman, brother; and it signifies nothing what I am. Besides —" — "I do know you are a woman," cries the squire, "and it's well for thee that art one; if hadst been a man, I promise thee I had lent thee a flick long ago." — "Ay, there," said she, "in that flick lies all your fancied superiority. Your bodies; and not your brains, are stronger than ours. Believe me, it is well for you that you are able to beat us; or, such is the superiority of our understanding, we should make all of you what the brave, and wise, and witty, and polite are already — our slaves." — "I am glad I know your mind," answered the squire. "But we'll talk more of this matter another time. At present, do tell me what man is it you mean about my daughter?" — "Hold a moment," said she, "while I digest that sovereign contempt I have for your sex; or else I ought to be angry too with you. There — I have made a shift to gulp it down. And now, good politic sir, what think you of Mr Blifl? Did she not faint away on seeing him lie breathless on the ground? Did she not, after he was recovered, turn pale again the moment we came up to that part of the field where he stood? And pray what else should be the occasion of all her melancholy that night at supper, the next morning, and indeed ever since?" — "'Fore George!" cries the squire, "now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly so, and I am glad on't with all my heart. I knew Sophy was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my life; for nothing can lie so handy together as our two estates. I had this matter in my head some time ago: for certainly the two estates are in a manner joined together in matrimony already, and it would be a thousand pities to part them. It is true, indeed, there be larger estates in the kingdom, but not in this county, and I had rather bate something, than marry my daughter among strangers and

foreigners. Besides, most o' zuch great estates be in the hands of lords, and I heate the very name of *themmun*. Well but, sister, what would you advise me to do; for I tell you women know these matters better than we do?" — "Oh, your humble servant, sir," answered the lady: "we are obliged to you for allowing us a capacity in anything. Since you are pleased, then, most politic sir, to ask my advice, I think you may propose the match to Allworthy yourself. There is no indecorum in the proposal's coming from the parent of either side. King Alcinous, in Mr Pope's *Odyssey*, offers his daughter to Ulysses. I need not caution so politic a person not to say that your daughter is in love; that would indeed be against all rules." — "Well," said the squire, "I will propose it; but I shall certainly lend un a flick, if he should refuse me." "Fear not," cries Mrs Western; "the match is too advantageous to be refused." "I don't know that," answered the squire: "Allworthy is a queer b—ch, and money hath no effect o'un." "Brother," said the lady, "your politics astonish me. Are you really to be imposed on by professions? Do you think Mr Allworthy hath more contempt for money than other men because he professes more? Such credulity would better become one of us weak women, than that wise sex which heaven hath formed for politicians. Indeed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to negotiate with the French. They would soon persuade you, that they take towns out of mere defensive principles." "Sister," answered the squire, with much scorn, "let your friends at court answer for the towns taken; as you are a woman, I shall lay no blame upon you; for I suppose they are wiser than to trust women with secrets." He accompanied this with so sarcastical a laugh, that Mrs Western could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part (for she was indeed very deeply skilled in these matters, and very violent in them), and therefore, burst forth in a rage, declared her brother to be both a clown and a blockhead, and that she would stay no longer in his house.

The squire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He strongly held all those wise tenets, which are so well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic school of Exchange-alley. He knew the just value

and only use of money, viz., to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact value of reversions, expectations, &c., and had often considered the amount of his sister's fortune, and the chance which he or his posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult task, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and still greater for her niece; and though too susceptible of an affront offered to her skill in politics, on which she much valued herself, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent hands on the horses, for whose escape from the stable no place but the window was left open, he next applied himself to his sister; softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the eloquence of Sophia to his assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning address, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt.

The result of the whole was a kind smile from Mrs Western, who said, "Brother, you are absolutely a perfect Croat; but as those have their use in the army of the empress queen, so you likewise have some good in you. I will therefore once more sign a treaty of peace with you, and see that you do not infringe it on your side; at least, as you are so excellent a politician, I may expect you will keep your leagues, like the French, till your interest calls upon you to break them."

CHAPTER III

CONTAINING TWO DEFIANCES TO THE CRITICS

THE squire having settled matters with his sister, as we have seen in the last chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the proposal to Allworthy, that Mrs Western had the utmost difficulty to prevent him from visiting that gentleman in his sickness, for this purpose.

Mr Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr Western at the time when he was taken ill. He was therefore no sooner

discharged out of the custody of physic, but he thought (as was usual with him on all occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the last chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected some apprehension that the sagacious lady suspected her passion for Jones. She now resolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all such suspicion, and for that purpose to put an entire constraint on her behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmost sprightliness in her countenance, and the highest gaiety in her manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole discourse to Mr Blifil, and took not the least notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The squire was so delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he scarce eat any dinner, and spent almost his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying signs of his approbation by winks and nods to his sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her brother.

In short, Sophia so greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some affectation in her niece; but as she was herself a woman of great art, so she soon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints she had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking, that this conjecture would have been better founded had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Grosvenor Square, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that passion, which is a mighty serious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles distant from London.

To say the truth, in discovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may use the expression, in the same key with theirs: for very artful men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or, in other words, greater

knaves, than they really are. As this observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short story. Three countrymen were pursuing a Wiltshire thief through Brentford. The simplest of them seeing "The Wiltshire House," written under a sign, advised his companions to enter it, for there most probably they would find their countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this simplicity; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, "Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own countrymen." They accordingly went in and searched the house, and by that means missed overtaking the thief, who was at that time but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digression in which so invaluable a secret is communicated, since every gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reason why the wiser man, as is often seen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many simple and innocent characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented; but what is most material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr Western, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his sister had told him, took Mr Allworthy aside, and very bluntly proposed a match between Sophia and young Mr Blifil.

Mr Allworthy was not one of those men whose hearts flutter at any unexpected and sudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philosophy which becomes a man and a Christian. He affected no absolute superiority to all pleasure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the same time to be discomposed and ruffled by every accidental blast, by every smile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr Western's proposal without any visible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He said, the alliance was such as he sincerely wished; then launched forth into a very just encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr

Western for the good opinion he had professed of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he should be very desirous to complete the affair.

Western was a little disappointed at Mr Allworthy's answer, which was not so warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one another with great contempt, saying, "That parents were the best judges of proper matches for their children: that for his part he should insist on the most resigned obedience from his daughter: and if any young fellow could refuse such a bed-fellow, he was his humble servant, and hoped there was no harm done."

Allworthy endeavoured to soften this resentment by many eulogiums on Sophia, declaring he had no doubt but that Mr Blifil would very gladly receive the offer; but all was ineffectual; he could obtain no other answer from the squire but — "I say no more — I humbly hope there's no harm done — that's all." Which words he repeated at least a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was so averse to the rigour which some parents exercise on their children in the article of marriage, that he had resolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleased with the prospect of this union; for the whole country resounded the praises of Sophia, and he had himself greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and person. To which I believe we may add, the consideration of her vast fortune, which, though he was too sober to be intoxicated with it, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I must and will introduce a digression concerning true wisdom, of which Mr Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodness.

True wisdom then, notwithstanding all which Mr Hogarth's poor poet may have writ against riches, and in spite of all which any rich well-fed divine may have preached against pleasure, consists not in the contempt of either of these. A man may have as much wisdom in the possession of an affluent fortune,

as any beggar in the streets; or may enjoy a handsome wife or a hearty friend, and still remain as wise as any sour popish recluse, who buries all his social faculties, and starves his belly while he well lashes his back.

To say truth, the wisest man is the likeliest to possess all worldly blessings in an eminent degree; for as that moderation which wisdom prescribes is the surest way to useful wealth, so can it alone qualify us to taste many pleasures. The wise man gratifies every appetite and every passion, while the fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

It may be objected, that very wise men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, Not wise in that instance. It may likewise be said, That the wisest men have been in their youth immoderately fond of pleasure. I answer, They were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her school, only teaches us to extend a simple maxim universally known and followed even in the lowest life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and constantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleasures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise man, and must be so acknowledged in the worldly sense of the word; for he makes the best of bargains, since in reality he purchases everything at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this moderation, likewise, he learns two other lessons, which complete his character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchase.

But I must remember on what subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here, therefore, I put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER IV

CONTAINING SUNDRY CURIOUS MATTERS

As soon as Mr Allworthy returned home, he took Mr Blifil apart, and after some preface, communicated to him the proposal which had been made by Mr Western, and at the same time informed him how agreeable this match would be to himself.

The charms of Sophia had not made the least impression on Blifil; not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of beauty, or had any aversion to women; but his appetites were by nature so moderate, that he was able, by philosophy, or by study, or by some other method, easily to subdue them: and as to that passion which we have treated of in the first chapter of this book, he had not the least tincture of it in his whole composition.

But though he was so entirely free from that mixed passion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed so notable an object; yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other passions, that promised themselves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once considered the possession of this fortune as a very desirable thing, and had entertained some distant views concerning it; but his own youth, and that of the young lady, and indeed principally a reflection that Mr Western might marry again, and have more children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a pursuit.

This last and most material objection was now in great measure removed, as the proposal came from Mr Western himself. Blifil, therefore, after a very short hesitation, answered Mr Allworthy, that matrimony was a subject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he should in all things submit himself to his pleasure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of spirit, and his present gravity arose from true wisdom and philosophy, not from any original phlegm in his disposition; for he had possessed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not therefore greatly pleased with this cold answer of his nephew;

nor could he help launching forth into the praises of Sophia, and expressing some wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of such charms, unless it was guarded by some prior affection.

Blifil assured him he had no such guard; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on love and marriage, that he would have stopt the mouth of a parent much less devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was satisfied that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous minds is the sure foundation of friendship and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his mistress, he foresaw great happiness arising to all parties by so proper and desirable an union. With Mr Blifil's consent therefore he wrote the next morning to Mr Western, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the proposal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever she should be pleased to accept his visit.

Western was much pleased with this letter, and immediately returned an answer; in which, without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the scene of courtship.

As soon as he had dispatched this messenger, he went in quest of his sister, whom he found reading and expounding the *Gazette* to parson Supple. To this exposition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuosity, before he was suffered to speak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady, that he had business of great consequence to impart to her; to which she answered, "Brother, I am entirely at your service. Things look so well in the north, that I was never in a better humour."

The parson then withdrawing, Western acquainted her with all which had passed, and desired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which she readily and chearfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aspect which had so delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings; for they were certainly somewhat too hasty and violent.

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH IS RELATED WHAT PASSED BETWEEN SOPHIA AND HER AUNT

SOPHIA was in her chamber, reading, when her aunt came in. The moment she saw Mrs Western, she shut the book with so much eagerness, that the good lady could not forbear asking her, What book that was which she seemed so much afraid of showing? "Upon my word, madam," answered Sophia, "it is a book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own I have read. It is the production of a young lady of fashion, whose good understanding, I think, doth honour to her sex, and whose good heart is an honour to human nature." Mrs Western then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, saying — "Yes, the author is of a very good family; but she is not much among people one knows. I have never read it; for the best judges say, there is not much in it." — "I dare not, madam, set up my own opinion," says Sophia, "against the best judges, but there appears to me a great deal of human nature in it; and in many parts so much true tenderness and delicacy, that it hath cost me many a tear." — "Ay, and do you love to cry then?" says the aunt. "I love a tender sensation," answered the niece, "and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time." — "Well, but show me," said the aunt, "what was you reading when I came in; there was something very tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You blush, my dear Sophia. Ah, child, you should read books which would teach you a little hypocrisy, which would instruct you how to hide your thoughts a little better." — "I hope, madam," answered Sophia, "I have no thoughts which I ought to be ashamed of discovering." — "Ashamed! no," cries the aunt, "I don't think you have any thoughts which you ought to be ashamed of; and yet, child, you blushed just now when I mentioned the word loving. Dear Sophy, be assured you have not one thought which I am not well acquainted with; as well, child, as the French are with our motions, long before we put them in execution. Did you think, child, because you have been able to impose upon your father, that you could impose upon me? Do you imagine I did not know the reason of your overacting all that friendship for Mr Blifil yesterday? I have seen a little

too much of the world, to be so deceived. Nay, nay, do not blush again. I tell you it is a passion you need not be ashamed of. It is a passion I myself approve, and have already brought your father into the approbation of it. Indeed, I solely consider your inclination; for I would always have that gratified, if possible, though one may sacrifice higher prospects. Come, I have news which will delight your very soul. Make me your confidant and I will undertake you shall be happy to the very extent of your wishes." "La, madam," says Sophia, looking more foolishly than ever she did in her life, "I know not what to say — why, madam, should you suspect?" — "Nay, no dishonesty," returned Mrs Western. "Consider, you are speaking to one of your own sex, to an aunt, and I hope you are convinced you speak to a friend. Consider, you are only revealing to me what I know already, and what I plainly saw yesterday, through that most artful of all disguises, which you had put on, and which must have deceived any one who had not perfectly known the world. Lastly, consider it is a passion which I highly approve." "La, madam," says Sophia, "you come upon one so unawares, and on a sudden. To be sure, madam, I am not blind — and certainly, if it be a fault to see all human perfections assembled together — but is it possible my father and you, madam, can see with my eyes?" "I tell you," answered the aunt, "we do entirely approve; and this very afternoon your father hath appointed for you to receive your lover." "My father, this afternoon!" cries Sophia, with the blood starting from her face. — "Yes, child," said the aunt, "this afternoon. You know the impetuosity of my brother's temper. I acquainted him with the passion which I first discovered in you that evening when you fainted away in the field. I saw it in your fainting. I saw it immediately upon your recovery. I saw it that evening at supper, and the next morning at breakfast (you know, child, I have seen the world). Well, I no sooner acquainted my brother, but he immediately wanted to propose it to Allworthy. He proposed it yesterday, Allworthy consented (as to be sure he must with joy), and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put on all your best airs." "This afternoon!" cries Sophia. "Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my senses." "O, my dear," said the aunt, "you will soon

come to yourself again ; for he is a charming young fellow, that's the truth on't." "Nay, I will own," says Sophia, "I know none with such perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle ; so witty, yet so inoffensive ; so humane, so civil, so genteel, so handsome ! What signifies his being base born, when compared with such qualifications as these?" "Base born? What do you mean?" said the aunt, "Mr Blifil base born !" Sophia turned instantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried, "Mr Blifil — ay, Mr Blifil, of whom else have we been talking?" "Good heavens," answered Sophia, ready to sink, "of Mr Jones, I thought ; I am sure I know no other who deserves —" "I protest," cries the aunt, "you frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr Jones, and not Mr Blifil, who is the object of your affection?" "Mr Blifil !" repeated Sophia. "Sure it is impossible you can be in earnest ; if you are, I am the most miserable woman alive." Mrs Western now stood a few moments silent, while sparks of fiery rage flashed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, she thundered forth in the following articulate sounds :

"And is it possible you can think of disgracing your family by allying yourself to a bastard? Can the blood of the Westerns submit to such contamination? If you have not sense sufficient to restrain such monstrous inclinations, I thought the pride of our family would have prevented you from giving the least encouragement to so base an affection ; much less did I imagine you would ever have had the assurance to own it to my face."

"Madam," answered Sophia, trembling, "what I have said you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the name of Mr Jones with approbation to any one before ; nor should I now had I not conceived he had your approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that poor, unhappy young man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave — to that grave where only now, I find, I am to seek repose." Here she sunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and, in all the moving silence of unutterable grief, presented a spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest heart.

All this tender sorrow, however, raised no compassion in her aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent rage.

— “And I would rather,” she cried, in a most vehement voice, “follow you to your grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your family by such a match. O Heavens! could I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a niece of mine declare a passion for such a fellow? You are the first — yes, Miss Western, you are the first of your name who ever entertained so grovelling a thought. A family so noted for the prudence of its women” — here she ran on a full quarter of an hour, till, having exhausted her breath rather than her rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herself at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, begged her with tears to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father’s temper, and protesting that no inclinations of hers should ever prevail with her to do anything which might offend him.

Mrs Western stood a moment looking at her, and then, having recollected herself, said, “That on one consideration only she would keep the secret from her brother; and this was, that Sophia should promise to entertain Mr Blifil that very afternoon as her lover, and to regard him as the person who was to be her husband.”

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt’s power to deny her anything positively; she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr Blifil, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She said, “Mr Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of women.”

Mrs Western assured her, “That the match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or should prevent it. I must own,” said she, “I looked on it as on a matter of indifference; nay, perhaps, had some scruples about it before, which were actually got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your own inclinations; but now I regard it as the most eligible thing in the world: nor shall there be, if I can prevent it, a moment of time lost on the occasion.”

Sophia replied, “Delay at least, madam, I may expect from both your goodness and my father’s. Surely you will give me

time to endeavour to get the better of so strong a disinclination as I have at present to this person."

The aunt answered, "She knew too much of the world to be so deceived; that as she was sensible another man had her affections, she should persuade Mr Western to hasten the match as much as possible. It would be bad politics, indeed," added she, "to protract a siege when the enemy's army is at hand, and in danger of relieving it. No, no, Sophy," said she, "as I am convinced you have a violent passion which you can never satisfy with honour, I will do all I can to put your honour out of the care of your family: for when you are married those matters will belong only to the consideration of your husband. I hope, child, you will always have prudence enough to act as becomes you; but if you should not, marriage hath saved many a woman from ruin."

Sophia well understood what her aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an answer. However, she took a resolution to see Mr Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as she could, for on that condition only she obtained a promise from her aunt to keep secret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any scheme of Mrs Western, had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAPTER VII

A PICTURE OF FORMAL COURTSHIP IN MINIATURE, AS IT ALWAYS OUGHT TO BE DRAWN, AND A SCENE OF A TENDERER KIND PAINTED AT FULL LENGTH

It was well remarked by one (and perhaps by more), that misfortunes do not come single. This wise maxim was now verified by Sophia, who was not only disappointed of seeing the man she loved, but had the vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a visit from the man she hated.

That afternoon Mr Western, for the first time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few pearls from stealing into her eyes. "Come, come," says Western, "none of your maidenish airs; I know all; I assure you sister hath told me all."

"Is it possible," says Sophia, "that my aunt can have betrayed me already?" — "Ay, ay," says Western; "betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourself yesterday at dinner. You showed your fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the man you are in love with! Your mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same manner; but it was all over within twenty-four hours after we were married: Mr Blifil is a brisk young man, and will soon put an end to your squeamishness. Come, cheer up, cheer up; I expect un every minute."

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her: and she determined to go through that disagreeable afternoon with as much resolution as possible, and without giving the least suspicion in the world to her father.

Mr Blifil soon arrived; and Mr Western soon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long silence of near a quarter of an hour ensued; for the gentleman who was to begin the conversation had all the unbecoming modesty which consists in bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his words just at the very point of utterance. At last out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-strained compliments, which were answered on her side by downcast looks, half bows, and civil monosyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himself, took this behaviour for a modest assent to his courtship; and when, to shorten a scene which she could no longer support, Sophia rose up and left the room, he imputed that, too, merely to bashfulness, and comforted himself that he should soon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his prospect of success; for as to that entire and absolute possession of the heart of his mistress which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her person were the sole objects of his wishes, of which he made no doubt soon to obtain the absolute property; as Mr Western's mind was so earnestly bent on the match; and as he well knew the strict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's

will, and the greater still which her father would exact, if there was occasion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own person and conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young lady, whose inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the least jealousy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country (how justly, let the reader determine), of being one of the wildest fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the most exemplary modesty. Perhaps his suspicions might be laid asleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himself, when they were all in company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another self in the case. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his understanding, for not being more attached to his own interest. He had no apprehension that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would sway very little with so silly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim still went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage; for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no secret from him, till his behaviour on the sickness of Mr Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had ensued on this occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From these reasons, therefore, Mr Blifil saw no bar to his success with Sophia. He concluded her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a first visit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his expectations.

Mr Western took care to way-lay the lover at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated with his success, so enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his

passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her chuse what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary), thought she should never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present, as far at least as regarded Mr Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, "And is it possible my papa can be so good to place all his joy in his Sophy's happiness?" which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss; she then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him "not to make her the most miserable creature on earth by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear sir," said she, "for your sake, as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your happiness depends on mine." — "How! what!" says Western, staring wildly. "Oh! sir," continued she, "not only your poor Sophy's happiness; her very life, her being, depends upon your granting her request. I cannot live with Mr Blifil. To force me into this marriage would be killing me." — "You can't live with Mr Blifil?" says Western. "No, upon my soul I can't," answered Sophia. "Then die and be d—d," cries he, spurning her from him. "Oh! sir," cries Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, "take pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look and say such cruel — Can you be unmoved while you see

your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the best of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death?" — "Pooh! pooh!" cries the squire; "all stuff and nonsense; all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you?" — "Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent; I hate and detest him." — "If you detest un never so much," cries Western, "you shall ha'un." This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat; and after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: "I am resolved upon the match, and unless you consent to it I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it." He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor; and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear enquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers who are so unfortunate to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifl were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the squire had been as quicksighted as he was remarkable for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, "Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;" and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MEETING BETWEEN JONES AND SOPHIA

JONES departed instantly in quest of Sophia, whom he found just risen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He presently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderness and terour, cried, "O my Sophia, what means this dreadful sight?" She looked softly at him for a moment before she spoke, and then said, "Mr Jones, for Heaven's sake how came you here? — Leave me, I beseech you, this moment." — "Do not," says he, "impose so harsh a command upon me — my heart bleeds faster than those lips. O Sophia, how easily could I drain my veins to preserve one drop of that dear blood." — "I have too many obligations to you already," answered she, "for sure you meant them such." Here she looked at him tenderly almost a minute, and then bursting into an agony, cried, "Oh, Mr Jones, why did you save my life? my death would have been happier for us both." — "Happier for us both!" cried he. "Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's — I cannot bear the dreadful sound. Do I live but for her?" Both his voice and looks were full of inexpressible tenderness when he spoke these words; and at the same time he laid gently hold on her hand, which she did not withdraw from him; to say the truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few moments now passed in silence between these lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground: at last she recovered strength enough to desire him again to leave her, for that her certain ruin would be the consequence of their being found together; adding, "Oh, Mr Jones, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel afternoon." — "I know all, my Sophia," answered he; "your cruel father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you." — "My father sent you to me!" replied she: "sure you dream." — "Would to Heaven," cries he, "it was but a dream! Oh, Sophia, your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you in his favour. I took any means to

get access to you. O speak to me, Sophia ! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand — one moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me — nothing less than this cruel occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me.” She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion ; then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, “What would Mr Jones have me say?” — “O do but promise,” cries he, “that you never will give yourself to Blifil.” — “Name not,” answered she, “the detested sound. Be assured I never will give him what is in my power to withhold from him.” — “Now then,” cries he, “while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope.” — “Alas !” says she, “Mr Jones, whither will you drive me ? What hope have I to bestow ? You know my father’s intentions.” — “But I know,” answered he, “your compliance with them cannot be compelled.” — “What,” says she, “must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience ? My own ruin is my last concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father’s misery.” — “He is himself the cause,” cries Jones, “by exacting a power over you which Nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance.” — “Think of it !” replied she : “can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your desire ? It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own destruction.” — “I fear no destruction,” cries he, “but the loss of Sophia. If you would save me from the most bitter agonies, recall that cruel sentence. Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot.”

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it ; when the scene, which I believe some of my readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a nature, that we shall reserve the relation of it for a different chapter.

CHAPTER IX

BEING OF A MUCH MORE TEMPESTUOUS KIND THAN THE FORMER

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had past in the hall during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr Western in the manner above mentioned, his sister came to him, and was presently informed of all that had passed between her brother and Sophia relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece the good lady construed to be an absolute breach of the condition on which she had engaged to keep her love for Mr Jones a secret. She considered herself, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all she knew to the squire, which she immediately did in the most explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter, had never once entered into the squire's head, either in the warmest minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from suspicion, or on any other occasion. He did indeed consider a parity of fortune and circumstances to be physically as necessary an ingredient in marriage, as difference of sexes, or any other essential; and had no more apprehension of his daughter's falling in love with a poor man, than with any animal of a different species.

He became, therefore, like one thunderstruck at his sister's relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any answer, having been almost deprived of his breath by the violence of the surprize. This, however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other cases after an intermission, with redoubled force and fury.

The first use he made of the power of speech, after his recovery from the sudden effects of his astonishment, was to discharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded hastily to the apartment where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or rather indeed roared forth, intentions of revenge every step he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phyllis (for that comes nearest to the mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary grove, to enjoy the delightful conversation

of Love, that bashful boy, who cannot speak in public, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time; here, while every object is serene, should hoarse thunder burst suddenly through the shattered clouds, and rumbling roll along the sky, the frightened maid starts from the mossy bank or verdant turf, the pale livery of death succeeds the red regimentals in which Love had before drest her cheeks, fear shakes her whole frame, and her lover scarce supports her trembling tottering limbs.

Or as when two gentlemen, strangers to the wondrous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at some inn or tavern at Salisbury, if the great Dowdy, who acts the part of a madman as well as some of his setters-on do that of a fool, should rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frighted strangers stand aghast; scared at the horrid sound, they seek some place of shelter from the approaching danger; and if the well-barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to escape the threatening fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, so turned she pale at the noise of her father, who, in a voice most dreadful to hear, came on swearing, cursing, and vowing the destruction of Jones. To say the truth, I believe the youth himself would, from some prudent considerations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherways concerned himself, than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the squire, having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones; this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him; he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones; for indeed I believe the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs Western and a great number of servants soon came to the

assistance of Sophia with water, cordials, and everything necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs Western: nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration: at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it; for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former frenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the squire from acts of hostility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very suppliant manner to Mr Western, whom the parson held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a passion, it would be impossible to give him any satisfaction.

"I wull have satisfaction o' thee," answered the squire; "so doff thy clothes. *At unt* half a man, and I'll lick thee as well as wast ever licked in thy life." He then bespattered the youth with abundance of that language which passes between country gentlemen who embrace opposite sides of the question; with frequent applications to him to salute that part which is generally introduced into all controversies that arise among the lower orders of the English gentry at horse-races, cock-matches, and other public places. Allusions to this part are likewise often made for the sake of the jest. And here, I believe, the wit is generally misunderstood. In reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your a—— for having just before threatened to kick his; for I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing that in the many thousand ~~kind~~ invitations of this sort, which every one who hath conversed

with country gentlemen must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single instance where the desire hath been complied with ; — a great instance of their want of politeness ; for in town nothing can be more common than for the finest gentlemen to perform this ceremony every day to their superiors, without having that favour once requested of them.

To all such wit, Jones very calmly answered, "Sir, this usage may perhaps cancel every other obligation you have conferred on me ; but there is one you can never cancel ; nor will I be provoked by your abuse to lift my hand against the father of Sophia."

At these words the squire grew still more outrageous than before ; so that the parson begged Jones to retire ; saying, "You behold, sir, how he waxeth wrath at your abode here ; therefore let me pray you not to tarry any longer. His anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your visit, and refer what matters you have to urge in your behalf to some other opportunity."

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The squire now regained the liberty of his hands, and so much temper as to express some satisfaction in the restraint which had been laid upon him ; declaring that he should certainly have beat his brains out ; and adding, "It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a rascal."

The parson now began to triumph in the success of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture against anger, which might perhaps rather have tended to raise than to quiet that passion in some hasty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the antients, particularly from Seneca ; who hath indeed so well handled this passion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleasure and profit. The doctor concluded this harangue with the famous story of Alexander and Clitus ; but as I find that entered in my common-place under title Drunkenness, I shall not insert it here.

The squire took no notice of this story, nor perhaps of anything he said ; for he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a tankard of beer ; observing (which is perhaps as true as any observation on this fever of the mind) that anger makes a man dry.

No sooner had the squire swallowed a large draught than he renewed the discourse on Jones, and declared a resolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr Allworthy. His friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere motive of good-nature; but his dissuasion had no other effect than to produce a large volley of oaths and curses, which greatly shocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a privilege which the squire claimed as a freeborn Englishman. To say truth, the parson submitted to please his palate at the squire's table, at the expense of suffering now and then this violence to his ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the squire would not swear an oath the less, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill manners by rebuking a gentleman in his own house, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit: which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the squire himself; yet it so far operated on his conscience, that he put the laws very severely in execution against others, and the magistrate was the only person in the parish who could swear with impunity.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH MR WESTERN VISITS MR ALLWORTHY

MR ALLWORTHY was now retired from breakfast with his nephew, well satisfied with the report of the young gentleman's successful visit to Sophia (for he greatly desired the match, more on account of the lady's character than of her riches), when Mr Western broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony began as follows:—

"There, you have done a fine piece of work truly! You have brought up your bastard to a fine purpose; not that I believe you have had any hand in it neither, that is, as a man may say, designedly: but there is a fine kettle-of-fish made on't up at our house." "What can be the matter, Mr Western?" said Allworthy. "O, matter enow of all conscience; my daughter hath fallen in love with your bastard, that's all; but I won't ge her a hapeny, not the twentieth part of a brass varden. I always thought what

would come o' breeding up a bastard like a gentleman, and letting un come about to vok's houses. It's well vor un I could not get at un: I'd a lick'd un; I'd a spoil'd his caterwauling; I'd a taught the son of a whore to meddle with meat for his master. He shan't ever have a morsel of meat of mine, or a varden to buy it: if she will ha un, one smock shall be her portion. I'd sooner ge my esteate to the zinking fund, that it may be sent to Hanover to corrupt our nation with." "I am heartily sorry," cries Allworthy. "Pox o' your sorrow," says Western; "it will do me abundance of good when I have lost my only child, my poor Sophy, that was the joy of my heart, and all the hope and comfort of my age; but I am resolved I will turn her out o' doors; she shall beg, and starve, and rot in the streets. Not one hapeny, not a hapeny shall she ever hae o' mine. The son of a bitch was always good at finding a hare sitting, an be rotted to'n: I little thought what puss he was looking after; but it shall be the worst he ever vound in his life. She shall be no better than carrion: the skin o'er is all he shall ha, and zu you may tell un." "I am in amazement," cries Allworthy, "at what you tell me, after what passed between my nephew and the young lady no longer ago than yesterday." "Yes, sir," answered Western, "it was after what passed between your nephew and she that the whole matter came out. Mr Blifil there was no sooner gone than the son of a whore came lurching about the house. Little did I think when I used to love him for a sportsman that he was all the while a poaching after my daughter." "Why truly," says Allworthy, "I could wish you had not given him so many opportunities with her; and you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have always been averse to his staying so much at your house, though I own I had no suspicion of this kind." "Why, zounds," cries Western, "who could have thought it? What the devil had she to do wi'n? He did not come there a courting to her; he came there a hunting with me." "But was it possible," says Allworthy, "that you should never discern any symptoms of love between them, when you have seen them so often together?" "Never in my life, as I hope to be saved," cries Western: "I never so much as zeed him kiss her in all my life; and so far from courting her, he used rather to be more silent

when she was in company than at any other time; and as for the girl, she was always less civil to'n than to any young man that came to the house. As to that matter, I am not more easy to be deceived than another; I would not have you think I am, neighbour." Allworthy could scarce refrain laughter at this; but he resolved to do a violence to himself; for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good-breeding and good-nature to offend the squire in his present circumstances. He then asked Western what he would have him do upon this occasion. To which the other answered, "That he would have him keep the rascal away from his house, and that he would go and lock up the wench; for he was resolved to make her marry Mr Blifil in spite of her teeth." He then shook Blifil by the hand, and swore he would have no other son-in-law. Presently after which he took his leave; saying his house was in such disorder that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his daughter did not give him the slip; and as for Jones, he swore if he caught him at his house, he would qualify him to run for the geldings' plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long silence ensued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with sighs, which proceeded partly from disappointment, but more from hatred; for the success of Jones was much more grievous to him than the loss of Sophia.

At length his uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following words: — "Alas! sir, can it be a question what step a lover will take, when reason and passion point different ways? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to me, to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections on another; my passion bids me hope she may in time change her inclinations in my favour. Here, however, I conceive an objection may be raised, which, if it could not fully be answered, would totally deter me from any further pursuit. I mean the injustice of endeavouring to supplant another in a heart of which he seems already in possession; but the determined resolution of Mr Western shows that, in this case, I shall, by so doing, promote the happiness of every party; not only that of the parent, who

will thus be preserved from the highest degree of misery, but of both the others, who must be undone by this match. The lady, I am sure, will be undone in every sense; for, besides the loss of most part of her own fortune, she will be not only married to a beggar, but the little fortune which her father cannot withhold from her will be squandered on that wench with whom I know he yet converses. Nay, that is a trifle; for I know him to be one of the worst men in the world; for had my dear uncle known what I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he must have long since abandoned so profligate a wretch." "How!" said Allworthy; "hath he done anything worse than I already know? Tell me, I beseech you?" "No," replied Blifil; "it is now past, and perhaps he may have repented of it." "I command you, on your duty," said Allworthy, "to tell me what you mean." "You know, sir," says Blifil, "I never disobeyed you; but I am sorry I mentioned it, since it may now look like revenge, whereas, I thank Heaven, no such motive ever entered my heart; and if you oblige me to discover it, I must be his petitioner to you for your forgiveness." "I will have no conditions," answered Allworthy; "I think I have shown tenderness enough towards him, and more perhaps than you ought to thank me for." "More, indeed, I fear, than he deserved," cries Blifil; "for in the very day of your utmost danger, when myself and all the family were in tears, he filled the house with riot and debauchery. He drank, and sung, and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he fell into a violent passion, swore many oaths, called me rascal, and struck me." "How!" cries Allworthy; "did he dare to strike you?" "I am sure," cries Blifil, "I have forgiven him that long ago. I wish I could so easily forget his ingratitude to the best of benefactors; and yet even that I hope you will forgive him, since he must have certainly been possessed with the devil: for that very evening, as Mr Thwackum and myself were taking the air in the fields, and exulting in the good symptoms which then first began to discover themselves, we unluckily saw him engaged with a wench in a manner not fit to be mentioned. Mr Thwackum, with more boldness than prudence, advanced to rebuke him, when (I am sorry to say it) he fell upon the worthy man, and beat him so

outrageously that I wish he may have yet recovered the bruises. Nor was I without my share of the effects of his malice, while I endeavoured to protect my tutor; but that I have long forgiven; nay, I prevailed with Mr Thwackum to forgive him too, and not to inform you of a secret which I feared might be fatal to him. And now, sir, since I have unadvisedly dropped a hint of this matter, and your commands have obliged me to discover the whole, let me intercede with you for him." "O child!" said Allworthy, "I know not whether I should blame or applaud your goodness, in concealing such villany a moment: but where is Mr Thwackum? Not that I want any confirmation of what you say; but I will examine all the evidence of this matter, to justify to the world the example I am resolved to make of such a monster."

Thwackum was now sent for, and presently appeared. He corroborated every circumstance which the other had deposed; nay, he produced the record upon his breast, where the handwriting of Mr Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr Allworthy, that he should have long since informed him of this matter, had not Mr Blifil, by the most earnest interpositions, prevented him. "He is," says he, "an excellent youth: though such forgiveness of enemies is carrying the matter too far."

In reality, Blifil had taken some pains to prevail with the parson, and to prevent the discovery at that time; for which he had many reasons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be softened and relaxed from their usual severity by sickness. Besides, he imagined that if the story was told when the fact was so recent, and the physician about the house, who might have unravelled the real truth, he should never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he resolved to hoard up this business, till the indiscretion of Jones should afford some additional complaints; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him; and he watched, therefore, some such opportunity as that with which fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by prevailing with Thwackum to conceal the matter for a time, he knew he should confirm an opinion of his friendship

to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to establish in Mr Allworthy.

CHAPTER XI

A SHORT CHAPTER; BUT WHICH CONTAINS SUFFICIENT MATTER TO AFFECT THE GOOD-NATURED READER

It was Mr Allworthy's custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a servant, in a passion. He resolved therefore to delay passing sentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as usual; but his heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr Allworthy; whence he concluded that Western had discovered the whole affair between him and Sophia; but as to Mr Blifil's story, he had not the least apprehension; for of much the greater part he was entirely innocent; and for the residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no remembrance on the other side. When dinner was over, and the servants departed, Mr Allworthy began to harangue. He set forth, in a long speech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly those which this day had brought to light; and concluded by telling him, "That unless he could clear himself of the charge, he was resolved to banish him his sight for ever."

Many disadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accusation; for as Mr Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenness, &c., while he lay ill, out of modesty sunk everything that related particularly to himself, which indeed principally constituted the crime; Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, besides, almost broken already; and his spirits were so sunk, that he could say nothing for himself; but acknowledged the whole, and, like a criminal in despair, threw himself upon mercy; concluding, "That though he must own himself guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deserve what would be to him the greatest punishment in the world."

Allworthy answered, "That he had forgiven him too often already, in compassion to his youth, and in hopes of his amendment: that he now found he was an abandoned reprobate, and

such as it would be criminal in any one to support and encourage. Nay," said Mr Allworthy to him, "your audacious attempt to steal away the young lady, calls upon me to justify my own character in punishing you. The world who have already censured the regard I have shown for you may think, with some colour at least of justice, that I connive at so base and barbarous an action — an action of which you must have known my abhorrence : and which, had you had any concern for my ease and honour, as well as for my friendship, you would never have thought of undertaking. Fie upon it, young man ! indeed there is scarce any punishment equal to your crimes, and I can scarce think myself justifiable in what I am now going to bestow on you. However, as I have educated you like a child of my own, I will not turn you naked into the world. When you open this paper, therefore, you will find something which may enable you, with industry, to get an honest livelihood ; but if you employ it to worse purposes, I shall not think myself obliged to supply you farther, being resolved, from this day forward, to converse no more with you on any account. I cannot avoid saying, there is no part of your conduct which I resent more than your ill-treatment of that good young man (meaning Blifil) who hath behaved with so much tenderness and honour towards you."

These last words were a dose almost too bitter to be swallowed. A flood of tears now gushed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of speech and motion seemed to have deserted him. It was some time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing ; which he at length did, having first kissed his hands with a passion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be described.

The reader must be very weak, if, when he considers the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr Allworthy, he should blame the rigour of his sentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakness, or from some worse motive, condemned this justice and severity as the highest cruelty. Nay, the very persons who had before censured the good man for the kindness and tenderness shown to a bastard (his own, according to the general opinion), now cried out as loudly against turning his own child out of doors. The women especially were unanimous

in taking the part of Jones, and raised more stories on the occasion than I have room, in this chapter, to set down.

One thing must not be omitted, that, in their censures on this occasion, none ever mentioned the sum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no less than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was sent away penniless, and some said naked, from the house of his inhuman father.

* * * * *

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

LAURENCE STERNE

BOOK II. CHAPTER XII

[MY UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY¹]

My uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries ; — not from want of courage, — I have told you in a former chapter, “that he was a man of courage:” — And will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth, — I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter ; — nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts ; — for he felt this insult of my father’s as feelingly as a man could do ; — but he was of a peaceful, placid nature, — no jarring element in it, — all was mixed up so kindly within him ; my uncle *Toby* had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

— Go — says he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, — and which after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him ; — I’ll not hurt thee, says my uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand, — I’ll not hurt a hair of thy head : — Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape ; — go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee ? — This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened : but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at

¹ The fragmentary appearance of the excerpts from “*Tristram Shandy*” and “*The Man of Feeling*” is due to the formlessness of the books themselves ; both of these novels illustrate the breaking down of plot, one of the signs of decadence in the novel of the late eighteenth century. The responsibility, therefore, for abrupt transition lies not with the editors, but with the authors.

that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation; — or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it; — or in what degree, or by what secret magick, — a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not; — this I know, that the lesson of universal goodwill then taught and imprinted by my uncle *Toby*, has never since been worn out of my mind: And tho' I would not depreciate what the study of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since; — yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

BOOK V. CHAPTER VII

[CORPORAL TRIM AND HIS HAT]

— HERE is sad news, *Trim*, cried *Susannah*, wiping her eyes as *Trim* stepp'd into the kitchen, — master *Bobby* is dead and buried — the funeral was an interpolation of *Susannah's* — we shall have all to go into mourning, said *Susannah*.

I HOPE not, said *Trim*. — You hope not! cried *Susannah* earnestly. — The mourning ran not in *Trim's* head, whatever it did in *Susannah's*. — I hope — said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. — I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered *Obadiah*; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor. — Oh! he's dead, said *Susannah*. — As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh. — Poor creature! — poor boy! — poor gentleman.

— He was alive last *Whitsontide*! said the coachman. — *Whitsontide*! alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon, — what is *Whitsontide*, *Jonathan* (for that was the coachman's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of

health and stability) — and are we not — (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment! — 'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears. — We are not stocks and stones. — *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted. — The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it. — The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state, — and possibly the preservation of the whole world — or what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence — I do demand your attention — your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, "we were not stocks and stones" — 'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels, I wish we were, — but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations; — and what a junketing piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul, — gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey — or sometimes get rid of.

— I've gone a little about — no matter, 'tis for health — let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim's* hat. — "Are we not here now, — and gone in a moment?" — There was nothing in the sentence — 'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if *Trim* had not trusted more to his hat than his head — he had made nothing at all of it.

—— "Are we not here now;" continued the corporal, "and are we not" — (dropping his hat plump upon the ground — and pausing, before he pronounced the word) — "gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of

clay had been kneaded into the crown of it. — Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore-runner, like it, — his hand seemed to vanish from under it, — it fell dead, — the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse, — and *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.

Now — Ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect. — Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven, — or in the best direction that could be given to it, — had he dropped it like a goose — like a puppy — like an ass — or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool — like a ninny — like a nincompoop — it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence, — who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it, — and then harden it again to *your purpose* —

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass, and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet —

Ye, lastly, who drive — and why not, Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market with a stick and a red clout — meditate — meditate, I beseech you, upon *Trim's* hat.

BOOK VI. CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF LE FEVER

It was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies, — which was about seven years before my father came into the country, — and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in *Europe* — when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim* sitting behind him at a small sideboard, — I say, sitting — for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which

sometimes gave him exquisite pain) — when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together — But this is neither here nor there — why do I mention it? — Ask my pen, — it governs me, — I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman, — I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast, — *I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me*.

— If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing — added the landlord, — I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. — I hope in God he will still mend, continued he, — we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, — and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow — *Trim*, — yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host; — And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. — Step after him, said my uncle *Toby*, — do, *Trim*, — and ask if he knows his name.

— I have quite forgot it truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, — but I can ask his son again: — Has he a son with him then? said my uncle *Toby*. — A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; — but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: — He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

— Stay in the room a little, said my uncle *Toby*.

Trim! — said my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and smoak'd about a dozen whiffs. — *Trim* came in front of his master, and made his bow; — my uncle *Toby* smoak'd on, and said no more. — Corporal! said my uncle *Toby* — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. *Nicolas*; — and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the landlord has given me. — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, — added my uncle *Toby*, — or that I had known more of it: — How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; — I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor *Le Fever* and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED

It was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant — Is he in the army, then? said my uncle *Toby* — He is, said the corporal — And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby* — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, everything straight forwards, as I learnt it. — Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it — *Your honour is good*: — And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, — and began the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked, — That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby* — I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; — that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. — If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, — we can hire horses from hence. — But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, — for I heard the death-watch all night long; —

and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. — The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*, — he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here.

— I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: — What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain *Shandy's* servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar — (And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*) — he was heartily welcome to it: — He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer — for his heart was full — so he went up stairs with the toast; — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. — Mr. *Yorick's* curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire, — but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. — I thought it wrong; added the corporal — I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. — I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, — for there was a book laid upon the chair

by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion. —

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never said your prayers at all. — I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you sure of it? replied the curate. — A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; — and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world — 'Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*. — But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, — or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; — harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; — harassing others to-morrow; — detached here; — countermanded there; — resting this night out upon his arms; — beat up in his shirt the next; — benumbed in his joints; — perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; — must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. — I believe, said I, — for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson, — though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. — Thou shouldst not have said that, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, — for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: — At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then) — it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, — and who has not; and we shall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly. — I hope we shall, said *Trim*. — It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby*; and I will shew it thee to-morrow: — In the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, said my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, — it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: — I hope not, said the corporal — But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, — he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it : — The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling, — the book was laid upon the bed, — and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. — Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side : — If you are captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me ; — if he was of *Leven's* — said the lieutenant. — I told him your honour was — Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him, — but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. — You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a lieutenant in *Angus's* — but he knows me not, — said he, a second time, musing ; — possibly he may my story — added he — pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. — I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well. — Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, — then well may I. — In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice — Here, *Billy*, said he, — the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, — and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, — then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh, — I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ; — shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ? — Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; — and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; — but finish the story thou art upon: — 'Tis finished already, said the corporal, — for I could stay no longer, — so wished his honour a good night; young *Le Fever* rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*. — But alas! said the corporal, — the lieutenant's last day's march is over. — Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED

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Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, — and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*. — In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to *Le Fever*, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myself. — Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders; — True, quoth my uncle *Toby*, — thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a soldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*, — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, — thou shouldst have offered him my house too: — A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him: — Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim*, — and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. —

— In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*,

smiling, — he might march. — He will never march; an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal: — He will march; said my uncle *Toby*, rising up, from the side of the bed, with one shoe off: — An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave: — He shall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, — he shall march to his regiment. — He cannot stand it, said the corporal; — He shall be supported, said my uncle *Toby*; — He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly. — A-well-o'-day, — do what we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his point, — the poor soul will die: — He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

— The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in; — and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAPTER IX

— My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau, — put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, — he went to bed, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever's* and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids, — and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, — when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, — how he had rested in the night, — what was his complaint, — where was his pain, — and what he could do to help

him : — and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. —

— You shall go home directly, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house, — and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the corporal shall be your nurse ; — and I'll be your servant, *Le Fever*.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*, — not the *effect* of familiarity, — but the *cause* of it, — which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. — The blood and spirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart — rallied back, — the film forsook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby's* face, — then cast a look upon his boy, — and that *ligament*, fine as it was, — was never broken. —

Nature instantly ebb'd again, — the film returned to its place, — the pulse fluttered — stopp'd — went on — throbb'd — stopp'd again — moved — stopp'd — shall I go on ? — No.

BOOK VI. CHAPTER XVIII

[A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. SHANDY]

We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate — We should begin to think, Mrs. *Shandy*, of putting this boy into breeches. —

We should so, — said my mother. — We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully. —

I think we do, Mr. *Shandy*, — said my mother.

— Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father in his vests and tunicks. —

—— He does look very well in them, — replied my mother. ——

—— And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em. ——

—— It would so, — said my mother: —— But indeed he is growing a very tall lad, — rejoined my father.

—— He is very tall for his age, indeed, — said my mother. ——

—— I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after. ——

I cannot conceive, for my life, — said my mother. ——

Humph! —— said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—— I am very short myself, — continued my father gravely.

You are very short, Mr. *Shandy*, — said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's — and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—— When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother. ——

—— And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father, — making some pause first, — he'll be exactly like other people's children. ——

Exactly, said my mother. ——

—— Though I shall be sorry for that, added my father: and so the debate stopp'd again.

—— They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again. ——

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father. ——

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother. ——

— Except dimity, — replied my father: — 'Tis best of all,
— replied my mother.

— One must not give him his death, however, — interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother: — and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them. —

— There is no occasion for any, said my mother. —

I mean in his coat and waistcoat, — cried my father.

— I mean so too, — replied my mother.

— Though if he gets a gig or top — Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them, — they should have where to secure it. —

Order it as you please, Mr. *Shandy*, replied my mother. —

— But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. *Shandy*. —

— There's for you! cried my father, losing temper — Pleases me! — You never will distinguish, Mrs. *Shandy*, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.

BOOK VI. CHAPTER XXXIII

[IN WHICH WE ARE GIVEN A GLIMPSE OF THE AUTHOR'S METHOD]

I TOLD the Christian reader — I say *Christian* — hoping he is one — and if he is not, I am sorry for it — and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book —

I told him, Sir — for in good truth, when a man is telling a story in the strange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy — which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at first, there is so much unfixed and equivocal matter starting up, with so many breaks and gaps in it, — and so little service do the stars afford, which, nevertheless, I hang up in some of the darkest passages, knowing that

the world is apt to lose its way, with all the lights the sun itself at noon-day can give it — and now you see, I am lost myself! —

— But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be dissected, you will perceive, without spectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unsaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and so untowardly, you cannot so much as cut out a **, (here I hang up a couple of lights again) — or a fillet, or a thumb-stall, but it is seen or felt. —

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth Cardan. All which being considered, and that you see 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I set out —

I begin the chapter over again.

BOOK VII. CHAPTER XXXII

[THE STORY OF THE ASS]

— 'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike — there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will — whether in town or country — in cart or under panniers — whether in liberty or bondage — I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I) — I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance — and where those carry me not deep enough — in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an

ass to think — as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c. — I never exchange a word with them — nor with the apes, &c., for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both — (and for my dog he would speak if he could) — yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation — I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice — and those utter'd — there's an end of the dialogue —

— But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, *Honesty!* said I, — seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate — art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street —

Well — replied I — we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

— He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way —

I understand thee perfectly, answered I — If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death — Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again — God help thee, *Jack!* said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't — and many a bitter day's labour, — and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages — 'tis all — all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others. — And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot — (for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon. — In saying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one — and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry

in the conceit, of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon — than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in — the poor beast was heavy loaded — his legs seem'd to tremble under him — he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand — he look'd up pensive in my face — "Don't thrash me with it — but if you will, you may" — If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

BOOK VIII. CHAPTER XXIV

[MY UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN]

—— I AM half distracted, captain *Shandy*, said Mrs. *Wadman*, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box — a mote — or sand — or something — I know not what, has got into this eye of mine — do look into it — it is not in the white —

In saying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herself close in beside my uncle *Toby*, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up — Do look into it — said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-shew-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

—— If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature — I've nothing to say to it —

My uncle *Toby* never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from *June* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the *Thracian Rodope's* beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby* to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it — looking — and looking — then rubbing his eyes — and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Gallileo* look'd for a spot in the sun.

— In vain ! for by all the powers which animate the organ — Widow *Wadman's* left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right — there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opake matter floating in it — There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle ! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine —

— If thou lookest, uncle *Toby*, in search of this mote one moment longer — thou art undone.

CHAPTER XXV

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect ; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye — and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one ; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. *Wadman's* eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle *Toby*, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white ; said Mrs. *Wadman* : my uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into the pupil —

Now of all the eyes which ever were created — from your own, Madam, up to those of *Venus* herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head — there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking — it was not, Madam, a rolling eye — a romping or a wanton one — nor was it an eye sparkling — petulant or imperious — of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up — but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations — and soft responses — speaking — not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse — but whispering soft — like the last low accent of

an expiring saint — “How can you live comfortless, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on — or trust your cares to?”

It was an eye —

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

— It did my uncle *Toby's* business.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE world is ashamed of being virtuous — My uncle *Toby* knew little of the world; and therefore when he felt he was in love with widow *Wadman*, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. *Wadman* had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger: Had it been otherwise — yet as he ever look'd upon *Trim* as a humble friend; and saw fresh reasons every day of his life, to treat him as such — it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

“I am in love, corporal!” quoth my uncle *Toby*.

BOOK IX. CHAPTER XXIV

[THE STORY OF MARIA]

— FOR my uncle *Toby's* amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own — I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; everything I saw or had to do with, touch'd upon some secret spring either of sentiment or rapture.

— They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly — 'Tis *Maria*; said the postillion, observing I was listening — Poor *Maria*, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look as perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to *Moulins* —

—— And who is *poor Maria*? said I.

The love and piety of all the villages around us; said the postillion — it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deserve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them —

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again — they were the same notes; — yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man — but who has taught her to play it — or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation — she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor *Maria* taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where *Maria* was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk-net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side — she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her —

—— God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her, — but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, MARIA made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

MARIA look'd wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat — and then at me — and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately —

— Well, *Maria*, said I softly — What resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *Beast* man is, — that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* scatter'd — and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days — and never — never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them — I believe, there was a reserve — but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria*! — adieu, poor hapless damsel! — some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips — but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walk'd softly to my chaise.

— What an excellent inn at *Moulins*!

HUMPHRY CLINKER

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

Dear Phillips,

As I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting or neglecting the friendship I made at college, I now begin that correspondence by letters which you and I agreed, at parting, to cultivate. I begin it sooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a foolish quarrel, in which I have been involved on account of my sister, who had been some time settled here in a boarding-school. When I came hither with my uncle and aunt (who are our guardians) to fetch her away, I found her a fine, tall girl, of seventeen, with an agreeable person; but remarkably simple, and quite ignorant of the world. This disposition, and want of experience, had exposed her to the addresses of a person (I know not what to call him) who had seen her at a play, and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himself, found means to be recommended to her acquaintance. It was by the greatest accident I intercepted one of his letters. As it was my duty to stifle this correspondence in its birth, I made it my business to find him out, and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. The spark did not like the style I used, and behaved with abundance of mettle. Though his rank in life (which, by the by, I am ashamed to declare) did not entitle him to much deference; yet, as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman; and something might have happened, had not we been prevented. In short, the business took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noise. Recourse was had to justice: I was obliged to give my word and honour, &c.; and to-morrow morning we set out for Bristol Wells, where I

expect to hear from you by the return of the post. I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceedingly starched, vain, and ridiculous. My uncle is an odd kind of humorist, always on the fret, and so unpleasant in his manner, that, rather than be obliged to keep him company, I'd resign all claim to the inheritance of his estate. Indeed, his being tortured by the gout may have soured his temper; and perhaps I may like him better on farther acquaintance. Certain it is, all his servants and neighbours in the country are fond of him, even to a degree of enthusiasm; the reason of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Griffy Price, Gwyn, Mansel, Basset, and all the rest of my old Cambrian companions. Salute the bed-maker in my name; give my service to the cook; and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the sake of his old master; who is, and ever will be,

Dear Phillips,

Your affectionate friend, and humble servant,

Gloucester, April 2.

JER. MELFORD.

TO MRS. JERMYN, AT HER HOUSE IN GLOUCESTER

Dear Madam,

HAVING no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to disburden my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever since I was put under your care. Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governess may believe me, when I assure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwise than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I shall never behave so as to cast a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence, by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed; but I was ashamed to mention it: and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do any thing that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare I never once allowed him the favour of

a salute; and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour. I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be: but time will discover. Meanwhile, I will endeavour to forget a connexion which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted any thing but tea, since I was hurried away from you; nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running. My aunt continues to chide me severely when we are by ourselves; but I hope to soften her in time by humility and submission. My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress, and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promising to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth: but, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind till I know my dear and ever-honoured governess has forgiven her poor, disconsolate, forlorn,

Affectionate humble servant, till death,

Clifton, April 6.

LYDIA MELFORD.

TO MISS LAETITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

My dearest Letty,

I AM in such a fright, lest this should not come safe to hand by the conveyance of Jarvis the carrier, that I beg you will write me on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been so kind to me in my affliction, that I have made her my confidante. As for Jarvis, he was very shy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, because his sister Sally had like to have lost her place on my account. Indeed, I cannot blame the man for his caution, but I have made it worth his while. My dear companion and bed-fellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes that I am deprived of your agreeable company and conversation, at a time when I need so much the comfort of your good humour and good sense: but, I hope, the friendship we contracted at boarding-school will last for life. I doubt not but on my side it will daily increase and improve, as I gain experience,

and learn to know the value of a true friend. O my dear Letty ! what shall I say about poor Mr. Wilson ! I have promised to break off all correspondence, and, if possible, to forget him ; but, alas ! I begin to perceive that will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture should remain in my hands, lest it should be the occasion of more mischief, I have sent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it safe till better times, or return it to Mr. Wilson himself, who, I suppose, will make it his business to see you at the usual place. If he should be low-spirited at my sending back his picture, you may tell him I have no occasion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my —. But no ; I would not have you tell him that neither, because there must be an end of our correspondence. I wish he may forget me, for the sake of his own peace ; and yet if he should, he must be a barbarous —. But it is impossible ! Poor Wilson cannot be false and inconstant ! I beseech him not to write to me, nor attempt to see me for some time ; for, considering the resentment and passionate temper of my brother Jerry, such an attempt might be attended with consequences which would make us all miserable for life. Let us trust to time and the chapter of accidents ; or rather to that Providence which will not fail, sooner or later, to reward those that walk in the paths of honour and virtue. I would offer my love to the young ladies ; but it is not fit that any of them should know you have received this letter. If we go to Bath, I shall send you my simple remarks upon that famous centre of polite amusement, and every other place we may chance to visit ; and I flatter myself that my dear Miss Willis will be punctual in answering the letters of

Her affectionate

Clifton, April 6.

LYDIA MELFORD.

TO MISS LYDIA MELFORD

MISS WILLIS has pronounced my doom ! You are going away, dear Miss Melford ! you are going to be removed, I know not whither ! What shall I do ? Which way shall I turn for consolation ? I know not what I say ! All night long have I been

tossed in a sea of doubts and fears, uncertainty and distraction; without being able to connect my thoughts, much less to form any consistent plan of conduct. I was even tempted to wish that I had never seen you; or that you had been less amiable, or less compassionate to your poor Wilson: and yet it would be detestable ingratitude in me to form such a wish, considering how much I am indebted to your goodness, and the ineffable pleasure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation. Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! The most distant prospect of being admitted to your company, filled my whole soul with a kind of pleasing alarm! As the time approached, my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a transport of expectation: but when I found myself actually in your presence—when I heard you speak—when I saw you smile—when I beheld your charming eyes turned favourably upon me—my breast was filled with such tumults of delight, as wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapped me in a delirium of joy! Encouraged by your sweetness of temper and affability, I ventured to describe the feelings of my heart. Even then you did not check my presumption; you pitied my sufferings, and gave me leave to hope—you put a favourable, perhaps too favourable, a construction on my appearance. Certain it is, I am no player in love. I speak the language of my own heart, and have no prompter but Nature. Yet there is something in this heart, which I have not yet disclosed. I flattered myself—But, I will not—I must not proceed. Dear Miss Liddy! for Heaven's sake, contrive, if possible, some means of letting me speak to you before you leave Gloucester; otherwise, I know not what will—But I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude. While I am capable of reflecting upon your tenderness and truth, I surely have no cause to despair; yet I am strangely affected. The sun seems to deny me light, a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits! While you stay in this place, I shall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted soul is said to linger about the grave where its mortal consort lies. I know, if it is in your power, you will task your humanity—your compassion—shall I add, your affection?—

in order to assuage the almost intolerable disquiet that torments the heart of

Your afflicted

Gloucester, March 31.

WILSON.

TO DR. LEWIS

Bath, April 23.

Dear Doctor,

IF I did not know that the exercise of your profession has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I should make a conscience of troubling you with my correspondence, which may be truly called *The Lamentations of Matthew Bramble*. Yet I cannot help thinking I have some right to discharge the overflowings of my spleen upon you, whose province it is to remove those disorders that occasioned it; and, let me tell you, it is no small alleviation of my grievances that I have a sensible friend, to whom I can communicate my crusty humours; which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath; which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say — “altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better: a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse.” The reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the high-day of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long suffering. But, I believe, you will not deny that this place, which Nature and Providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very centre of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquillity, and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits, here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry; with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive, than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath.

But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject. I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated; and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The Square, though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy; and in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postillions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned, by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance. I suppose, after some chairman shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The Circus is a pretty bauble, contrived for show, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye. And perhaps we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling-house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking: those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the open street, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet

leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience, that extends over the whole city; and I am persuaded it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm: even the close chairs contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their frize linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere; and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open.

But to return to the Circus. It is inconvenient from its situation, at so great a distance from all the markets, baths, and places of public entertainment. The only entrance to it, through Gay-street, is so difficult, steep, and slippery, that in wet weather it must be exceedingly dangerous, both for those that ride in carriages, and those that walk afoot; and when the street is covered with snow, as it was for fifteen days successively this very winter, I don't see how any individual could go either up or down, without the most imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, most of the houses in this hill are smothered with smoke, forced down the chimneys by the gusts of wind reverberated from the hill behind, which (I apprehend likewise) must render the atmosphere here more humid and unwholesome than it is in the square below: for the clouds, formed by the constant evaporation from the baths and rivers in the bottom, will, in their ascent this way, be first attracted and detained by the hill that rises close behind the Circus, and load the air with a perpetual succession of vapours. This point, however, may be easily ascertained by means of an hygrometer, or a paper of salt of tartar exposed to the action of the atmosphere. The same artist who planned the Circus, has likewise projected a Crescent: when that is finished, we shall probably have a Star; and those who are living thirty years hence, may, perhaps, see all the signs of the Zodiac exhibited in architecture at Bath. These, however fantastical, are still designs that denote some ingenuity and knowledge in the architect; but the rage of building has laid hold on such a number of adventurers, that one sees new houses starting up in every outlet and every corner of Bath, contrived without

judgment, executed without solidity, and stuck together with so little regard to plan and propriety, that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with and intersect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of streets and squares disjointed by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or, as if some Gothic devil had stuffed them all together in a bag, and left them to stand higgledy-piggledy, just as chance directed. What sort of a monster Bath will become in a few years, with those growing excrescences, may be easily conceived. But the want of beauty and proportion is not the worst effect of these new mansions; they are built so slight, with the soft crumbling stone found in this neighbourhood, that I should never sleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed (as the sailors say) a cap-full of wind: and I am persuaded, that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal strength, would be able to push his foot through the strongest part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muscles. All these absurdities arise from the general tide of luxury, which hath overspread the nation, and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation. Clerks and factors from the East-Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages: and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence, without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber

of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country-dances and cotillons among lordlings, squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched-friars, and Botolph-lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the Lower Town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum; and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

Thus the number of people and the number of houses continue to increase; and this will ever be the case, till the streams that swell this irresistible torrent of folly and extravagance shall either be exhausted, or turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foresee. This, I own, is a subject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monster I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members; I detest the whole of it, as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice, and brutality: and in this term of reprobation I include, without respect of rank, station, or quality, all those, of both sexes, who affect its manners and court its society.

But I have written till my fingers are cramped, and my nausea begins to return. By your advice, I sent to London a few days ago for half a pound of gengzeng; though I much doubt whether that which comes from America is equally efficacious with what is brought from the East-Indies. Some years ago, a friend of mine paid sixteen guineas for two ounces of it; and in six months after, it was sold in the same shop for five shillings the pound. In short, we live in a vile world of fraud and sophistication; so that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendship of a sensible man: a rare jewel, which I

cannot help thinking myself in possession of, while I repeat the old declaration, that

I am, as usual, dear Lewis, your affectionate,

M. BRAMBLE.

After having been agitated in a short hurricane, on my first arrival, I have taken a small house in Milsham-street, where I am tolerably well lodged, for five guineas a week. I was yesterday at the pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which seems to agree with my stomach; and to-morrow morning I shall bathe, for the first time; so that in a few posts you may expect farther trouble: meanwhile, I am glad to find that the inoculation has succeeded so well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked. If my friend Sir Thomas was a single man, I would not trust such a handsome wench in his family; but, as I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of Lady G—, who is one of the best women in the world, she may go thither without hesitation, as soon as she is quite recovered, and fit for service. Let her mother have money to provide her with necessaries; and she may ride behind her brother on Bucks: but you must lay strong injunctions on Jack to take particular care of the trusty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his present ease by his past services.

TO MISS WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

Bath, April 26.

My dearest companion,

THE pleasure I received from yours, which came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions; which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-housewife, with the tortoise-shell memorandum-book; as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world: all is gaiety, good-humour, and diversion: the eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage; and the ear with the sound of coaches,

chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round* from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city-waits in our own lodgings; we have music in the pump-room every morning; cotillions every forenoon in the rooms; balls twice a week; and concerts every other night; besides private assemblies and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the master of the ceremonies; a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the Prince of Wales: then he talks so charming, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse: for, you must know, he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation; and next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath; which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades, put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted castles raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest trades-folk jostling each other, without ceremony, hail fellow well met. The noise of the music playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and bus of their conversation, gave me the head-ache and vertigo the first day; but afterwards, all these things became familiar, and even agreeable. Right under the pump-room windows is the King's bath; a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces: but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or all these causes together, they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way. My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the abbey church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons

to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yesterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were so red, that they made mine water as I viewed her from the pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, she looked like the ghost of some pale maiden, who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath, she took asafoetida drops, and was fluttered all day; so that we could hardly keep her from going into hysterics; but her mistress says it will do her good; and poor Win curtsies with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend within a bar; and the glasses, of different sizes, stand ranged in order before them; so you have nothing to do but to point at that which you choose, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink without being sick. Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs. My uncle began with it the other day; but he made wry faces in drinking; and I am afraid he will leave it off. The first day we came to Bath, he fell into a violent passion; beat two black-a-moors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their master; but the stranger proved a peaceable man. To be sure, the gout had got into his head, as my aunt observed: but, I believe, his passion drove it away; for he has been remarkably well ever since. It is a thousand pities he should ever be troubled with that ugly distemper; for when he is free from pain, he is the best-tempered man upon earth; so gentle, so generous, so charitable, that every body loves him; and so good to me, in particular, that I shall never be able to show the deep sense I have of his tenderness and affection.

Hard by the pump-room is a coffee-house for the ladies; but my aunt says young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity: but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers' shops, which are charming places of

resort ; where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter : and in these offices of intelligence (as my brother calls them) all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the Bath, are first entered and discussed. From the bookseller's shop we make a tour through the milliners and toymen ; and commonly stop at Mr. Gill's, the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite to the Grove ; to which the company cross over in a boat : it is called Spring Garden ; a sweet retreat, laid out in walks and ponds and parterres of flowers ; and there is a long-room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold : but my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice ; and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place, without seeming to be the worse for it. They say, dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rheumatism. I have been twice at the play ; where, notwithstanding the excellence of the performers, the gaiety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre, which are very fine, I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, upon our poor homely representations at Gloucester. But this, in confidence to my dear Willis. You know my heart, and will excuse its weakness.

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening : they are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together just as they are disposed. Twice a week there is a ball ; the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen ; and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there on Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a subscriber ; and Sir Ulic Mac-killigut recommended his nephew, Captain O'Donaghan, to me as a partner ; but Jerry excused himself, by saying I had got

the head-ache; and, indeed, it was really so, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was so hot, and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country, that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains; and that, as I become accustomed to genteel company, it will wear off. Sir Ulic was very complaisant, made her a great many high-flown compliments, and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have done me the same favour; but my brother, seeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wished him good-night. The captain is a pretty man, to be sure; tall and straight, and well-made; with light grey eyes, and a Roman nose: but there is a certain boldness in his look and manner that puts one out of countenance. But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected scrawl; which I shall therefore conclude with assuring you, that neither Bath nor London, nor all the diversions of life, shall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty, from the heart of

Her ever affectionate

LYDIA MELFORD.

TO MRS. MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON HALL

DEAR MOLLY JONES,

HEAVING got a frank, I now return your fever, which I received by Mr. Higgins, at the Hot Well, together with the stockings which his wife footed for me; but now they are of no survice. Nobody wears such things in this place. O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is such dressing, and fiddling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting! O gracious! if God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might not I reveal consarning old mistress and young mistress! Jews with beards, that were no Jews, but handsome Christians, without a hair upon their sin, strolling with spectacles, to get speech of Miss Liddy. But she's a dear sweet soul, as innocent as the child unborn. She has tould me all her inward thoughts, and disclosed her passion for Mr. Wilson; and that's not his name neither: and

thof he acted among the player-men, he is meat for their masters; and she has gi'en me her yellow trollopea: which Mrs. Drab, the manty-maker, says will look very well when it is scowred and smoaked with silfur. You knows as how, yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havock I shall make among the mail sex, when I make my first appearance in this killing collar, with a full soot of gaze, as good as new, that I bought last Friday of Madam Friponeau, the French mullaner. Dear girl, I have seen all the fine shows of Bath; the Prades, the Squires, and the Circlis; the Crasint, the Hottogon, and Bloody Buildings, and Harry King's Row: and I have been twice in the bath with mistress, and na'r a smoak upon our backs, hussy. The first time I was mortally afraid, and flustered all day; and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick; but mistress said, if I didn't go I should take a dose of bumtaffy; and so, remembering how it worked Mrs. Gwyllim a pennorth, I chose rather to go again with her into the bath; and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom. But what did that signify? They mought laff, but they could see nothing; for I was up to the sin in water. To be sure, it threw me into such a gumbustion, that I know not what I said, nor what I did, nor how they got me out, and rapt me in a blanket. Mrs. Tabitha scoulded a little when we got home; but she knows as I know what's what. Ah, Laud help you! There is Sir Yury Micligut, of Balnaclinch, in the cunty of Kalloway. I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr. O'Frizzle, and he has got an estate of fifteen hundred a-year. I am sure he is both rich and generous. But you nose, Molly, I was always famous for keeping secrets; and so he was very safe in trusting me with his flegm for mistress; which, to be sure, is very honourable; for Mr. O'Frizzle assures me, he values not her portion a brass varthing. And, indeed, what's poor ten thousand pounds to a baron knight of his fortune? And, truly, I told Mr. O'Frizzle that was all she had to trust to. As for John Thomas, he's a morass fellor. I vow, I thought he would a fit with Mr. O'Frizzle, because he axed me to dance with him at Spring Garden. But God he knows I have no thoughts eyther of wan or t'other.

As for house news, the worst is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick; he eats nothing but white-meats, and not much of that; and wheezes, and seems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropsy. Parson Marrofat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters: but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and mistress says, if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will sartinly carry him to Aberga'nny, to drink goat's-whey. To be sure the poor dear honymil is lost for want of axercise; for which reason she intends to give him an airing once a-day upon the Downs, in a postchaise. I have already made very credible correxions in this here place; where, to be sure, we have the very squintasense of satiety. Mrs. Patcher, my Lady Kilmacullock's woman, and I, are sworn sisters. She has shown me all her secrets, and learned me to wash gaze, and reffrash rusty silks and bumbeseens, by boiling them with winegar, chamberlye, and stale beer. My short sack and apron luck as good as new from the shop, and my pumpydoor as fresh as a rose, by the help of turtle-water. But this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly. If we should come to Aberga'nny, you'll be within a day's ride of us; and then we shall see wan another, please God. If not, remember me in your prayers, as I shall do by you in mine; and take care of my kitten, and give my kind sarvice to Sall; and this is all at present from

Your beloved friend and sarvent,

Bath, April 26.

WINIFRED JENKINS.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

WITHOUT waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach and four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing, when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes; and

calling to the postillions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs. There one of the fore horses fell, in going down hill at a round trot; and the postillion behind, endeavouring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window as nimble as a grasshopper . . . [and] pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light; very much frightened, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle; and, being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister Furies that guard the gates of hell: she expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold, without his perriwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage; but she cried in a tone of distraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case: Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office, he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault, that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "Damn the nasty son of a bitch, and them he belongs to!" a benediction, which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene; "You say nothing, Matt," cried she; "but I know your mind: I

know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal ! I know you intend to take his life away !” “You are mistaken, upon my honour !” replied the squire, with a sarcastic smile ; “I should be incapable of harbouring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive, even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite.”

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death ; on the supposition, that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing, that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed, if he was not sure he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless, Thomas continued obstinate ; and at length declared, that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby’s eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style ; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horse-whipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred : Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again, unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postillion ; who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country-fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided ; and at that place we arrived about one o’clock, without farther impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence ; which, indeed, she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we staid to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postillion. She said, he was such a beggarly rascal, that he had ne’er a shirt to his back : for which act of indelicacy he deserved to be set in the stocks.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed," cried my uncle; "let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin; but his complexion was of a sickly yellow: his looks denoted famine; and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered. My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said, with an ironical expression in his countenance, "A'n't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postillion without a shirt to cover you?" "Yes, I am, an please your noble honour," answered the man; "but necessity has no law, as the saying is." "You're an impudent varlet," cried Mrs. Tabby, "for presuming to ride before persons of fashion without a shirt." "I am so, an please your worthy ladyship," said he; "but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad. I ha'n't a shirt in the world, that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an please your ladyship, but what you see. I have no friend nor relation upon earth to help me out. I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together; and, saving you ladyship's good presence, I ha'n't broke bread these four-and-twenty hours."

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said, she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him be gone; observing, that he would fill the room full of vermin. Her brother darted a significant glance at her, as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? when he answered, that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy. Mine host was immediately called; and, being interrogated on the subject, declared that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker: that he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the work-house, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out; that he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra postillion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread: that, having sold or pawned every thing he

had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby, that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard any thing to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets." "I pay the poors' rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house."

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels. Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want. But, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice: Get a shirt with all convenient despatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stepped into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postillion, who rode next to her, was not a shabby wretch, like the raggamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the Castle on Spin Hill, where we lay, this new postillion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in the loose parcels; and, at length, displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested

. . . [his] affront: she tossed her nose in disdain, saying, she supposed her brother had taken him into favour, because he had insulted her; that a fool and his money were soon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salt Hill, where we proposed to dine. There the first person that came to the side of the coach, and began to adjust the foot-board, was no other than Humphry Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house. My uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly, what had brought him hither? The fellow said, his honour had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? what are you good for?" "An please your honour," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel him: and as for the practice of sow-gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I can make hog's-puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles, and tin sauce-pans." Here uncle burst out a laughing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of. "I know something of single-stick, and psalmody," proceeded Clinker. "I can play upon the Jew's-harp, sing Black-eyed Susan, Arthur-O'Bradley, and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and Nancy Dawson; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and, under correction, I can find a hare, when your honour wants a bit of game." "Foregad! thou art a complete fellow," cried my uncle, still laughing. "I have a good mind to take

thee into my family. Pr'ythee, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it please your ladyship's worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offences. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner. God bless your noble countenance! I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness, and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length, he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and, starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphry was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture gaping, with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and, snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me. Here it is: kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and seizing a knife from the side-board, cried, "Not here, an please your ladyship: it will daub the room. Give him to me, and I'll carry him to the ditch by the road side." To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately." "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle, "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence." "Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphry. "I see it plainly," exclaimed this

implacable maiden, "he acts by your direction; and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you; for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence. But now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling, taken from the dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is, whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propose an alternative in my turn: Either discard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu: for I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now 'to dinner with what appetite you may.'" Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner; and, after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt!" said she. "And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire, with a peremptory look. "Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared, she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek: he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed, Win Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker skipped about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended

by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman; and in a day or two will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden-square, at the house of one Mrs. Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils; but as you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our Jesuitical friends, and believe me ever,

Dear knight,

Yours affectionately,

London, May 24.

J. MELFORD.

* * * * *

EVELINA

FANNY BURNEY

LETTER I

LADY HOWARD TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS

Howard Grove, Kent.

CAN any thing, my good Sir, be more painful to a friendly mind than a necessity of communicating disagreeable intelligence? Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to determine, whether the relater or the receiver of evil tidings is most to be pitied.

I have just had a letter from Madame Duval; she is totally at a loss in what manner to behave; she seems desirous to repair the wrongs she has done, yet wishes the world to believe her blameless. She would fain cast upon another the odium of those misfortunes for which she alone is answerable. Her letter is violent, sometimes abusive, and that of *you!* — *you*, to whom she is under obligations which are greater even than her faults, but to whose advice she wickedly imputes all the sufferings of her much-injured daughter, the late Lady Belmont. The chief purport of her writing I will acquaint you with; the letter itself is not worthy your notice.

She tells me that she has, for many years past, been in continual expectation of making a journey to England, which prevented her writing for information concerning this melancholy subject, by giving her hopes of making personal enquiries; but family occurrences have still detained her in France, which country she now sees no prospect of quitting. She has, therefore, lately used her utmost endeavours to obtain a faithful account of whatever related to her *ill-advised* daughter; the result of which giving her *some reason* to apprehend that, upon

her death-bed, she bequeathed an infant orphan to the world, she most graciously says, that if *you*, with whom *she understands* the child is placed, will procure authentic proofs of its relationship to her, you may send it to Paris, where she will properly provide for it.

This woman is, undoubtedly, at length, self-convicted of her most unnatural behaviour: it is evident, from her writing, that she is still as vulgar and illiterate as when her first husband, Mr. Evelyn, had the weakness to marry her; nor does she at all apologise for addressing herself to me, though I was only once in her company.

Her letter has excited in my daughter Mirvan, a strong desire to be informed of the motives which induced Madame Duval to abandon the unfortunate Lady Belmont, at a time when a mother's protection was peculiarly necessary for her peace and her reputation. Notwithstanding I was personally acquainted with all the parties concerned in that affair, the subject always appeared of too delicate a nature to be spoken of with the principals; I cannot, therefore, satisfy Mrs. Mirvan otherwise than by applying to you.

By saying that you *may* send the child, Madame Duval aims at *conferring*, where she most *owes* obligation. I pretend not to give you advice; you, to whose generous protection this helpless orphan is indebted for every thing, are the best and only judge of what she ought to do; but I am much concerned at the trouble and uneasiness which this unworthy woman may occasion you.

My daughter and my grandchild join with me in desiring to be most kindly remembered to the amiable girl; and they bid me remind you, that the annual visit to Howard Grove, which we were formerly promised, has been discontinued for more than four years.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient friend and servant,

M. HOWARD.

LETTER II

MR. VILLARS TO LADY HOWARD

Berry Hill, Dorsetshire.

YOUR Ladyship did but too well foresee the perplexity and uneasiness of which Madame Duval's letter has been productive. However, I ought rather to be thankful that I have so many years remained unmolested, than repine at my present embarrassment; since it proves, at least, that this wretched woman is at length awakened to remorse.

In regard to my answer, I must humbly request your Ladyship to write to this effect: "that I would not, upon any account, intentionally offend Madame Duval, but that I have weighty, nay unanswerable reasons for detaining her grand-daughter at present in England; the principal of which is, that it was the earnest desire of one to whose Will she owes implicit duty. Madame Duval may be assured that she meets with the utmost attention and tenderness; that her education, however short of my wishes, almost exceeds my abilities; and I flatter myself, when the time arrives that she shall pay her duty to her grandmother, Madame Duval will find no reason to be dissatisfied with what has been done for her."

Your Ladyship will not, I am sure, be surprised at this answer. Madame Duval is by no means a proper companion or guardian for a young woman: she is at once uneducated and unprincipled; ungentle in temper, and unamiable in her manners. I have long known that she has persuaded herself to harbour an aversion for me — Unhappy woman! I can only regard her as an object of pity!

I dare not hesitate at a request from Mrs. Mirvan, yet, in complying with it, I shall, for her own sake, be as concise as I possibly can; since the cruel transactions which preceded the birth of my ward, can afford no entertainment to a mind so humane as her's.

Your Ladyship may probably have heard, that I had the honour to accompany Mr. Evelyn, the grandfather of my young charge, when upon his travels, in the capacity of tutor. His unhappy marriage, immediately upon his return to England,

with Madame Duval, then a waiting-girl at a tavern, contrary to the advice and entreaties of all his friends, among whom I was myself the most urgent, induced him to abandon his native land, and fix his abode in France. Thither he was followed by shame and repentance; feelings which his heart was not framed to support: for, notwithstanding he had been too weak to resist the allurements of beauty, which nature, though a niggard to her of every other boon, had with a lavish hand bestowed on his wife; yet he was a young man of excellent character, and, till thus unaccountably infatuated, of unblemished conduct. He survived this ill-judged marriage but two years. Upon his death-bed, with an unsteady hand, he wrote me the following note:

“My friend! forget your resentment, in favour of your humanity; — a father, trembling for the welfare of his child, bequeaths her to your care. — O Villars! hear! pity! and relieve me!”

Had my circumstances permitted me, I should have answered these words by an immediate journey to Paris; but I was obliged to act by the agency of a friend, who was upon the spot, and present at the opening of the will.

Mr. Evelyn left to me a legacy of a thousand pounds, and the sole guardianship of his daughter's person till her eighteenth year, conjuring me, in the most affectionate terms, to take the charge of her education till she was able to act with propriety for herself; but in regard to fortune, he left her wholly dependent on her mother, to whose tenderness he earnestly recommended her.

Thus, though he would not, to a woman low-bred and illiberal as Mrs. Evelyn, trust the conduct and morals of his daughter, he nevertheless thought proper to secure to her the respect and duty which, from her own child, were certainly her due; but, unhappily, it never occurred to him that the mother, on her part, could fail in affection or justice.

Miss Evelyn, Madam, from the second to the eighteenth year of her life, was brought up under my care, and, except when at school, under my roof. I need not speak to your Ladyship of the virtues of that excellent young creature. She loved me as her father; nor was Mrs. Villars less valued by her; while to

me she became so dear, that her loss was little less afflicting than that which I have since sustained of Mrs. Villars herself.

At that period of her life we parted; her mother, then married to Monsieur Duval, sent for her to Paris. How often have I since regretted that I did not accompany her thither! protected and supported by me, the misery and disgrace which awaited her, might, perhaps, have been avoided. But — to be brief, Madame Duval, at the instigation of her husband, earnestly, or rather tyrannically, endeavoured to effect a union between Miss Evelyn and one of his nephews. And, when she found her power inadequate to her attempt, enraged at her non-compliance, she treated her with the grossest unkindness, and threatened her with poverty and ruin.

Miss Evelyn, to whom wrath and violence had hitherto been strangers, soon grew weary of such usage; and rashly, and without a witness, consented to a private marriage with Sir John Belmont, a very profligate young man, who had but too successfully found means to insinuate himself into her favour. He promised to conduct her to England — he did. — O, Madam, you know the rest! — Disappointed of the fortune he expected, by the inexorable rancour of the Duvals, he infamously burnt the certificate of their marriage, and denied that they had ever been united!

She flew to me for protection. With what mixed transports of joy and anguish did I again see her! By my advice, she endeavoured to procure proofs of her marriage; — but in vain: her credulity had been no match for his art.

Everybody believed her innocent, from the guiltless tenor of her unspotted youth, and from the known libertinism of her barbarous betrayer. Yet her sufferings were too acute for her tender frame, and the same moment that gave birth to her infant, put an end at once to the sorrows and the life of its mother.

The rage of Madame Duval at her elopement, abated not while this injured victim of cruelty yet drew breath. She probably intended, in time, to have pardoned her, but time was not allowed. When she was informed of her death, I have been

told, that the agonies of grief and remorse, with which she was seized, occasioned her a severe fit of illness. But, from the time of her recovery to the date of her letter to your Ladyship, I had never heard that she manifested any desire to be made acquainted with the circumstances which attended the death of Lady Belmont, and the birth of her helpless child.

That child, Madam, shall never, while life is lent me, know the loss she has sustained. I have cherished, succoured, and supported her from her earliest infancy to her sixteenth year; and so amply has she repaid my care and affection, that my fondest wish is now circumscribed by the desire of bestowing her on one who may be sensible of her worth, and then sinking to eternal rest in her arms.

Thus it has happened that the education of the father, daughter, and grand-daughter, has devolved on me. What infinite misery have the two first caused me! Should the fate of the dear survivor be equally adverse, how wretched will be the end of my cares — the end of my days!

Even had Madame Duval merited the charge she claims, I fear my fortitude would have been unequal to such a parting; but, being such as she is, not only my affection, but my humanity recoils, at the barbarous idea of deserting the sacred trust reposed in me. Indeed, I could but ill support her former yearly visits to the respectable mansion at Howard Grove; pardon me, dear Madam, and do not think me insensible of the honour which your Ladyship's condescension confers upon us both; but so deep is the impression which the misfortunes of her mother have made on my heart, that she does not, even for a moment, quit my sight without exciting apprehensions and terrors which almost overpower me. Such, Madam, is my tenderness, and such my weakness! — But she is the only tie I have upon earth, and I trust to your Ladyship's goodness not to judge of my feelings with severity.

I beg leave to present my humble respects to Mrs. and Miss Mirvan; and have the honour to be,

Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient
and most humble servant,

ARTHUR VILLARS.

LETTER III

[Written some months after the last.]

LADY HOWARD TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS

Howard Grove, March 8.

DEAR AND REV. SIR, — Your last letter gave me infinite pleasure: after so long and tedious an illness, how grateful to yourself and to your friends must be your returning health! You have the hearty wishes of every individual of this place for its continuance and increase.

Will you not think I take advantage of your acknowledged recovery, if I once more venture to mention your pupil and Howard Grove together? Yet you must remember the patience with which we submitted to your desire of not parting with her during the bad state of your health, though it was with much reluctance we forbore to solicit her company. My granddaughter, in particular, has scarce been able to repress her eagerness to again meet the friend of her infancy; and for my own part, it is very strongly my wish to manifest the regard I had for the unfortunate Lady Belmont, by proving serviceable to her child; which seems to me the best respect that can be paid to her memory. Permit me, therefore, to lay before you a plan which Mrs. Mirvan and I have formed, in consequence of your restoration to health.

I would not frighten you; — but do you think you could bear to part with your young companion for two or three months? Mrs. Mirvan proposes to spend the ensuing spring in London, whither, for the first time, my grandchild will accompany her. Now, my good friend, it is very earnestly their wish to enlarge and enliven their party by the addition of your amiable ward, who would share, equally with her own daughter, the care and attention of Mrs. Mirvan. Do not start at this proposal; it is time that she should see something of the world. When young people are too rigidly sequestered from it, their lively and romantic imaginations paint it to them as a paradise of which they have been beguiled; but when they are shown it properly, and in due time, they see it such as it really is, equally shared by pain and pleasure, hope and disappointment.

You have nothing to apprehend from her meeting Sir John Belmont, as that abandoned man is now abroad, and not expected home this year.

Well, my good Sir, what say you to our scheme? I hope it will meet with your approbation; but if it should not, be assured I can never object to any decision of one who is so much respected and esteemed as Mr. Villars, by

His most faithful humble servant,
M. HOWARD.

LETTER IV

MR. VILLARS TO LADY HOWARD

Berry Hill, March 12.

I AM grieved, Madam, to appear obstinate, and I blush to incur the imputation of selfishness. In detaining my young charge thus long with myself in the country, I consulted not solely my own inclination. Destined, in all probability, to possess a very moderate fortune, I wished to contract her views to something within it. The mind is but too naturally prone to pleasure, but too easily yielded to dissipation: it has been my study to guard her against their delusions, by preparing her to expect, — and to despise them. But the time draws on for experience and observation to take the place of instruction: if I have, in some measure, rendered her capable of using one with discretion, and making the other with improvement, I shall rejoice myself with the assurance of having largely contributed to her welfare. She is now of an age that happiness is eager to attend, — let her then enjoy it! I commit her to the protection of your Ladyship, and only hope she may be found worthy half the goodness I am satisfied she will meet with at your hospitable mansion.

Thus far, Madam, I cheerfully submit to your desire. In confiding my ward to the care of Lady Howard, I can feel no uneasiness from her absence, but what will arise from the loss of her company, since I shall be as well convinced of her safety, as if she were under my own roof; — but, can your Ladyship be serious in proposing to introduce her to the gaieties of a London life? Permit me to ask, for what end, or what purpose?

A youthful mind is seldom totally free from ambition ; to curb that, is the first step to contentment, since to diminish expectation, is to increase enjoyment. I apprehend nothing more than too much raising her hopes and her views, which the natural vivacity of her disposition would render but too easy to effect. The town acquaintance of Mrs. Mirvan are all in the circle of high life ; this artless young creature, with too much beauty to escape notice, has too much sensibility to be indifferent to it ; but she has too little wealth to be sought with propriety by men of the fashionable world.

Consider, Madam, the peculiar cruelty of her situation ; only child of a wealthy Baronet, whose person she has never seen, whose character she has reason to abhor, and whose name she is forbidden to claim ; entitled as she is to lawfully inherit his fortune and estate, is there any probability that he will *properly* own her ? And while he continues to persevere in disavowing his marriage with Miss Evelyn, she shall never, at the expence of her mother's honour, receive a part of her right, as the donation of his bounty.

And as to Mr. Evelyn's estate, I have no doubt but that Madame Duval and her relations will dispose of it among themselves.

It seems, therefore, as if this deserted child, though legally heiress of two large fortunes, must owe all her rational expectations to adoption and friendship. Yet her income will be such as may make her happy, if she is disposed to be so in private life ; though it will by no means allow her to enjoy the luxury of a London fine lady.

Let Miss Mirvan, then, Madam, shine in all the splendour of high life ; but suffer my child still to enjoy the pleasures of humble retirement, with a mind to which greater views are unknown.

I hope this reasoning will be honoured with your approbation ; and I have yet another motive which has some weight with me ; I would not willingly give offence to any human being, and surely Madame Duval might accuse me of injustice, if, while I refuse to let her grand-daughter wait upon her, I consent that she should join a party of pleasure to London.

In sending her to Howard Grove, not one of these scruples arise; and therefore Mrs. Clinton, a most worthy woman, formerly her nurse, and now my housekeeper, shall attend her thither next week.

Though I have always called her by the name of Anville, and reported in this neighbourhood, that her father, my intimate friend, left her to my guardianship, yet I have thought it necessary she should herself be acquainted with the melancholy circumstances attending her birth: for, though I am very desirous of guarding her from curiosity and impertinence, by concealing her name, family, and story, yet I would not leave it in the power of chance, to shock her gentle nature with a tale of so much sorrow.

You must not, Madam, expect too much from my pupil. She is quite a little rustic, and knows nothing of the world; and though her education has been the best I could bestow in this retired place, to which Dorchester, the nearest town, is seven miles distant, yet I shall not be surprised if you should discover in her a thousand deficiencies of which I have never dreamt. She must be very much altered since she was last at Howard Grove, — but I will say nothing of her; I leave her to your Ladyship's own observations, of which I beg a faithful relation; and am,

Dear Madam, with great respect,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

ARTHUR VILLARS.

LETTER VIII

EVELINA TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS

Howard Grove, March 26.

THIS house seems to be the house of joy; every face wears a smile, and a laugh is at every body's service. It is quite amusing to walk about, and see the general confusion; a room leading to the garden is fitting up for Captain Mirvan's study. Lady Howard does not sit a moment in a place; Miss Mirvan is making caps; every body so busy! — such flying from room to room! — so many orders given, and retracted, and given again! — nothing but hurry and perturbation.

Well but, my dear Sir, I am desired to make a request to you. I hope you will not think me an incroacher; Lady Howard insists upon my writing! — yet I hardly know how to go on; a petition implies a want, — and have you left me one? No, indeed.

I am half ashamed of myself for beginning this letter. But these dear ladies are so pressing — I cannot, for my life, resist wishing for the pleasures they offer me, — provided you do not disapprove of them.

They are to make a very short stay in town. The Captain will meet them in a day or two. Mrs. Mirvan and her sweet daughter both go; — what a happy party! Yet I am not *very* eager to accompany them: at least, I shall be contented to remain where I am, if you desire that I should.

Assured, my dearest Sir, of your goodness, your bounty, and your indulgent kindness, ought I to form a wish that has not your sanction? Decide for me, therefore, without the least apprehension that I shall be uneasy, or discontented. While I am yet in suspense, perhaps I may *hope*, but I am most certain, that when you have once determined, I shall not repine.

They tell me that London is now in full splendour. Two Play-houses are open, — the Opera House, — Ranelagh, — and the Pantheon. — You see I have learned all their names. However, pray don't suppose that I make any point of going, for I shall hardly sigh to see them depart without me; though I shall probably never meet with such another opportunity. And, indeed, their domestic happiness will be so great, — it is natural to wish to partake of it.

I believe I am bewitched! I made a resolution when I began, that I would not be urgent; but my pen — or rather my thoughts, will not suffer me to keep it — for I acknowledge, I must acknowledge, I cannot help wishing for your permission.

I almost repent already that I have made this confession; pray forget that you have read it, if this journey is displeasing to you. But I will not write any longer; for the more I think of this affair, the less indifferent to it I find myself.

Adieu, my most honoured, most revered, most beloved father! for by what other name can I call you? I have no

happiness or sorrow, no hope or fear, but what your kindness bestows, or your displeasure may cause. You will not, I am sure, send a refusal without reasons unanswerable, and therefore I shall cheerfully acquiesce. Yet I hope—I hope you will be able to permit me to go!

I am, with the utmost affection,
Gratitude, and duty, your

EVELINA —.

I cannot to you sign *Anville*, and what other name may I claim?

LETTER X

EVELINA TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS

Queen-Ann-Street, London, Saturday, April 2.

THIS moment arrived. Just going to Drury-Lane Theatre. The celebrated Mr. Garrick performs *Ranger*. I am quite in extacy. So is Miss Mirvan. How fortunate, that he should happen to play! We would not let Mrs. Mirvan rest till she consented to go; her chief objection was to our dress, for we have had no time to *Londonize* ourselves; but we teized her into compliance, and so we are to sit in some obscure place, that she may not be seen. As to me, I should be alike unknown in the most conspicuous or most private part of the house.

I can write no more now. I have hardly time to breathe—only just this, the houses and streets are not quite so superb as I expected. However, I have seen nothing yet, so I ought not to judge.

Well, adieu, my dearest Sir, for the present; I could not forbear writing a few words instantly on my arrival; though I suppose my letter of thanks for your consent is still on the road.

Saturday night.

O my dear Sir, in what raptures am I returned! Well may Mr. Garrick be so celebrated, so universally admired—I had not any idea of so great a performer.

Such ease! such vivacity in his manner! such grace in his motions! such fire and meaning in his eyes!—I could hardly believe he had studied a written part, for every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment.

His action — at once so graceful and so free! — his voice — so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones — such animation! — every look *speaks*!

I would have given the world to have had the whole play acted over again. And when he danced — O how I envied Clarinda! I almost wished to have jumped on the stage and joined them.

I am afraid you will think me mad, so I won't say any more; yet I really believe Mr. Garrick would make you mad too, if you could see him. I intend to ask Mrs. Mirvan to go to the play every night while we stay in town. She is extremely kind to me, and Maria, her charming daughter, is the sweetest girl in the world.

I shall write to you every evening all that passes in the day, and that in the same manner as, if I could see, I should tell you.

Sunday.

This morning we went to Portland chapel, and afterwards we walked in the Mall of St. James's Park, which by no means answered my expectations: it is a long straight walk, of dirty gravel, very uneasy to the feet; and at each end, instead of an open prospect, nothing is to be seen but houses built of brick. When Mrs. Mirvan pointed out the *Palace* to me — I think I was never much more surprised.

However, the walk was very agreeable to us; everybody looked gay, and seemed pleased, — and the ladies were so much dressed, that Miss Mirvan and I could do nothing but look at them. Mrs. Mirvan met several of her friends. No wonder, for I never saw so many people assembled together before. I looked about for some of *my* acquaintance, but in vain, for I saw not one person that I knew, which is very odd, for all the world seemed there.

Mrs. Mirvan says we are not to walk in the Park again next Sunday, even if we should be in town, because there is better company in Kensington Gardens. But really, if you had seen how much everybody was dressed, you would not think that possible.

Monday.

We are to go this evening to a private ball, given by Mrs. Stanley, a very fashionable lady of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance.

We have been *a shopping*, as Mrs. Mirvan calls it, all this morning, to buy silks, caps, gauzes, and so forth.

The shops are really very entertaining, especially the mercers; there seem to be six or seven men belonging to each shop, and every one took care, by bowing and smirking, to be noticed; we were conducted from one to another, and carried from room to room, with so much ceremony, that at first I was almost afraid to go on.

I thought I should never have chosen a silk, for they produced so many, I knew not which to fix upon, and they recommended them all so strongly, that I fancy they thought I only wanted persuasion to buy everything they shewed me. And, indeed, they took so much trouble, that I was almost ashamed I could not.

At the milliners, the ladies we met were so much dressed, that I should rather have imagined they were making visits than purchases. But what most diverted [me] was, that we were more frequently served by men than by women; and such men! so finical, so affected! they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves; and they recommended caps and ribbands with an air of so much importance, that I wished to ask them how long they had left off wearing them!

The dispatch with which they work in these great shops is amazing, for they have promised me a compleat suit of linen against the evening.

I have just had my hair dressed. You can't think how oddly my head feels; full of powder and black pins, and a great *cushion* on the top of it. I believe you would hardly know me, for my face looks quite different to what it did before my hair was dressed. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell, for my hair is so much entangled, *frieled* they call it, that I fear it will be very difficult.

I am half afraid of this ball to-night, for, you know, I have never danced but at school; however, Miss Mirvan says there is nothing in it. Yet I wish it was over.

Adieu, my dear Sir ; pray excuse the wretched stuff I write, perhaps I may improve by being in this town, and then my letters will be less unworthy your reading. Meantime I am,

Your dutiful and affectionate, though unpolished,

EVELINA.

Poor Miss Mirvan cannot wear one of the caps she made, because they dress her hair too large for them.

LETTER XI

EVELINA IN CONTINUATION

Queen-Ann-Street, April 5, Tuesday Morning.

I HAVE a vast deal to say, and shall give all this morning to my pen. As to my plan of writing every evening the adventures of the day, I find it impracticable ; for the diversions here are so very late, that if I begin my letters after them, I could not go to bed at all.

We past a most extraordinary evening. A *private* ball this was called, so I expected to have seen about four or five couple ; but Lord ! my dear Sir, I believe I saw half the world ! Two very large rooms were full of company ; in one, were cards for the elderly ladies, and in the other, were the dancers. My mamma Mirvan, for she always calls me her child, said she would sit with Maria and me till we were provided with partners, and then join the card-players.

The gentlemen, as they passed and repassed, looked as if they thought we were quite at their disposal, and only waiting for the honour of their commands ; and they sauntered about, in a careless indolent manner, as if with a view to keep us in suspense. I don't speak of this in regard to Miss Mirvan and myself only, but to the ladies in general ; and I thought it so provoking, that I determined, in my own mind, that, far from humouring such airs, I would rather not dance at all, than with any one who should seem to think me ready to accept the first partner who would condescend to take me.

Not long after, a young man, who had for some time looked at us with a kind of negligent impertinence, advanced, on tip-toe, towards me ; he had a set smile on his face, and his dress

was so foppish, that I really believe he even wished to be stared at; and yet he was very ugly.

Bowing almost to the ground, with a sort of swing, and waving his hand with the greatest conceit, after a short and silly pause, he said, "Madam — may I presume?" — and stopt, offering to take my hand. I drew it back, but could scarce forbear laughing. "Allow me, Madam," (continued he, affectedly breaking off every half moment) "the honour and happiness — if I am not so unhappy as to address you too late — to have the happiness and honour —"

Again he would have taken my hand, but, bowing my head, I begged to be excused, and turned to Miss Mirvan to conceal my laughter. He then desired to know if I had already engaged myself to some more fortunate man? I said No, and that I believed I should not dance at all. He would keep himself, he told me, disengaged, in hopes I should relent; and then, uttering some ridiculous speeches of sorrow and disappointment, though his face still wore the same invariable smile, he retreated.

It so happened, as we have since recollected, that during this little dialogue, Mrs. Mirvan was conversing with the lady of the house. And very soon after another gentleman, who seemed about six-and-twenty years old, gayly, but not foppishly, dressed, and indeed extremely handsome, with an air of mixed politeness and gallantry, desired to know if I was engaged, or would honour him with my hand. So he was pleased to say, though I am sure I know not what honour he could receive from me; but these sort of expressions, I find, are used as words of course, without any distinction of persons, or study of propriety.

Well, I bowed, and I am sure I coloured; for indeed I was frightened at the thoughts of dancing before so many people, all strangers, and, which was worse, *with* a stranger; however, that was unavoidable, for though I looked round the room several times, I could not see one person that I knew. And so, he took my hand, and led me to join in the dance.

The minuets were over before we arrived, for we were kept late by the milliners making us wait for our things.

He seemed very desirous of entering into conversation with me; but I was seized with such a panic, that I could hardly speak

a word, and nothing but the shame of so soon changing my mind, prevented my returning to my seat, and declining to dance at all.

He appeared to be surprised at my terror, which I believe was but too apparent: however, he asked no questions, though I fear he must think it very strange; for I did not choose to tell him it was owing to my never before dancing but with a school-girl.

His conversation was sensible and spirited; his air and address were open and noble; his manners gentle, attentive, and infinitely engaging; his person is all elegance, and his countenance, the most animated and expressive I have ever seen.

In a short time we were joined by Miss Mirvan, who stood next couple to us. But how was I startled, when she whispered me that my partner was a nobleman! This gave me a new alarm; how will he be provoked, thought I, when he finds what a simple rustic he has honoured with his choice! one whose ignorance of the world makes her perpetually fear doing something wrong!

That he should be so much my superior every way, quite disconcerted me; and you will suppose my spirits were not much raised, when I heard a lady, in passing us, say, "This is the most difficult dance I ever saw."

"O dear, then," cried Maria to her partner, "with your leave, I'll sit down till the next."

"So will I too, then," cried I, "for I am sure I can hardly stand."

"But you must speak to your partner first," answered she; for he had turned aside to talk with some gentlemen. However, I had not sufficient courage to address him, and so away we all three tript, and seated ourselves at another end of the room.

But, unfortunately for me, Miss Mirvan soon after suffered herself to be prevailed upon to attempt the dance; and just as she rose to go, she cried, "My dear, yonder is your partner, Lord Orville, walking about the room in search of you."

"Don't leave me then, dear girl!" cried I; but she was obliged to go. And now I was more uneasy than ever; I would have given the world to have seen Mrs. Mirvan, and begged

of her to make my apologies; for what, thought I, can I possibly say to him in excuse for running away? he must either conclude me a fool, or half mad; for any one brought up in the great world, and accustomed to its ways, can have no idea of such sort of fears as mine.

My confusion encreased when I observed that he was every where seeking me, with apparent perplexity and surprise; but when, at last, I saw him move towards the place where I sat, I was ready to sink with shame and distress. I found it absolutely impossible to keep my seat; because I could not think of a word to say for myself, and so I rose, and walked hastily towards the card-room, resolving to stay with Mrs. Mirvan the rest of the evening, and not to dance at all. But before I could find her, Lord Orville saw and approached me.

He begged to know if I was not well? You may easily imagine how much I was embarrassed. I made no answer, but hung my head, like a fool, and looked on my fan.

He then, with an air the most respectfully serious, asked if he had been so unhappy as to offend me?

"No, indeed!" cried I: and, in hopes of changing the discourse, and preventing his further inquiries, I desired to know if he had seen the young lady who had been conversing with me?

No; — but would I honour him with any commands to her?

"O, by no means!"

Was there any other person with whom I wished to speak?

I said *no*, before I knew I had answered at all.

Should he have the pleasure of bringing me any refreshment?

I bowed, almost involuntarily. And away he flew.

I was quite ashamed of being so troublesome, and so much *above* myself as these seeming airs made me appear; but indeed I was too much confused to think or act with any consistency.

If he had not been swift as lightning, I don't know whether I should not have stolen away again; but he returned in a moment. When I had drunk a glass of lemonade, he hoped, he said, that I would again honour him with my hand as a new dance was just begun. I had not the presence of mind to say a single word, and so I let him once more lead me to the place I had left.

Shocked to find how silly, how childish a part I had acted,

my former fears of dancing before such a company, and with such a partner, returned more forcibly than ever. I suppose he perceived my uneasiness, for he intreated me to sit down again, if dancing was disagreeable to me. But I was quite satisfied with the folly I had already shewn, and therefore declined his offer, tho' I was really scarce able to stand.

Under such conscious disadvantages, you may easily imagine, my dear Sir, how ill I acquitted myself. But, though I both expected and deserved to find him very much mortified and displeased at his ill fortune in the choice he had made, yet, to my very great relief, he appeared to be even contented, and very much assisted and encouraged me. These people in high life have too much presence of mind, I believe, to *seem* disconcerted, or out of humour, however they may feel: for had I been the person of the most consequence in the room, I could not have met with more attention and respect.

When the dance was over, seeing me still very much flurried, he led me to a seat, saying that he would not suffer me to fatigue myself from politeness.

And then, if my capacity, or even if my spirits had been better, in how animated a conversation might I have been engaged! It was then I saw that the rank of Lord Orville was his least recommendation, his understanding and his manners being far more distinguished. His remarks upon the company in general were so apt, so just, so lively, I am almost surprised myself that they did not re-animate me; but indeed I was too well convinced of the ridiculous part I had myself played before so nice an observer, to be able to enjoy his pleasantry: so self-compassion gave me feeling for others. Yet I had not the courage to attempt either to defend them, or to rally in my turn, but listened to him in silent embarrassment.

When he found this, he changed the subject, and talked of public places, and public performers; but he soon discovered that I was totally ignorant of them.

He then, very ingeniously, turned the discourse to the amusements and occupations of the country.

It now struck me, that he was resolved to try whether or not I was capable of talking upon *any* subject. This put so great

a constraint upon my thoughts, that I was unable to go further than a monosyllable, and not even so far, when I could possibly avoid it.

We were sitting in this manner, he conversing with all gaiety, I looking down with all foolishness, when that fop who had first asked me to dance, with a most ridiculous solemnity, approached, and after a profound bow or two, said, "I humbly beg pardon, Madam, — and of you too, my Lord, — for breaking in upon such agreeable conversation — which must, doubtless, be much more delectable — than what I have the honour to offer — but —"

I interrupted him — I blush for my folly, — with laughing; yet I could not help it, for, added to the man's stately foppishness, (and he actually took snuff between every three words) when I looked round at Lord Orville, I saw such extreme surprise in his face, — the cause of which appeared so absurd, that I could not for my life preserve my gravity.

I had not laughed before from the time I had left Miss Mirvan, and I had much better have cried then; Lord Orville actually stared at me; the beau, I know not his name, looked quite enraged. "Refrain — Madam," (said he, with an important air), "a few moments refrain! — I have but a sentence to trouble you with. — May I know to what accident I must attribute not having the honour of your hand?"

"Accident, Sir!" repeated I, much astonished.

"Yes, accident, Madam — for surely, — I must take the liberty to observe — pardon me, Madam, — it ought to be no common one — that should tempt a lady — so young a one too, — to be guilty of ill-manners."

A confused idea now for the first time entered my head, of something I had heard of the rules of an assembly; but I was never at one before, — I have only danced at school, — and so giddy and heedless I was, that I had not once considered the impropriety of refusing one partner, and afterwards accepting another. I was thunderstruck at the recollection: but while these thoughts were rushing into my head, Lord Orville, with some warmth, said, "This lady, Sir, is incapable of meriting such an accusation!"

The creature — for I am very angry with him — made a low bow, and with a grin the most malicious I ever saw, “My Lord,” said he, “far be it from me to *accuse* the lady, for having the discernment to distinguish and prefer — the superior attractions of your Lordship.”

Again he bowed, and walked off.

Was ever anything so provoking? I was ready to die with shame. “What a coxcomb!” exclaimed Lord Orville; while I, without knowing what I did, rose hastily, and moving off, “I can’t imagine,” cried I, “where Mrs. Mirvan has hid herself!”

“Give me leave to see,” answered he. I bowed and sat down again, not daring to meet his eyes; for what must he think of me, between my blunder, and the supposed preference?

He returned in a moment, and told me that Mrs. Mirvan was at cards, but would be glad to see me; and I went immediately. There was but one chair vacant, so, to my great relief, Lord Orville presently left us. I then told Mrs. Mirvan my disasters, and she good-naturedly blamed herself for not having better instructed me, but said she had taken it for granted that I must know such common customs. However, the man may, I think, be satisfied with his pretty speech, and carry his resentment no farther.

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LETTER XXI

EVELINA IN CONTINUATION

I HAVE a volume to write, of the adventures of yesterday.

In the afternoon, — at Berry Hill, I should have said the *evening*, for it was almost six o’clock, — while Miss Mirvan and I were dressing for the opera, and in high spirits, from the expectation of great entertainment and pleasure, we heard a carriage stop at the door, and concluded that Sir Clement Willoughby, with his usual assiduity, was come to attend us to the Haymarket; but, in a few moments, what was our surprise, to see our chamber door flung open, and the two Miss Branghtons enter the room! They advanced to me with great familiarity, saying, “How do

you do, Cousin? — so we've caught you at the glass! — well, I'm determined I'll tell my brother of that!"

Miss Mirvan, who had never before seen them, and could not, at first, imagine who they were, looked so much astonished, that I was ready to laugh myself, till the eldest said, "We're come to take you to the opera, Miss; papa and my brother are below, and we are to call for your grandmama as we go along."

"I am very sorry," answered I, "that you should have taken so much trouble, as I am engaged already."

"Engaged! Lord, Miss, nevermind that," cried the youngest; "this young lady will make your excuses, I dare say; it's only doing as one would be done by, you know."

"Indeed, Ma'am," said Miss Mirvan, "I shall myself be very sorry to be deprived of Miss Anville's company this evening."

"Well, Miss, that is not so very good-natured in you," said Miss Branghton, "considering we only come to give our cousin pleasure; it's no good to us; it's all upon her account; for we came, I don't know how much round about to take her up."

"I am extremely obliged to you," said I, "and very sorry you have lost so much time; but I cannot possibly help it, for I engaged myself without knowing you would call."

"Lord, what signifies that?" said Miss Polly, "you're no old maid, and so you need n't be so very formal: besides, I dare say those you are engaged to, a'n't half so near related to you as we are."

"I must beg you not to press me any further, for I assure you it is not in my power to attend you."

"Why, we came all out of the city on purpose: besides, your grandmama expects you; — and pray, what are we to say to her?"

"Tell her, if you please, that I am much concerned, — but that I am pre-engaged."

"And who to?" demanded the abrupt Miss Branghton.

"To Mrs. Mirvan, — and a large party."

"And, pray, what are you all going to do, that it would be such a mighty matter for you to come along with us?"

"We are all going to — to the opera."

"O dear, if that be all, why can't we go all together?"

I was extremely disconcerted at this forward and ignorant behaviour, and yet their rudeness very much lessened my concern at refusing them. Indeed, their dress was such as would have rendered their scheme of accompanying our party impracticable, even if I had desired it; and this, as they did not themselves find out, I was obliged, in terms the least mortifying I could think of, to tell them.

They were very much chagrined, and asked where I should sit.

"In the pit," answered I.

"In the pit!" repeated Miss Branghton, "well, really, I must own I should never have supposed that my gown was not good enough for the pit: but come, Polly, let's go; if Miss does not think us fine enough for her, why to be sure she may chuse."

Surprised at this ignorance, I would have explained to them that the pit at the opera required the same dress as the boxes; but they were so much affronted, they would not hear me, and, in great displeasure, left the room, saying they would not have troubled me, only they thought I should not be so proud with my own relations, and that they had at least as good a right to my company as strangers.

I endeavoured to apologize, and would have sent a long message to Madame Duval; but they hastened away without listening to me; and I could not follow them down stairs, because I was not dressed. The last words I heard them say, were, "Well, her grandmama will be in a fine passion, that's one good thing."

Though I was extremely mad at this visit, yet I so heartily rejoiced at their going, that I would not suffer myself to think gravely about it.

Soon after Sir Clement actually came, and we all went down stairs. Mrs. Mirvan ordered tea; and we were engaged in a very lively conversation, when the servant announced Madame Duval, who instantly followed him into the room.

Her face was the colour of scarlet, and her eyes sparkled with fury. She came up to me with a hasty step, saying, "So, Miss, you refuse to come to me, do you? And pray who are you, to dare to disobey me?"

I was quite frightened; — I made no answer; — I even attempted to rise, and could not, but sat still, mute and motionless.

Every body, but Miss Mirvan, seemed in the utmost astonishment; and the Captain, rising and approaching Madame Duval, with a voice of authority, said, "Why how now, Mrs. Turkey Cock, what's put you into this here fluster?"

"It's nothing to you," answered she, "so you may as well hold your tongue, for I sha'n't be called to no account by you, I assure you."

"There you're out, Madam Fury," returned he, "for you must know I never suffer anybody to be in a passion in my house, but myself."

"But you *shall*," cried she in a great rage, "for I'll be in as great a passion as ever I please, without asking your leave, so don't give yourself no more airs about it. And as for you, Miss," again advancing to me, "I order you to follow me this moment, or else I'll make you repent it all your life." And, with these words, she flung out of the room.

I was in such extreme terror, at being addressed and threatened in a manner to which I am so wholly unused, that I almost thought I should have fainted.

"Don't be alarmed, my love," cried Mrs. Mirvan, "but stay where you are, and I will follow Madame Duval, and try to bring her to reason."

Miss Mirvan took my hand, and most kindly endeavoured to raise my spirits: Sir Clement, too, approached me, with an air so interested in my distress, that I could not but feel myself obliged to him; and, taking my other hand, said, "For Heaven's sake, my dear Madam, compose yourself; surely the violence of such a wretch ought merely to move your contempt: she can have no right, I imagine, to lay her commands upon you, and I only wish that you would allow *me* to speak to her."

"O no! not for the world! — indeed, I believe, — I am afraid — I had better follow her."

"Follow her! Good God, my dear Miss Anville, would you trust yourself with a mad woman? for what else can you call a creature whose passions are so insolent? No, no; send her word at once to leave the house, and tell her you desire that she will never see you again."

"O Sir! you don't know who you talk of! — it would ill become me to send Madame Duval such a message."

"But *why*," cried he (looking very inquisitive,) "*why* should you scruple to treat her as she deserves?"

I then found that his aim was to discover the nature of her connection with me; but I felt so much ashamed of my near relationship to her, that I could not persuade myself to answer him, and only entreated that he would leave her to Mrs. Mirvan, who just then entered the room.

Before she could speak to me, the Captain called out, "Well, Goody, what have you done with Madame French? is she cooled a little? cause if she be n't, I've just thought of a most excellent device so bring her to."

"My dear Evelina," said Mrs. Mirvan, "I have been vainly endeavouring to appease her; I pleaded your engagement, and promised your future attendance: but I am sorry to say, my love, that I fear her rage will end in a total breach (which I think you had better avoid) if she is any further opposed."

"Then I will go to her, Madam," cried I, "and, indeed, it is now no matter, for I should not be able to recover my spirits sufficiently to enjoy much pleasure *any* where this evening."

Sir Clement began a very warm expostulation and entreaty, that I would not go; but I begged him to desist, and told him, very honestly, that, if my compliance were not indispensably necessary, I should require no persuasion to stay. He then took my hand, to lead me down stairs; but the Captain desired him to be quiet, saying he would 'squire me himself, "because," he added, (exultingly rubbing his hands) "I have a wipe ready for the old lady, which may serve her to *chew* as she goes along."

We found her in the parlour. "O, you're come at last, Miss, are you? — fine airs you give yourself, indeed! *ma foi*, if you had n't come, you might have stayed, I assure you, and have been a beggar for your pains."

"Heyday, Madam," cried the Captain (prancing forward, with a look of great glee), "what, a'n't you got out of that there passion yet? why then, I'll tell you what to do to cool yourself, call upon your old friend, *Monseer* Slippery, who was with you at

Ranelagh, and give my service to him, and tell him, if he sets any store by your health, that I desire he'll give you such another souse as he did before: he'll know what I mean, and I'll warrant you he'll do 't for my sake."

"Let him, if he dares!" cried Madame Duval; "but I sha'n't stay to answer you no more; you are a vulgar fellow, — and so, child, let us leave him to himself."

"Hark ye, Madam," cried the Captain, "you'd best not call names, because, d'ye see, if you do, I shall make bold to show you the door."

She changed colour, and, saying "*Pardi*, I can shew it myself," hurried out of the room, and I followed her into a hackney-coach. But before we drove off, the Captain, looking out of the parlour window, called out, "D'ye hear, Madam, — don't forget my message to *Monseer*."

You will believe our ride was not the most agreeable in the world; indeed, it would be difficult to say which was least pleased, Madame Duval or me, though the reasons of our discontent were so different: however, Madame Duval soon got the start of me; for we had hardly turned out of Queen-Ann-Street, when a man, running full speed, stopt the coach. He came up to the window, and I saw he was the Captain's servant. He had a broad grin on his face, and panted for breath. Madame Duval demanded his business; "Madam," answered he, "my master desires his compliments to you, and — and — and he says he wishes it well over with you. He! he! he!" —

Madame Duval instantly darted forward, and gave him a violent blow on the face; "Take that back for your answer, sirrah," cried she, "and learn to grin at your betters another time. Coachman, drive on!"

The servant was in a violent passion, and swore terribly; but we were soon out of hearing.

The rage of Madame Duval was greater than ever; and she inveighed against the Captain with such fury, that I was even apprehensive she would have returned to his house, purposely to reproach him, which she repeatedly threatened to do; nor would she, I believe have hesitated a moment, but that, notwithstanding her violence, he has really made her afraid of him.

When we came to her lodgings, we found all the Branghtons in the passage, impatiently waiting for us with the door open.

"Only see, here's Miss!" cried the brother.

"Well, I declare I thought as much!" said the younger sister.

"Why, Miss," said Mr. Branghton, "I think you might as well have come with your cousins at once; it's throwing money in the dirt, to pay two coaches for one fare."

"Lord, father," cried the son, "make no words about that; for I'll pay for the coach that Miss had."

"O, I know very well," answered Mr. Branghton, "that you're always more ready to spend than to earn."

I then interfered, and begged that I might myself be allowed to pay the fare, as the expence was incurred upon my account; they all said *no*, and proposed that the same coach should carry us to the opera.

While this passed, the Miss Branghtons were examining my dress, which, indeed, was very improper for my company; and, as I was extremely unwilling to be so conspicuous amongst them, I requested Madame Duval to borrow a hat or bonnet for me of the people of the house. But she never wears either herself, and thinks them very *English* and barbarous; therefore she insisted that I should go full dressed, as I had prepared myself for the pit, though I made many objections.

We were then all crowded into the same carriage; but when we arrived at the opera-house, I contrived to pay the coachman. They made a great many speeches; but Mr. Branghton's reflection had determined me not to be indebted to him.

If I had not been too much chagrined to laugh, I should have been extremely diverted at their ignorance of whatever belongs to an opera. In the first place, they could not tell at what door we ought to enter, and we wandered about for some time, without knowing which way to turn: they did not chuse to apply to me, though I was the only person of the party who had ever before been at an opera; because they were unwilling to suppose that their *country cousin*, as they were pleased to call me, should be better acquainted with any London public place than themselves. I was very indifferent and careless upon this subject, but not a

little uneasy at finding that my dress, so different from that of the company to which I belonged, attracted general notice and observation.

In a short time, however, we arrived at one of the doorkeepers' bars. Mr. Branghton demanded for what part of the house they took money? They answered the pit, and regarded us all with great earnestness. The son then advancing, said, "Sir, if you please, I beg that I may treat Miss."

"We'll settle that another time," answered Mr. Branghton, and put down a guinea.

Two tickets of admission were given to him.

Mr. Branghton, in his turn, now stared at the door-keeper, and demanded what he meant by giving him only two tickets for a guinea?

"Only two, Sir!" said the man; "why don't you know that the tickets are half-a-guinea each?"

"Half-a-guinea each!" repeated Mr. Branghton, "why I never heard of such a thing in my life! And pray, Sir, how many will they admit?"

"Just as usual, Sir, one person each."

"But one person for half-a-guinea! — why I only want to sit in the pit, friend."

"Had not the Ladies better sit in the gallery, Sir, for they'll hardly chuse to go into the pit with their hats on?"

"O, as to that," cried Miss Branghton, "if our hats are too high, we'll take them off when we get in. I sha'n't mind it, for I did my hair on purpose."

Another party then approaching, the door-keeper could no longer attend to Mr. Branghton, who, taking up the guinea, told him it should be long enough before he'd see it again, and walked away.

The young ladies, in some confusion, expressed their surprise, that their *papa* should not know the Opera prices, which, for their parts, they had read in the papers a thousand times.

"The price of stocks," said he, "is enough for me to see after; and I took it for granted it was the same thing here as at the play-house."

"I knew well enough what the price was," said the son, "but

I would not speak, because I thought perhaps they'd take less, as we're such a large party."

The sisters both laughed very contemptuously at this idea, and asked him if he ever heard of *people's abating* any thing at a public place?

"I don't know whether I have or no," answered he; "but I am sure if they would, you'd like it so much the worse."

"Very true, Tom," cried Mr. Branghton; "tell a woman that any thing is reasonable, and she'll be sure to hate it."

"Well," said Miss Polly, "I hope that aunt and Miss will be of our side, for Papa always takes part with Tom."

"Come, come," cried Madame Duval, "if you stand talking here, we sha'n't get no place at all."

Mr. Branghton then enquired the way to the gallery, and, when we came to the door-keeper, demanded what was to pay.

"The usual price, Sir," said the man.

"Then give me change," cried Mr. Branghton, again putting down his guinea.

"For how many, Sir?"

"Why — let's see, — for six."

"For six, Sir? why, you've given me but a guinea."

"*But* a guinea! why, how much would you have? I suppose it i'n't half-a-guinea apiece here too?"

"No, Sir, only five shillings."

Mr. Branghton again took up his unfortunate guinea, and protested he would submit to no such imposition. I then proposed that we should return home, but Madame Duval would not consent, and we were conducted, by a woman who sells books of the Opera, to another gallery-door, where, after some disputing, Mr. Branghton at last paid, and we all went up stairs.

Madame Duval complained very much of the trouble of going so high, but Mr Branghton desired her not to hold the place too cheap, "for, whatever you may think," cried he, "I assure you I paid pit price; so don't suppose I come here to save my money."

"Well, to be sure," said Miss Branghton, "there's no judging of a place by the outside, else, I must needs say, there's nothing very extraordinary in the stair-case."

But, when we entered the gallery, their amazement and dis-

appointment became general. For a few instants, they looked at one another without speaking, and then they all broke silence at once.

"Lord, Papa," exclaimed Miss Polly, "why you have brought us to the one-shilling gallery!"

"I'll be glad to give you two shillings, though," answered he, "to pay. I was never so fooled out of my money before, since the hour of my birth. Either the door-keeper's a knave, or this is the greatest imposition that ever was put upon the public."

"*Ma foi*," cried Madame Duval, "I never sat in such a mean place in all my life; — why it's as high! — we sha'n't see nothing."

"I thought at the time," said Mr. Branghton, "that three shillings was an exorbitant price for a place in the gallery, but as we'd been asked so much more at the other doors, why I paid it without many words; but then, to be sure, thinks I, it can never be like any other gallery, — we shall see some *crinkum crankum* or other for our money; — but I find it's as arrant a take-in as ever I met with."

"Why it's as like the twelve-penny gallery at Drury-Lane," cried the son, "as two peas are to one another. I never knew father so bit before."

"Lord," said Miss Branghton, "I thought it would have been quite a fine place, — all over I don't know what, — and done quite in taste."

In this manner they continued to express their dissatisfaction till the curtain drew up; after which, their observations were very curious. They made no allowance for the customs, or even for the language of another country, but formed all their remarks upon comparisons with the English theatre.

Notwithstanding my vexation at having been forced into a party so very disagreeable, and that, too, from one so much — so very much the contrary — yet, would they have suffered me to listen, I should have forgotten every thing unpleasant, and felt nothing but delight, in hearing the sweet voice of Signor Millico, the first singer; but they tormented me with continual talking.

"What a jabbering they make!" cried Mr. Branghton; "there's no knowing a word they say. Pray what's the reason

they can't as well sing in English? — but I suppose the fine folks would not like it, if they could understand it."

"How unnatural their action is!" said the son; "why now who ever saw an Englishman put himself in such out-of-the-way postures?"

"For my part," said Miss Polly, "I think it's very pretty, only I don't know what it means."

"Lord, what does that signify?" cried her sister; "may n't one like a thing without being so very particular? — You may see that Miss likes it, and I don't suppose she knows more of the matter than we do."

A gentleman, soon after, was so obliging as to make room in the front row for Miss Branghton and me. We had no sooner seated ourselves, than Miss Branghton exclaimed, "Good gracious! only see! — why, Polly, all the people in the pit are without hats, dressed like anything!"

"Lord, so they are," cried Miss Polly, "well, I never saw the like! — it's worth coming to the Opera if one saw nothing else."

I was then able to distinguish the happy party I had left; and I saw that Lord Orville had seated himself next to Mrs. Mirvan. Sir Clement had his eyes perpetually cast towards the five-shilling gallery, where I suppose he concluded that we were seated; however, before the Opera was over, I have reason to believe that he had discovered me, high and distant as I was from him. Probably he distinguished me by my head-dress.

At the end of the first act, as the green curtain dropped, to prepare for the dance, they imagined that the Opera was done, and Mr. Branghton expressed great indignation that he had been *tricked* out of his money with so little trouble. "Now if any Englishman was to do such an impudent thing as this," said he, "why he'd be pelted; — but here, one of these outlandish gentry may do just what he pleases, and come on, and squeak out a song or two, and then pocket your money without further ceremony."

However, so determined he was to be dissatisfied, that, before the conclusion of the third act, he found still more fault with the Opera for being too long, and wondered whether they thought their singing good enough to serve us for supper.

During the symphony of a song of Signor Millico's, in the second act, young Mr. Branghton said, "It's my belief that fellow's going to sing another song! — why there's nothing but singing! — I wonder when they'll speak."

This song, which was slow and pathetic, caught all my attention, and I lean'd my head forward to avoid hearing their observations, that I might listen without interruption; but, upon turning round, when the song was over, I found that I was the object of general diversion to the whole party; for the Miss Branghtons were tittering, and the two gentlemen making signs and faces at me, implying their contempt of my affectation.

This discovery determined me to appear as inattentive as themselves; but I was very much provoked at being thus prevented enjoying the only pleasure, which, in such a party, was within my power.

"So, Miss," said Mr. Branghton, "you're quite in the fashion, I see; — so you like Operas? well, I'm not so polite; I can't like nonsense, let it be never so much the taste."

"But pray, Miss," said the son, "what makes that fellow look so doleful while he is singing?"

"Probably because the character he performs is in distress."

"Why then I think he might as well let alone singing till he's in better cue: it's out of all nature for a man to be piping when he's in distress. For my part, I never sing but when I'm merry; yet I love a song as well as most people."

When the curtain dropt, they all rejoiced.

"How do *you* like it? — and how do *you* like it?" passed from one to another with looks of the utmost contempt. "As for me," said Mr Branghton, "they've caught me once, but if ever they do again, I'll give 'em leave to sing me to Bedlam for my pains: for such a heap of stuff never did I hear; there is n't one ounce of sense in the whole Opera, nothing but one continued squeaking and squalling from beginning to end."

"If I had been in the pit," said Madame Duval, "I should have liked it vastly, for music is my passion; but sitting in such a place as this, is quite unbearable."

Miss Branghton, looking at me, declared, that she was not *genteel* enough to admire it.

Miss Polly confessed, that "if they would but sing *English*, she would like it *very well*."

The brother wished he could raise a riot in the house, because then he might get his money again.

And, finally, they all agreed, that it was *monstrous dear*.

During the last dance, I perceived, standing near the gallery-door, Sir Clement Willoughby. I was extremely vexed, and would have given the world to have avoided being seen by him: my chief objection was, from the apprehension that he wou'd hear Miss Branghton call me *cousin*. — I fear you will think this London journey has made me grow very proud, but indeed this family is so low-bred and vulgar, that I should be equally ashamed of such a connection in the country, or any where. And really I had been already so much chagrined that Sir Clement had been a witness of Madame Duval's power over me, that I could not bear to be exposed to any further mortification.

As the seats cleared, by parties going away, Sir Clement approached nearer to us; the Miss Branghtons observed with surprise, what a fine gentleman was come into the gallery, and they gave me great reason to expect, that they would endeavour to attract his notice, by familiarity with me, whenever he should join us; and so, I formed a sort of plan, to prevent any conversation. I'm afraid you will think it wrong; and so I do myself now, — but at the time, I only considered how I might avoid immediate humiliation.

As soon as he was within two seats of us, he spoke to me, "I am very happy, Miss Anville, to have found you, for the Ladies below have each an humble attendant, and therefore I am come to offer my services here."

"Why then," cried I, (not without hesitating) "if you please, — I will join them."

"Will you allow me the honour of conducting you?" cried he eagerly; and, instantly taking my hand, he would have marched away with me: but I turned to Madame Duval, and said, "As our party is so large, Madam, if you will give me leave, I will go down to Mrs. Mirvan, that I may not crowd you in the coach."

And then, without waiting for an answer, I suffered Sir Clement to hand me out of the gallery.

Madame Duval, I doubt not, will be very angry, and so I am with myself, now, and therefore I cannot be surprised : but Mr. Branghton, I am sure, will easily comfort himself, in having escaped the additional coach-expence of carrying me to Queen-Ann-Street : as to his daughters, they had no time to speak, but I saw they were in utter amazement.

My intention was to join Mrs. Mirvan, and accompany her home. Sir Clement was in high spirits and good humour ; and all the way we went, I was fool enough to rejoice in secret at the success of my plan ; nor was it until I got down stairs, and amidst the servants, that any difficulty occurred to me of meeting with my friends.

I then asked Sir Clement how I should contrive to acquaint Mrs. Mirvan that I had left Madame Duval ?

"I fear it will be almost impossible to find her," answered he ; "but you can have no objection to permitting me to see you safe home."

He then desired his servant, who was waiting, to order his chariot to draw up.

This quite startled me ; I turned to him hastily, and said that I could not think of going away without Mrs. Mirvan.

"But how can we meet with her ?" cried he ; "you will not chuse to go into the pit yourself ; I cannot send a servant there ; and it is impossible for *me* to go and leave you alone."

The truth of this was indisputable, and totally silenced me. Yet, as soon as I could recollect myself, I determined not to go in his chariot, and told him I believed I had best return to my party up stairs.

He would not hear of this ; and earnestly entreated me not to withdraw the trust I had reposed in him.

While he was speaking, I saw Lord Orville, with several ladies and gentlemen, coming from the pit passage : unfortunately he saw me too, and, leaving his company, advanced instantly towards me, and, with an air and voice of surprise, said, "Good God, do I see Miss Anville !"

I now most severely felt the folly of my plan, and the awkwardness of my situation ; however, I hastened to tell him, though in a hesitating manner, that I was waiting for Mrs. Mirvan : but

what was my disappointment, when he acquainted me that she was already gone home !

I was inexpressibly distressed; to suffer Lord Orville to think me satisfied with the single protection of Sir Clement Willoughby, I could not bear; yet I was more than ever averse to returning to a party which I dreaded his seeing: I stood some moments in suspense, and could not help exclaiming, "Good Heaven, what can I do !"

"Why, my dear Madam," cried Sir Clement, "should you be thus uneasy? — you will reach Queen-Ann-Street almost as soon as Mrs. Mirvan, and I am sure you cannot doubt being as safe."

I made no answer, and Lord Orville then said, "My coach is here; and my servants are ready to take any commands Miss Anville will honour me with for them. I shall myself go home in a chair, and therefore —"

How grateful did I feel for a proposal so considerate, and made with so much delicacy! I should gladly have accepted it, had I been permitted, but Sir Clement would not let him even finish his speech; he interrupted him with evident displeasure, and said, "My Lord, my own chariot is now at the door."

And just then the servant came, and told him that the carriage was ready. He begged to have the honour of conducting me to it, and would have taken my hand, but I drew it back, saying, "I can't — I can't indeed! pray go by yourself — and as to me, let me have a chair."

"Impossible!" (cried he with vehemence) "I cannot think of trusting you with strange chairmen, — I cannot answer it to Mrs. Mirvan, — come, dear Madam, we shall be home in five minutes."

Again I stood suspended. With what joy would I then have compromised with my pride, to have been once more with Madame Duval and the Branghtons, provided I had not met with Lord Orville! However, I flatter myself that he not only saw, but pitied my embarrassment, for he said, in a tone of voice unusually softened, "To offer my services in the presence of Sir Clement Willoughby would be superfluous; but I hope I need not assure Miss Anville, how happy it would make me to be of the least use to her."

I courtied my thanks. Sir Clement, with great earnestness, pressed me to go; and while I was thus uneasily deliberating what to do, the dance, I suppose, finished, for the people crowded down stairs. Had Lord Orville then repeated his offer, I would have accepted it, notwithstanding Sir Clement's repugnance; but I fancy he thought it would be impertinent. In a very few minutes I heard Madame Duval's voice, as she descended from the gallery; "Well," cried I, hastily, "if I must go —" I stopt; but Sir Clement handed me into his chariot, called out Queen-Ann-Street, and then jumped in himself. Lord Orville, with a bow and a half smile, wished me good night.

My concern was so great, at being seen and left by Lord Orville in so strange a situation, that I should have been best pleased to have remained wholly silent during our ride home: but Sir Clement took care to prevent that.

He began by making many complaints of my unwillingness to trust myself with him, and begged to know what could be the reason? This question so much embarrassed me, that I could not tell what to answer, but only said, that I was sorry to have taken up so much of his time.

"Oh, Miss Anville," (cried he, taking my hand), "if you knew with what transport I would dedicate to you not only the present but all the future time allotted to me, you would not injure me by making such an apology."

I could not think of a word to say to this, nor to a great many other equally fine speeches with which he ran on, though I would fain have withdrawn my hand, and made almost continual attempts; but in vain, for he actually grasped it between both his, without any regard to my resistance.

Soon after, he said that he believed the coachman was going the wrong way, and he called to his servant, and gave him directions. Then again addressing himself to me, "How often, how assiduously have I sought an opportunity of speaking to you, without the presence of that brute Captain Mirvan! Fortune has now kindly favoured me with one, and permit me" (again seizing my hand) "permit me to use it, in telling you that I adore you."

I was quite thunderstruck at this abrupt and unexpected dec-

laration. For some moments I was silent, but, when I recovered from my surprise, I said, "Indeed, Sir, if you were determined to make me repent leaving my own party so foolishly, you have very well succeeded."

"My dearest life," cried he, "is it possible you can be so cruel? Can your nature and your countenance be so totally opposite? Can the sweet bloom upon those charming cheeks, which appears as much the result of good-humour as of beauty ——"

"O, Sir," cried I, interrupting him, "this is very fine; but I had hoped we had had enough of this sort of conversation at the Ridotto, and I did not expect you would so soon resume it."

"What I then said, my sweet reproacher, was the effect of a mistaken, a prophane idea, that your understanding held no competition with your beauty; but now, now that I find you equally incomparable in both, all words, all powers of speech, are too feeble to express the admiration I feel of your excellencies."

"Indeed," cried I, "if your thoughts had any connection with your language, you would never suppose that I could give credit to praise so very much above my desert."

This speech, which I made very gravely, occasioned still stronger protestations, which he continued to pour forth, and I continued to disclaim, till I began to wonder that we were not in Queen-Ann-Street, and begged he would desire the coachman to drive faster.

"And does this little moment," cried he, "which is the first of happiness I have ever known, does it already appear so long to you?"

"I am afraid the man has mistaken the way," answered I, "or else we should ere now have been at our journey's end. I must beg you will speak to him."

"And can you think me so much my own enemy? — if my good genius has inspired the man with a desire of prolonging my happiness, can you expect that I should counter-act its indulgence?"

I now began to apprehend that he had himself ordered the man to go a wrong way, and I was so much alarmed at the idea, that, the very instant it occurred to me, I let down the glass, and made

a sudden effort to open the chariot-door myself, with a view of jumping into the street; but he caught hold of me, exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"I — I don't know," cried I, (quite out of breath) "but I am sure the man goes wrong, and, if you will not speak to him, I am determined I will get out myself."

"You amaze me," answered he, (still holding me) "I cannot imagine what you apprehend. Surely you can have no doubts of my honour?"

He drew me towards him as he spoke. I was frightened dreadfully, and could hardly say, "No, Sir, no, — none at all, — only Mrs. Mirvan, — I think she will be uneasy."

"Whence this alarm, my dearest angel? — What can you fear? — My life is at your devotion, and can you, then, doubt my protection?"

And so saying, he passionately kissed my hand.

Never, in my whole life, have I been so terrified. I broke forcibly from him, and, putting my head out of the window, called aloud to the man to stop. Where we then were I know not, but I saw not a human being, or I should have called for help.

Sir Clement, with great earnestness, endeavoured to appease and compose me; "If you do not intend to murder me," cried I, "for mercy's, for pity's sake, let me get out!"

"Compose your spirits, my dearest life," cried he, "and I will do every thing that you would have me." And then he called to the man himself, and bid him make haste to Queen-Ann-Street. "This stupid fellow," continued he, "has certainly mistaken my orders; but I hope you are now fully satisfied."

I made no answer, but kept my head at the window, watching which way he drove, but without any comfort to myself, as I was quite unacquainted with either the right or the wrong.

Sir Clement now poured forth abundant protestations of honour, and assurances of respect, entreating my pardon for having offended me, and beseeching my good opinion: but I was quite silent, having too much apprehension to make reproaches, and too much anger to speak without.

In this manner we went through several streets, till at last, to my great terror, he suddenly ordered the man to stop, and

said, "Miss Anville, we are now within twenty yards of your house; but I cannot bear to part with you, till you generously forgive me for the offence you have taken, and promise not to make it known to the Mirvans."

I hesitated between fear and indignation.

"Your reluctance to speak, redoubles my contrition for having displeased you, since it shews the reliance I might have on a promise which you will not give without consideration."

"I am very, very much distressed," cried I; "you ask a promise which you must be sensible I ought not to grant, and yet dare not refuse."

"Drive on!" cried he to the coachman; — "Miss Anville, I will not compel you; I will exact no promise, but trust wholly to your generosity."

This rather softened me; which advantage he no sooner perceived, than he determined to avail himself of, for he flung himself on his knees, and pleaded with so much submission, that I was really obliged to forgive him, because his humiliation made me quite ashamed: and, after that, he would not let me rest till I gave him my word that I would not complain of him to Mrs. Mirvan.

My own folly and pride, which had put me in his power, were pleas which I could not but attend to in his favour. However, I shall take very particular care never to be again alone with him.

When, at last, we arrived at our house, I was so overjoyed that I should certainly have pardoned him then, if I had not before. As he handed me up stairs, he scolded his servant aloud, and very angrily, for having gone so much out of the way. Miss Mirvan ran out to meet me, — and who should I see behind her, but — Lord Orville!

All my joy now vanished, and gave place to shame and confusion; for I could not endure that he should know how long a time Sir Clement and I had been together, since I was not at liberty to assign any reason for it.

They all expressed great satisfaction at seeing me, and said they had been extremely uneasy and surprised that I was so long coming home, as they had heard from Lord Orville that I was not with Madame Duval. Sir Clement, in an affected pas-

sion, said that his booby of a servant had misunderstood his orders, and was driving us to the upper end of Piccadilly. For my part, I only coloured, for though I would not forfeit my word, I yet disdained to confirm a tale in which I had myself no belief.

Lord Orville, with great politeness, congratulated me, that the troubles of the evening had so happily ended, and said, that he had found it impossible to return home, before he enquired after my safety.

In a very short time he took his leave, and Sir Clement followed him. As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Mirvan, though with great softness, blamed me for having quitted Madame Duval. I assured her, and with truth, that for the future I would be more prudent.

The adventures of the evening so much disconcerted me, that I could not sleep all night. I am under the most cruel apprehensions, lest Lord Orville should suppose my being on the gallery-stairs with Sir Clement was a concerted scheme, and even that our continuing so long together in his chariot, was with my approbation, since I did not say a word on the subject, nor express any dissatisfaction at the coachman's pretended blunder.

Yet his coming hither to wait our arrival, though it seems to imply some doubt, shews also some anxiety. Indeed Miss Mirvan says, that he appeared *extremely* anxious, nay uneasy and impatient for my return. If I did not fear to flatter myself, I should think it not impossible but that he had a suspicion of Sir Clement's design, and was therefore concerned for my safety.

What a long letter is this ! however, I shall not write many more from London, for the Captain said this morning that he would leave town on Tuesday next. Madame Duval will dine here to-day, and then she is to be told his intention.

I am very much amazed that she accepted Mrs. Mirvan's invitation, as she was in such wrath yesterday. I fear that to-day I shall myself be the principal object of her displeasure ; but I must submit patiently, for I cannot defend myself.

Adieu, my dearest Sir. Should this letter be productive of any uneasiness to you, more than ever shall I repent the heedless imprudence which it recites.

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THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO

HORACE WALPOLE

CHAPTER I

MANFRED, Prince of Otranto, had one son and one daughter: the latter, a most beautiful virgin, aged eighteen, was called Matilda. Conrad, the son, was three years younger, a homely youth, sickly, and of no promising disposition; yet he was the darling of his father, who never showed any symptoms of affection to Matilda. Manfred had contracted a marriage for his son with the Marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Isabella; and she had already been delivered by her guardians into the hands of Manfred, that he might celebrate the wedding as soon as Conrad's infirm state of health would permit. Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was remarked by his family and neighbours. The former, indeed, apprehending the severity of their prince's disposition, did not dare to utter their surmises on this precipitation. Hippolita, his wife, an amiable lady, did sometimes venture to represent the danger of marrying their only son so early, considering his great youth and greater infirmities; but she never received any other answer than reflections on her own sterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and subjects were less cautious in their discourses: they attributed this hasty wedding to the prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy, which was said to have pronounced, that the Castle and Lordship of Otranto should pass from the present family whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it. It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy; and still less easy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in question. Yet these mysteries, or contradictions, did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.

Young Conrad's birth-day was fixed for his espousals. The

company was assembled in the chapel of the castle, and everything ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, dispatched one of his attendants to summon the young prince. The servant, who had not staid long enough to have crossed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed to the court. The company were struck with terror and amazement. The princess Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Manfred, less apprehensive than enraged at the procrastination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domestic, asked imperiously what was the matter? The fellow made no answer, but continued pointing towards the court-yard; and at last, after repeated questions put to him, cried out, "Oh! the helmet! the helmet!"

In the meantime some of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror, and surprise. Manfred, who began to be alarmed at not seeing his son, went himself to get information of what occasioned this strange confusion. Matilda remained, endeavouring to assist her mother, and Isabella staid for the same purpose, and to avoid showing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, she had conceived little affection.

The first thing that struck Manfred's eyes was a group of his servants endeavouring to raise something that appeared to him a mountain of sable plumes. He gazed without believing his sight.

"What are ye doing?" cried Manfred, wrathfully: "where is my son?"

A volley of voices replied, "Oh! my lord! the prince! the prince! the helmet! the helmet!"

Shocked with these lamentable sounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced hastily, — but what a sight for a father's eyes! he beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost buried under an enormous helmet, a hundred times larger than any casque ever made for human being, and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.

The horror of the spectacle, the ignorance of all around how this misfortune had happened, and, above all, the tremendous phenomenon before him, took away the prince's speech. Yet his silence lasted longer than even grief could occasion. He fixed his eyes on what he wished in vain to believe a vision; and seemed less attentive to his loss than buried in meditation on the stupendous object that had occasioned it. He touched, he examined the fatal casque: nor could even the bleeding mangled remains of the young prince divert the eyes of Manfred from the portent before him. All who had known his partial fondness for young Conrad were as much surprised at their prince's insensibility, as thunderstruck themselves at the miracle of the helmet. They conveyed the disfigured corpse into the hall, without receiving the least direction from Manfred. As little was he attentive to the ladies who remained in the chapel: on the contrary, without mentioning the unhappy princesses, his wife and daughter, the first sounds that dropped from Manfred's lips were, "Take care of the lady Isabella."

The domestics, without observing the singularity of this direction, were guided by their affection to their mistress, to consider it as peculiarly addressed to her situation, and flew to her assistance. They conveyed her to her chamber more dead than alive, and indifferent to all the strange circumstances she heard, except the death of her son. Matilda, who doted on her mother, smothered her own grief and amazement, and thought of nothing but assisting and comforting her afflicted parent. Isabella, who had been treated by Hippolita like a daughter, and who returned that tenderness with equal duty and affection, was scarcely less assiduous about the princess; at the same time endeavouring to partake and lessen the weight of sorrow which she saw Matilda strove to suppress, for whom she had conceived the warmest sympathy of friendship: yet her own situation could not help finding its place in her thoughts. She felt no concern for the death of young Conrad, except commiseration; and she was not sorry to be delivered from a marriage which had promised her little felicity, either from her destined bridegroom, or from the severe temper of Manfred; who, though he had distinguished her by great indulgence, had imprinted her mind with terror,

from his causeless rigour to such amiable princesses as Hippolita and Matilda.

While the ladies were conveying the wretched mother to her bed, Manfred remained in the court, gazing on the ominous casque, and regardless of the crowd which the strangeness of the event had now assembled around him; the few words he articulated tending solely to inquiries, whether any man knew from whence it could have come? Nobody could give him the least information. However, as it seemed to be the sole object of his curiosity, it soon became so to the rest of the spectators, whose conjectures were as absurd and improbable, as the castastrophe itself was unprecedented.

In the midst of their senseless guesses, a young peasant, whom rumour had drawn thither from a neighbouring village, observed that the miraculous helmet was exactly like that on the figure in black marble of Alfonso the Good, one of their former princes, in the church of St. Nicholas.

"Villain! what sayest thou!" cried Manfred, starting from his trance in a tempest of rage, and seizing the young man by the collar. "How darest thou utter such treason? thy life shall pay for it."

The spectators, who as little comprehended the cause of the prince's fury as all the rest they had seen, were at a loss to unravel this new circumstance. The young peasant himself was still more astonished, not conceiving how he had offended the prince: yet, recollecting himself, with a mixture of grace and humility, he disengaged himself from Manfred's gripe, and then, with an obeisance which discovered more jealousy of innocence than dismay, he asked, with respect, of what he was guilty?

Manfred, more enraged at the vigour, however decently exerted, with which the young man had shaken off his hold, than appeased by his submission, ordered his attendants to seize him, and, if he had not been withheld by his friends, whom he had invited to the nuptials, would have poniarded the peasant in their arms.

During this altercation, some of the vulgar spectators had run to the great church, which stood near the castle, and came back open-mouthed, declaring that the helmet was missing

from Alfonso's statue. Manfred, at this news, grew perfectly frantic; and, as if he sought a subject on which to vent the tempest within him, he rushed again on the young peasant, crying, "Villain! monster! sorcerer! it is thou hast done this! it is thou hast slain my son!"

The mob, who wanted some object within the scope of their capacities, on whom they might discharge their bewildered reasonings, caught the words from the mouth of their lord, and re-echoed, "Ay, ay; it is he, it is he: he has stolen the helmet from good Alfonso's tomb, and dashed out the brains of our young prince with it;" never reflecting how enormous the disproportion was between the marble helmet that had been in the church, and that of steel before their eyes; nor how impossible it was for a youth, seemingly not twenty, to wield a piece of armour of so prodigious a weight.

The folly of these ejaculations brought Manfred to himself: yet, whether provoked at the peasant having observed the resemblance between the two helmets, and thereby led to the farther discovery of the absence of that in the church; or wishing to bury any such rumour under so impertinent a supposition; he gravely pronounced that the young man was certainly a necromancer, and that till the church should take cognizance of the affair, he would have the magician, whom they had thus detected, kept prisoner under the helmet itself, which he ordered his attendants to raise, and place the young man under it; declaring that he should be kept there without food, with which his own infernal art might furnish him.

It was in vain for the youth to represent against this preposterous sentence; in vain did Manfred's friends endeavour to divert him from the savage and ill-grounded resolution. The generality were charmed with their lord's decision, which, to their apprehensions, carried great appearance of justice, as the magician was to be punished by the very instrument with which he had offended: nor were they struck with the least compunction at the probability of the youth being starved, for they firmly believed that, by his diabolic skill, he could easily supply himself with nutriment.

Manfred thus saw his commands even cheerfully obeyed;

and, appointing a guard with strict orders to prevent any food being conveyed to the prisoner, he dismissed his friends and attendants, and retired to his own chamber, after locking the gates of the castle, in which he suffered none but his domestics to remain.

In the meantime, the care and zeal of the young ladies had brought the Princess Hippolita to herself; who, amidst the transports of her own sorrow, frequently demanded news of her lord, would have dismissed her attendants to watch over him, and at last enjoined Matilda to leave her, and visit and comfort her father.

Matilda, who wanted no affectionate duty to Manfred, though she trembled at his austerity, obeyed the orders of Hippolita, whom she tenderly recommended to Isabella; and, inquiring of the domestics for her father, was informed that he was retired to his chamber, and had commanded that nobody should have admittance to him. Concluding that he was immersed in sorrow for the death of her brother, and fearing to renew his tears by the sight of his sole remaining child, she hesitated whether she should break in upon his affliction; yet solicitude for him, backed by the commands of her mother, encouraged her to venture disobeying the orders he had given: a fault she had never been guilty of before.

The gentle timidity of her nature made her pause for some minutes at his door. She heard him traverse his chamber backwards and forwards with disordered steps; a mood which increased her apprehensions. She was, however, just going to beg admittance, when Manfred suddenly opened the door; and as it was now twilight, concurring with the disorder of his mind, he did not distinguish the person, but asked angrily who it was? Matilda replied, trembling, "My dearest father, it is I, your daughter." Manfred, stepping back hastily, cried, "Begone, I do not want a daughter;" and flinging back abruptly, clapped the door against the terrified Matilda.

She was too well acquainted with her father's impetuosity to venture a second intrusion. When she had a little recovered the shock of so bitter a reception, she wiped away her tears, to prevent the additional stab that the knowledge of it would give

to Hippolita, who questioned her in the most anxious terms on the health of Manfred, and how he bore his loss. Matilda assured her he was well, and supported his misfortunes with manly fortitude.

"But will he not let me see him?" said Hippolita, mournfully; "will he not permit me to blend my tears with his, and shed a mother's sorrows in the bosom of her lord? Or do you deceive me, Matilda? I know how Manfred doted on his son: is not the stroke too heavy for him? has he not sunk under it? You do not answer me — alas! I dread the worst! — raise me, my maidens, I will, I will see my lord. Bear me to him instantly; he is dearer to me even than my children."

Matilda made signs to Isabella to prevent Hippolita's rising; and both these lovely young women were using their gentle violence to stop and calm the princess, when a servant on the part of Manfred arrived, and told Isabella that his lord demanded to speak with her.

"With me!" cried Isabella.

"Go," said Hippolita, relieved by a message from her lord: "Manfred cannot support the sight of his own family. He thinks you less disordered than we are, and dreads the shock of my grief. Console him, my dear Isabella, and tell him I will smother my own anguish rather than add to his."

As it was now evening, the servant, who conducted Isabella, bore a torch before her. When they came to Manfred, who was walking impatiently about the gallery, he started, and said, hastily, "Take away that light, and begone." Then shutting the door impetuously, he flung himself upon a bench against the wall, and bade Isabella sit by him. She obeyed, trembling.

"I sent for you, lady," said he; and then stopped under great appearance of confusion.

"My lord!"

"Yes, I sent for you on a matter of great moment," resumed he: "Dry your tears, young lady — you have lost your bridegroom. Yes, cruel fate! and I have lost the hopes of my race! but Conrad was not worthy of your beauty."

"How, my lord," said Isabella; "sure you do not suspect

me of not feeling the concern I ought; my duty and affection would have always —”

“Think no more of him,” interrupted Manfred; “he was a sickly, puny child, and Heaven has, perhaps, taken him away, that I might not trust the honours of my house on so frail a foundation. The line of Manfred calls for numerous supports. My foolish fondness for that boy blinded the eyes of my prudence — but it is better as it is. I hope, in a few years, to have reason to rejoice at the death of Conrad.”

Words cannot paint the astonishment of Isabella. At first she apprehended that grief had disordered Manfred’s understanding. Her next thought suggested that this strange discourse was designed to ensnare her; she feared that Manfred had perceived her indifference for his son: and in consequence of that idea she replied, “Good, my lord, do not doubt my tenderness: my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engrossed all my care; and wherever fate shall dispose of me, I shall always cherish his memory, and regard your highness and the virtuous Hippolita as my parents.”

“Curse on Hippolita!” cried Manfred: “forget her from this moment, as I do. In short, lady, you have missed a husband, undeserving of your charms: they shall now be better disposed of. Instead of a sickly boy, you shall have a husband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring.”

“Alas! my lord!” said Isabella, “my mind is too sadly engrossed by the recent catastrophe in your family to think of another marriage. If ever my father returns, and it shall be his pleasure, I shall obey, as I did when I consented to give my hand to your son: but, until his return, permit me to remain under your hospitable roof, and employ the melancholy hours in assuaging yours, Hippolita’s, and the fair Matilda’s affliction.”

“I desired you once before,” said Manfred angrily, “not to name that woman: from this hour she must be a stranger to you, as she must be to me; — in short, Isabella, since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself.”

“Heavens,” cried Isabella, waking from her delusion, “what do I hear! You! my lord! You! my father-in-law! the

father of Conrad! the husband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita!"

"I tell you," said Manfred, imperiously, "Hippolita is no longer my wife; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness. My fate depends on having sons, — and this night I trust will give a new date to my hopes."

At these words he seized the cold hand of Isabella, who was half dead with fright and horror. She shrieked, and started from him. Manfred rose to pursue her, when the moon, which was now up, and gleamed in at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and rustling sound.

Isabella, who gathered courage from her situation, and who dreaded nothing so much as Manfred's pursuit of his declaration, cried, "Look! my lord; see, Heaven itself declares against your impious intentions!"

"Heaven nor hell shall impede my designs," said Manfred, advancing to seize the princess.

At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where he had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh, and heaved its breast.

Isabella, whose back was turned to the picture, saw not the motion, nor knew whence the sound came, but started, and said, "Hark, my lord! What sound was that?" and, at the same time, made towards the door.

Manfred, distracted between the flight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and yet unable to keep his eyes from the picture, which began to move, had, however, advanced some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its panel, and descend to the floor, with a grave and melancholy air.

"Do I dream?" cried Manfred, returning; "or are the devils themselves in league against me! Speak, infernal spectre! or, if thou art my grandsire, why dost thou too conspire against thy wretched descendant, who too dearly pays for —" ere

he could finish the sentence, the vision sighed again, and made a sign to Manfred to follow him.

"Lead on!" cried Manfred, "I will follow thee to the gulf of perdition."

The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped to, with violence, by an invisible hand. The prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burst open the door with his foot, but found that it resisted his utmost efforts.

"Since hell will not satisfy my curiosity," said Manfred, "I will use the human means in my power for preserving my race; Isabella shall not escape me."

The lady, whose resolution had given way to terror, the moment she had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal staircase. There she stopped, not knowing whither to direct her steps, nor how to escape from the impetuosity of the prince. The gates of the castle she knew were locked, and guards were placed in the court. Should she, as her heart prompted, go and prepare Hippolita for the cruel destiny that awaited her; she did not doubt but Manfred would seek her there, and that his violence would incite him to double the injury he meditated, without leaving room for them to avoid the impetuosity of his passions. Delay might give him time to reflect on the horrid measures he had conceived, or produce some circumstance in her favour, if she could for that night, at least, avoid his odious purpose. Yet where conceal herself? how avoid the pursuit he would infallibly make throughout the castle?

As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she recollected a subterraneous passage, which led from the vaults of the castle to the church of St. Nicholas. Could she reach the altar before she was overtaken, she knew even Manfred's violence would not dare to profane the sacredness of the place; and she determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins, whose convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this resolution, she seized

a lamp that burned at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage.

The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters; and it was not easy for one, under so much anxiety, to find the door that opened into the cavern. An awful silence reigned throughout those subterraneous regions, except now and then some blasts of wind that shook the doors she had passed, and which, grating on the rusty hinges, were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every murmur struck her with new terror; — yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred, urging his domestics to pursue her. She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave, — yet frequently stopped, and listened, to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled; she concluded it was Manfred. Every suggestion that horror could inspire rushed into her mind. She condemned her rash flight, which had thus exposed her to his rage, in a place where her cries were not likely to draw any body to her assistance. Yet the sound seemed not to come from behind: if Manfred knew where she was, he must have followed her. She was still in one of the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were too distinct to proceed from the way she had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a friend in whoever was not the prince, she was going to advance, when a door, that stood a-jar, at some distance to the left, was opened gently: but ere her lamp, which she held up, could discover who opened it, the person retreated precipitately on seeing the light.

Isabella, whom every incident was sufficient to dismay, hesitated whether she should proceed. Her dread of Manfred soon outweighed every other terror. The very circumstance of the person avoiding her gave her a sort of courage. It could only be, she thought, some domestic belonging to the castle. Her gentleness had never raised her an enemy, and conscious innocence made her hope that, unless sent by the prince's order to seek her, his servants would rather assist than prevent her flight. Fortifying herself with these reflections, and believing, by what she could

observe, that she was near the mouth of the subterraneous cavern, she approached the door that had been opened; but a sudden gust of wind, that met her at the door, extinguished her lamp, and left her in total darkness.

Words cannot paint the horror of the princess's situation. Alone, in so dismal a place, her mind imprinted with all the terrible events of the day, hopeless of escaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil, on knowing she was within reach of somebody, she knew not whom, who, for some cause, seemed concealed thereabout; all these thoughts crowded on her distracted mind, and she was ready to sink under her apprehensions. She addressed herself to every saint in heaven, and inwardly implored their assistance. For a considerable time she remained in an agony of despair. At last, as softly as was possible, she felt for the door, and, having found it, entered, trembling, into the vault from whence she had heard the sigh and steps. It gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in, and from whence hung a fragment of earth or building, she could not distinguish which, that appeared to have been crushed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chasm, when she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

She shrieked, believing it the ghost of her betrothed Conrad. The figure, advancing, said, in a submissive voice, "Be not alarmed, lady, I will not injure you."

Isabella, a little encouraged by the words and tone of voice of the stranger, and recollecting that this must be the person who had opened the door, recovered her spirits enough to reply, "Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched princess, standing on the brink of destruction; assist me to escape from this fatal castle, or, in a few moments, I may be made miserable for ever."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "what can I do to assist you? I will die in your defence; but I am unacquainted with the castle, and want —"

"Oh!" said Isabella, hastily interrupting him, "help me but to find a trap-door, that must be hereabout, and it is the greatest service you can do me, for I have not a minute to lose."

Saying these words, she felt about on the pavement, and directed the stranger to search likewise for a smooth piece of brass, enclosed in one of the stones. "That," said she, "is the lock, which opens with a spring, of which I know the secret. If we can find that, I may escape — if not, alas ! courteous stranger, I fear I shall have involved you in my misfortunes : Manfred will suspect you as the accomplice of my flight, and you will fall a victim to his resentment."

"I value not my life," said the stranger, "and it will be some comfort to lose it in trying to deliver you from his tyranny."

"Generous youth," said Isabella, "how shall I ever requite —" as she uttered these words, a ray of moonshine, streaming through a cranny of the ruin above, shone directly on the lock they sought — "Oh ! transport !" said Isabella, "here is the trap-door !" and taking out the key, she touched the spring, which starting aside, discovered an iron ring.

"Lift up the door," said the princess.

The stranger obeyed, and beneath appeared some stone steps descending into a vault totally dark.

"We must go down here," said Isabella : "follow me ; dark and dismal as it is, we cannot miss our way ; it leads directly to the church of St. Nicholas ; but perhaps," added the princess, modestly, "you have no reason to leave the castle, nor have I farther occasion for your service ; in a few minutes I shall be safe from Manfred's rage — only let me know to whom I am so much obliged."

"I will never quit you," said the stranger eagerly, "until I have placed you in safety — nor think me, princess, more generous than I am : though you are my principal care ——" The stranger was interrupted by a sudden noise of voices that seemed approaching, and they soon distinguished these words : "Talk not to me of necromancers ; I tell you she must be in the castle ; I will find her in spite of enchantment."

"Oh ! heavens," cried Isabella, "it is the voice of Manfred ! make haste, or we are ruined ! and shut the trap-door after you."

Saying this, she descended the steps precipitately ; and as the stranger hastened to follow her, he let the door slip out of his hands : it fell, and the spring closed over it. He tried in vain

to open it, not having observed Isabella's method of touching the spring; nor had he many moments to make an essay. The noise of the falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the sound, hastened thither, attended by his servants, with torches.

"It must be Isabella," cried Manfred, before he entered the vault; "she is escaping by the subterraneous passage, but she cannot have got far."

What was the astonishment of the prince, when, instead of Isabella, the light of the torches discovered to him the young peasant, whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet!

"Traitor!" said Manfred, "how camest thou here? I thought thee in durance above in the court."

"I am no traitor," replied the young man boldly, "nor am I answerable for your thoughts."

"Presumptuous villain!" cried Manfred, "dost thou provoke my wrath? tell me! how hast thou escaped from above? thou hast corrupted thy guards, and their lives shall answer it."

"My poverty," said the peasant, calmly, "will exculpate them: though the ministers of a tyrant's wrath, to thee they are faithful, and but too willing to execute the orders which you unjustly imposed upon them."

"Art thou so hardy as to dare my vengeance?" said the prince; "but tortures shall force the truth from thee. Tell me; I will know thy accomplices."

"There was my accomplice," said the youth, smiling, and pointing to the roof.

Manfred ordered the torches to be held up, and perceived that one of the cheeks of the enchanted casque had forced its way through the pavement of the court, as his servants had let it fall over the peasant, and had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap through which the peasant had pressed himself, some minutes before he was found by Isabella.

"Was that the way by which thou didst descend?" said Manfred.

"It was," said the youth.

"But what noise was that," said Manfred, "which I heard as I entered the cloister?"

"A door clapped," said the peasant; "I heard it as well as you."

"What door?" said Manfred hastily.

"I am not acquainted with your castle," said the peasant; "this is the first time I ever entered it, and this vault the only part of it within which I ever was."

"But I tell thee," said Manfred (wishing to find out if the youth had discovered the trap-door), "it was this way I heard the noise: my servants heard it too."

"My lord," interrupted one of them, officiously, "to be sure it was the trap-door, and he was going to make his escape."

"Peace! blockhead," said the prince, angrily; "if he was going to escape, how should he come on this side? I will know, from his own mouth, what noise it was I heard. Tell me truly; thy life depends on thy veracity."

"My veracity is dearer to me than my life," said the peasant; "nor would I purchase the one by forfeiting the other."

"Indeed, young philosopher!" said Manfred contemptuously; "tell me, then, what was the noise I heard?"

"Ask me what I can answer," said he, "and put me to death instantly, if I tell you a lie."

Manfred, growing impatient at the steady valour and indifference of the youth, cried, "Well, then, thou man of truth! answer — was it the fall of the trap-door that I heard?"

"It was," said the youth.

"It was!" said the prince; "and how didst thou come to know there was a trap-door here?"

"I saw the plate of brass, by a gleam of moonshine," replied he.

"But what told thee it was a lock?" said Manfred; "how didst thou discover the secret of opening it?"

"Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was able to direct me to the spring of a lock," said he.

"Providence should have gone a little farther, and have placed thee out of the reach of my resentment," said Manfred.

"When Providence had taught thee to open the lock, it abandoned thee for a fool, who did not know how to make use of its favours. Why didst thou not pursue the path pointed out for

thy escape? Why didst thou shut the trap-door before thou hadst descended the steps?"

"I might ask you, my lord," said the peasant, "how I, totally unacquainted with your castle, was to know that those steps led to any outlet? But I scorn to evade your questions. Wherever those steps lead to, perhaps I should have explored the way — I could not be in a worse situation than I was. But the truth is, I let the trap-door fall; your immediate arrival followed. I had given the alarm — what imported it to me whether I was seized a minute sooner or a minute later?"

"Thou art a resolute villain for thy years," said Manfred; "yet, on reflection, I suspect thou dost but trifle with me: thou hast not yet told me how thou didst open the lock."

"That I will show you, my lord," said the peasant; and taking up a fragment of stone that had fallen from above, he laid himself on the trap-door, and began to beat on the piece of brass that covered it, meaning to gain time for the escape of the princess.

This presence of mind, joined to the frankness of the youth, staggered Manfred. He even felt a disposition towards pardoning one who had been guilty of no crime. Manfred was not one of those savage tyrants who wanton in cruelty unprovoked. The circumstances of his fortune had given an asperity to his temper, which was naturally humane, and his virtues were always ready to operate, when his passions did not obscure his reason.

While the prince was in this suspense, a confused noise of voices echoed through the distant vaults. As the sound approached, he distinguished the clamours of some of his domestics, whom he had dispersed through the castle in search of Isabella, calling out, "Where is my lord? where is the prince?"

"Here I am," said Manfred, as they came nearer; "have you found the princess?"

The first that arrived replied, "Oh! my lord! I am glad we have found you."

"Found me!" said Manfred; "have you found the princess?"

"We thought we had, my lord," said the fellow, looking terrified; but, ——

"But what?" cried the prince, "has she escaped?"

"Jaquez and I, my lord!"

"Yes, I and Diego," interrupted the second; who came up in still greater consternation.

"Speak one of you at a time," said Manfred: "I ask you, where is the princess?"

"We do not know," said they both together; "but we are frightened out of our wits."

"So I think, blockheads," said Manfred: "what is it has scared you thus?"

"Oh! my lord," said Jaquez, "Diego has seen such a sight! your highness would not believe our eyes."

"What new absurdity is this?" cried Manfred: "give me a direct answer, or by Heaven, ——"

"Why, my lord, if it please your highness to hear me," said the poor fellow, "Diego and I ——"

"Yes, I and Jaquez," cried his comrade.

"Did I not forbid you to speak both at a time?" said the prince: "you, Jaquez, answer; for the other fool seems more distracted than thou art; what is the matter?"

"My gracious lord," said Jaquez, "if it please your highness to hear me; Diego and I, according to your highness's orders, went to search for the young lady; but being comprehensive that we might meet the ghost of my young lord, your highness's son, God rest his soul, as he has not received Christian burial ——"

"Sot," cried Manfred, in a rage, "is it only a ghost, then, thou hast seen?"

"Oh! worse! worse! my lord," cried Diego, "I had rather have seen ten whole ghosts."

"Grant me patience!" said Manfred, "these blockheads distract me — out of my sight, Diego! and thou, Jaquez, tell me in one word, art thou sober? art thou raving? thou wast wont to have some sense: has the other sot frightened himself and thee too? speak: what is it he fancies he has seen?"

"Why, my lord," replied Jaquez, trembling, "I was going to tell your highness that since the calamitous misfortune of my young lord, — God rest his precious soul! — not one of us, your highness's faithful servants, — indeed we are, my lord, though poor men, — I say, not one of us has dared to set a foot about

the castle, but two together : so Diego and I, thinking that my young lady might be in the great gallery, went up there to look for her, and tell her your highness wanted something to impart to her."

"O, blundering fools !" cried Manfred ; "and in the meantime she has made her escape, because you were afraid of goblins ! Why, thou knave ! she left me in the gallery ; I came from thence myself."

"For all that she may be there still, for aught I know," said Jaquez ; "but the devil shall have me before I seek her there again — poor Diego ! I do not believe he will ever recover it."

"Recover what ?" said Manfred : "am I never to learn what it is has terrified these rascals ? But I lose my time : follow me, slave ; I will see if she is in the gallery."

"For heaven's sake, my dear, good lord," cried Jaquez, "do not go to the gallery. Satan himself, I believe, is in the chamber next to the gallery."

Manfred, who hitherto had treated the terror of his servants as an idle panic, was struck at this new circumstance. He recollected the apparition of the portrait, and the sudden closing of the door at the end of the gallery — his voice faltered, and he asked with disorder, "What is in the great chamber ?"

"My lord," said Jaquez, "when Diego and I came into the gallery, he went first, for he said he had more courage than I. So when we came into the gallery, we found nobody. We looked under every bench and stool, and still we found nobody."

"Were all the pictures in their places ?" said Manfred.

"Yes, my lord," answered Jaquez ; "but we did not think of looking behind them."

"Well, well !" said Manfred, "proceed."

"When we came to the door of the great chamber," continued Jaquez, "we found it shut."

"And could not you open it ?" said Manfred.

"Oh ! yes, my lord ; would to heaven we had not !" replied he — "nay, it was not I neither, it was Diego : he was grown fool-hardy, and would go on, though I advised him not : if ever I open a door that is shut again ——"

"Trifle not," said Manfred, shuddering, "but tell me what you saw in the great chamber, on opening the door."

"I! my lord!" said Jaquez, "I saw nothing; I was behind Diego; but I heard the noise."

"Jaquez," said Manfred in a solemn tone of voice, "tell me, I adjure thee by the souls of my ancestors, what was it thou sawest? what was it thou heardest?"

"It was Diego saw it, my lord, it was not I," replied Jaquez, "I only heard the noise. Diego had no sooner opened the door, than he cried out, and ran back—I ran back too, and said, 'Is it the ghost?' 'The ghost! no! no,' said Diego, and his hair stood on end; 'it is a giant, I believe: he is all clad in armour, for I saw his foot and part of his leg, and they are as large as the helmet below in the court.' As he said these words, my lord, we heard a violent motion and the rattling of armour, as if the giant was rising, for Diego has told me since, that he believes the giant was lying down, for the foot and leg were stretched at length on the floor. Before we could get to the end of the gallery, we heard the door of the great chamber clap behind us, but we did not dare turn back to see if the giant was following us; yet, now I think on it, we must have heard him if he had pursued us; but for heaven's sake, my good lord, send for the chaplain, and have the castle exorcised; for, for certain, it is enchanted."

"Ay, pray do, my lord," cried all the servants at once, "or we must leave your highness's service."

"Peace! dotards," said Manfred, "and follow me; I will know what all this means."

"We! my lord!" cried they, with one voice; "we would not go up to the gallery for your highness's revenue."

The young peasant, who had stood silent, now spoke. "Will your highness," said he, "permit me to try this adventure? My life is of little consequence to anybody. I fear no bad angel, and have offended no good one."

"Your behaviour is above your seeming," said Manfred, viewing him with surprise and admiration; "hereafter I will reward your bravery; but now," continued he with a sigh, "I am so circumstanced, that I dare trust no eyes but my own; however, I give you leave to accompany me."

Manfred, when he first followed Isabella from the gallery, had gone directly to the apartment of his wife, concluding the princess had retired thither. Hippolita, who knew his step, rose with anxious fondness to meet her lord, whom she had not seen since the death of her son. She would have flown in a transport of mingled joy and grief, to his bosom, but he pushed her rudely off, and said, "Where is Isabella?"

"Isabella! my lord!" said the astonished Hippolita.

"Yes, Isabella," cried Manfred imperiously; "I want Isabella."

"My lord," replied Matilda, who perceived how much his behaviour had shocked her mother, "she has not been with us since your highness summoned her to your apartment."

"Tell me where she is," said the prince; "I do not want to know where she has been."

"My good lord," replied Hippolita, "your daughter tells you the truth: Isabella left us by your command, and has not returned since; but, my lord, compose yourself; retire to your rest: this dismal day has disordered you. Isabella shall await your orders in the morning."

"What, then, you know where she is!" cried Manfred; "tell me directly, for I will not lose an instant: and you, woman," speaking to his wife, "order your chaplain to attend me forthwith."

"Isabella," said Hippolita, calmly, "is retired, I suppose, to her chamber: she is not accustomed to watch at this late hour. Gracious, my lord," continued she, "let me know what has disturbed you? Has Isabella offended you?"

"Trouble me not with questions," said Manfred, "but tell me where she is."

"Matilda shall call her," said the princess; "sit down, my lord, and resume your wonted fortitude."

"What, art thou jealous of Isabella?" replied he, "that you wish to be present at our interview?"

"Good heavens! my lord," said Hippolita, "what is it your highness means?"

"Thou wilt know ere many minutes are passed," said the cruel prince. "Send your chaplain to me, and wait my pleasure here."

At these words he flung out of the room in search of Isabella;

leaving the amazed ladies thunder-struck with his words and frantic deportment, and lost in vain conjectures on what he was meditating.

Manfred was now returning from the vault, attended by the peasant and a few of his servants, whom he had obliged to accompany him. He ascended the staircase without stopping, till he arrived at the gallery, at the door of which he met Hippolita and her chaplain. When Diego had been dismissed by Manfred, he had gone directly to the princess's apartment, with the alarm of what he had seen. That excellent lady, who no more than Manfred doubted of the reality of the vision, yet affected to treat it as a delirium of the servant. Willing, however, to save her lord from any additional shock, and prepared, by a series of grief, not to tremble at any accession to it, she determined to make herself the first sacrifice, if fate had marked the present hour for their destruction. Dismissing the reluctant Matilda to her rest, who in vain sued for leave to accompany her mother, and attended only by her chaplain, Hippolita had visited the gallery and great chamber; and now, with more serenity of soul than she had felt for many hours, she met her lord, and assured him that the vision of the gigantic leg and foot was all a fable; and no doubt an impression made by fear, and the dark and dismal hour of the night, on the minds of his servants. She and the chaplain had examined the chamber, and found everything in the usual order.

Manfred, though persuaded, like his wife, that the vision had been no work of fancy, recovered a little from the tempest of mind into which so many strange events had thrown him. Ashamed, too, of his inhuman treatment of a princess, who returned every injury with new marks of tenderness and duty, he felt returning love forcing itself into his eyes; but, not less ashamed of feeling remorse towards one against whom he was inwardly meditating a yet more bitter outrage, he curbed the yearnings of his heart, and did not dare to lean even towards pity. The next transition of his soul was to exquisite villany. Presuming on the unshaken submission of Hippolita, he flattered himself that she would not only acquiesce with patience in a divorce, but would obey, if it was his pleasure, in endeavouring to

persuade Isabella to give him her hand ; but ere he could indulge his horrid hope, he reflected that Isabella was not to be found.

Coming to himself, he gave orders that every avenue to the castle should be strictly guarded, and charged his domestics, on pain of their lives, to suffer nobody to pass out. The young peasant, to whom he spoke favourably, he now ordered to remain in a small chamber on the stairs, in which there was a pallet bed, and the key of which he took away himself, telling the youth at the same time that he would talk with him in the morning. Then, dismissing his attendants, and bestowing a sullen kind of half-nod on Hippolita, he retired to his own chamber.

CHAPTER II

MATILDA, who by Hippolita's order had retired to her apartment, was ill-disposed to take any rest. The shocking fate of her brother had deeply affected her. She was surprised at not seeing Isabella : but the strange words which had fallen from her father, and his obscure menace to the princess his wife, accompanied by the most furious behaviour, had filled her gentle mind with terror and alarm. She waited anxiously for the return of Bianca, a young damsel that attended her, whom she had sent to learn what had become of Isabella. Bianca soon appeared, and informed her mistress of what she had gathered from the servants, that Isabella was nowhere to be found. She related the adventure of the young peasant, who had been discovered in the vault, though with many simple additions from the incoherent accounts of the domestics ; and she dwelt principally on the gigantic leg and foot which had been seen in the gallery-chamber. This last circumstance had terrified Bianca so much, that she was rejoiced when Matilda told her that she would not go to rest, but should watch till the princess should rise.

The young princess wearied herself in the conjectures on the flight of Isabella, and on the threats of Manfred to her mother.

"But what business could he have so urgent with the chaplain?" said Matilda. "Does he intend to have my brother's body interred privately in the chapel?"

"Oh, madam," said Bianca, "now I guess. As you are become his heiress, he is impatient to have you married : he has always

been raving for more sons; I warrant he is now impatient for grandsons. As sure as I live, madam, I shall see you a bride at last. — Good madam, you won't cast off your faithful Bianca: you won't put Donno Rosara over me, now you are a great princess?"

"My poor Bianca," said Matilda, "how fast your thoughts ramble! I a great princess! What hast thou seen in Manfred's behaviour since my brother's death that bespeaks any increase of tenderness to me? No, Bianca; his heart was ever a stranger to — but he is my father, and I must not complain. Nay, if Heaven shuts my father's heart against me, it overpays my little merit in the tenderness of my mother — O that dear mother! yes, Bianca, it is there I feel the rugged temper of Manfred. I can support his harshness to me with patience; but it wounds my soul when I am witness to his causeless severity towards her."

"Oh! madam," said Bianca, "all men use their wives so, when they are weary of them."

"And yet you congratulated me but now," said Matilda, "when you fancied my father intended to dispose of me!"

"I would have you a great lady," replied Bianca, "come what will. I do not wish to see you moped in a convent, as you would be if you had your will, and if my lady, your mother, who knows that a bad husband is better than no husband at all, did not hinder you. — Bless me! what noise is that? St. Nicholas, forgive me! I was but in jest."

"It is the wind," said Matilda, "whistling through the battlements of the tower above; you have heard it a thousand times."

"Nay," said Bianca, "there was no harm, neither, in what I said: it is no sin to talk of matrimony — and so, madam, as I was saying, if my Lord Manfred should offer you a handsome young prince for a bridegroom, you would drop him a courtesy, and tell him you would rather take the veil?"

"Thank Heaven, I am in no such danger," said Matilda; "you know how many proposals for me he has rejected."

"And yet you thank him, like a dutiful daughter, do you, madam? — But come, madam; suppose, to-morrow morning, he was to send for you to the great council-chamber, and there you should find, at his elbow, a lovely young prince, with large

black eyes, smooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet; in short, madam, a young hero, resembling the picture of the good Alfonso in the gallery, which you sit and gaze at for hours together."

"Do not speak lightly of that picture," interrupted Matilda, sighing: "I know the adoration with which I look at that picture is uncommon — but I am not in love with a coloured panel. The character of that virtuous prince, — the veneration with which my mother has inspired me for his memory, — the orisons which, I know not why, she has enjoined me to pour forth at his tomb, — all have concurred to persuade me that somehow or other my destiny is linked with something relating to him."

"Lord! madam, how should that be?" said Bianca: "I have always heard that your family was no way related to his; and I am sure I cannot conceive why my lady, the princess, sends you, in a cold morning, or a damp evening, to pray at his tomb. He is no saint by the almanac. If you must pray, why does she not bid you address yourself to our great St. Nicholas? I am sure he is the saint I pray to for a husband."

"Perhaps my mind would be less affected," said Matilda, "if my mother would explain her reasons to me: but it is the mystery she observes that inspires me with this — I know not what to call it. As she never acts from caprice, I am sure there is some fatal secret at the bottom — nay, I know there is: in her agony of grief for my brother's death, she dropped some words that intimated as much."

"Oh! dear madam," cried Bianca, "what were they?"

"No," said Matilda; "if a parent lets fall a word, and wishes it recalled, it is not for a child to utter it."

"What! was she sorry for what she had said?" asked Bianca. "I am sure, madam, you may trust me —"

"With my own little secrets, when I have any, I may," said Matilda; "but never with my mother's: a child ought to have no ears or eyes, but as a parent directs."

"Well! to be sure, madam, you was born to be a saint," said Bianca, "and there is no resisting one's vocation: you will end in a convent at last. But there is my lady Isabella would not be so reserved to me: she will let me talk to her of young men:

and when a handsome cavalier has come to the castle, she has owned to me that she wished your brother Conrad resembled him."

"Bianca," said the princess, "I do not allow you to mention my friend disrespectfully. Isabella is of a cheerful disposition, but her soul is as pure as virtue itself. She knows your babbling humour, and perhaps has now and then encouraged it to divert melancholy, and enliven the solitude in which my father keeps us."

"Blessed Mary!" said Bianca, starting, "there it is again! Dear madam, do you hear nothing? this castle is certainly haunted."

"Peace!" said Matilda, "and listen! I did think I heard a voice — but it must be fancy; your terrors, I suppose, have infected me."

"Indeed! indeed! madam," said Bianca, half-weeping with agony, "I am sure I heard a voice."

"Does anybody lie in the chamber beneath?" said the Princess.

"Nobody has dared to lie there," answered Bianca, "since the great astrologer, that was your brother's tutor, drowned himself. For certain, madam, his ghost and the young prince's are now met in the chamber below — for heaven's sake let us fly to your mother's apartment!"

"I charge you not to stir," said Matilda. "If they are spirits in pain, we may ease their sufferings by questioning them. They can mean no hurt to us, for we have not injured them — and if they should, shall we be more safe in one chamber than in another? Reach me my beads; we will say a prayer, and then speak to them."

"Oh! dear lady, I would not speak to a ghost for the world," cried Bianca.

As she said these words, they heard the casement of the little chamber below Matilda's open. They listened attentively, and in a few minutes thought they heard a person sing, but could not distinguish the words.

"This can be no evil spirit," said the princess, in a low voice: "it is undoubtedly one of the family — open the window, and we shall know the voice."

"I dare not, indeed, madam," said Bianca.

"Thou art a very fool," said Matilda, opening the window gently herself.

The noise the princess made was, however, heard by the person beneath, who stopped, and they concluded had heard the case—ment open.

"Is any body below?" said the princess: "if there is, speak."

"Yes," said an unknown voice.

"Who is it?" said Matilda.

"A stranger," replied the voice.

"What stranger?" said she, — "and how didst thou come there, at this unusual hour, when all the gates of the castle are locked?"

"I am not here willingly," answered the voice — "but pardon me, lady, if I have disturbed your rest; I knew not that I was overheard. Sleep had forsaken me. I left a restless couch, and came to waste the irksome hours with gazing on the fair approach of morning, impatient to be dismissed from this castle."

"Thy words and accents," said Matilda, "are of a melancholy cast: if thou art unhappy, I pity thee. If poverty afflicts thee, let me know it; I will mention thee to the princess, whose beneficent soul ever melts for the distressed: and she will relieve thee."

"I am indeed unhappy," said the stranger, "and I know not what wealth is: but I do not complain of the lot which Heaven has cast for me; I am young and healthy, and am not ashamed of owing my support to myself — yet think me not proud, or that I disdain your generous offers. I will remember you in my orisons, and will pray for blessings on your gracious self, and your noble mistress — if I sigh, lady, it is for others, not for myself."

"Now I have it, madam," said Bianca, whispering the princess. "This is certainly the young peasant: and by my conscience he is in love. Well! this is a charming adventure! — do, madam, let us sift him. He does not know you, but takes you for one of my lady Hippolita's women."

"Art thou not ashamed, Bianca?" said the princess. "What right have we to pry into the secrets of this young man's heart? he seems virtuous and frank, and tells us he is unhappy: are

those circumstances that authorize us to make a property of him; how are we entitled to his confidence!"

"Lord! madam, how little you know of love!" replied Bianca: "why, lovers have no pleasure equal to talking of their mistress."

"And would you have *me* become a peasant's confidant?" said the princess.

"Well, then, let me talk to him," said Bianca: "though I have the honour of being your highness's maid of honour, I was not always so great: besides, if love levels ranks, it raises them too. I have a respect for any young man in love."

"Peace! simpleton," said the princess; "though he said he was unhappy, it does not follow that he must be in love. Think of all that has happened to-day, and tell me if there are no misfortunes but what love causes. Stranger," resumed the princess, "if thy misfortunes have not been occasioned by thy own fault, and are within the compass of the Princess Hippolita's power to redress, I will take upon me to answer that she will be thy protectress. When thou art dismissed from this castle, repair to holy father Jerome, at the convent adjoining to the church of St. Nicholas, and make thy story known to him, as far as thou thinkest meet: he will not fail to inform the princess, who is the mother of all that want her assistance. Farewell! it is not seemly for me to hold farther converse with a man at this unwonted hour."

"May the saints guard thee, gracious lady!" replied the peasant; "but oh! if a poor and worthless stranger might presume to beg a minute's audience farther — am I so happy? — the casement is not shut — might I venture to ask?" —

"Speak quickly," said Matilda; "the morning draws apace: should the labourers come into the fields and perceive us — What wouldst thou ask?"

"I know not how, I know not if I dare —" said the young stranger, faltering — "yet the humanity with which you have spoken to me emboldens — Lady! dare I trust you?"

"Heavens!" said Matilda, "what dost thou mean; with what wouldst thou trust me? — speak boldly, if thy secret is fit to be intrusted to a virtuous breast."

"I would ask," said the peasant, recollecting himself, "whether

what I have heard from the domestics is true, that the princess is missing from the castle?"

"What imports it to thee to know?" replied Matilda. "Thy first words bespoke a prudent and becoming gravity. Dost thou come hither to pry into the secrets of Manfred? Adieu! I have been mistaken in thee."

Saying these words, she shut the casement hastily, without giving the young man time to reply.

"I had acted more wisely," said the princess to Bianca, with some sharpness, "if I had let thee converse with this peasant; his inquisitiveness seems of a piece with thy own."

"It is not fit for me to argue with your highness," replied Bianca, "but perhaps the questions I should have put to him would have been more to the purpose than those you have been pleased to ask him!"

"Oh! no doubt," said Matilda, "you are a very discreet personage! may I know what you would have asked him?"

"A bystander often sees more of the game than those that play," answered Bianca. "Does your highness think, madam, that his question about my Lady Isabella was the result of mere curiosity? No, no, madam; there is more in it than you great folks are aware of. Lopez told me that all the servants believe this young fellow contrived my Lady Isabella's escape. Now, pray, madam, observe — you and I both know that my Lady Isabella never much fancied the prince your brother — Well! he is killed just in the critical minute — I accuse nobody. A helmet falls from the moon — so my lord, your father says; but Lopez and all the servants say that this young spark is a magician, and stole it from Alfonso's tomb —"

"Have done with this rhapsody of impertinence!" said Matilda.

"Nay, madam, as you please," cried Bianca; "yet it is very particular, though, that my Lady Isabella should be missing the very same day, and that this young sorcerer should be found at the mouth of the trap-door — I accuse nobody — but if my young lord came honestly by his death —"

"Dare not, on thy duty," said Matilda, "to breathe a suspicion on the purity of my dear Isabella's fame."

"Purity, or not purity," said Bianca, "gone she is — a stranger

is found that nobody knows : you question him, yourself ; he tells you he is in love, or unhappy, it is the same thing ; nay, he owned he was unhappy, about others ; and is anybody unhappy about another, unless they are in love with them ? — and at the very next word he asks, innocently, poor soul ! if my Lady Isabella is missing.”

“To be sure,” said Matilda, “thy observations are not totally without foundation — Isabella’s flight amazes me : the curiosity of this stranger is very particular — yet Isabella never concealed a thought from me.”

“So she told you,” said Bianca, “to fish out your secrets — but who knows, madam, but this stranger may be some prince in disguise ? do, madam, let me open the window, and ask him a few questions.”

“No,” replied Matilda, “I will ask him myself, if he knows aught of Isabella : he is not worthy that I should converse farther with him.”

She was going to open the casement, when they heard the bell ring at the postern gate of the castle, which was on the right hand of the tower where Matilda lay. This prevented the princess from renewing the conversation with the stranger.

After continuing silent for some time, “I am persuaded,” said she to Bianca, “that whatever be the cause of Isabella’s flight, it had no unworthy motive. If this stranger was accessory to it, she must be satisfied of his fidelity and worth. I observed, did not you, Bianca ? that his words were tinged with an uncommon infusion of piety. It was no ruffian’s speech : his phrases were becoming a man of gentle birth.”

“I told you, madam,” said Bianca, “that I was sure he was some prince in disguise.”

“Yet,” said Matilda, “if he was privy to her escape, how will you account for his not accompanying her in her flight ? — why expose himself, unnecessarily and rashly, to my father’s resentment ?”

“As for that, madam,” replied she, “if he could get from under the helmet, he will find ways of eluding your father’s anger. I do not doubt but he has some talisman or other about him.”

“You resolve everything into magic,” said Matilda ; “but a

man who has any intercourse with infernal spirits does not dare to make use of those tremendous and holy words which he uttered. Didst thou not observe with what fervour he vowed to remember *me* to Heaven in his prayers? — yes; Isabella was undoubtedly convinced of his piety.”

“Commend me to the piety of a young fellow and a damsel that consult to elope!” said Bianca. “No, no, madam: my Lady Isabella is of another guess mould than that you take her for. She used indeed to sigh and lift up her eyes in your company, because she knows you are a saint — but when your back was turned ——”

“You wrong her,” said Matilda; “Isabella is no hypocrite: she has a due sense of devotion, but never affected a call she has not. On the contrary, she always combated my inclination for the cloister; and though I own the mystery she has made to me of her flight confounds me, though it seems inconsistent with the friendship between us, I cannot forget the disinterested warmth with which she always opposed my taking the veil: she wishes to see me married, though my dower would have been a loss to her and my brother’s children. For her sake, I will believe well of this young peasant.”

“Then you do think there is some liking between them,” said Bianca.

While she was speaking, a servant came hastily into the chamber, and told the princess that the Lady Isabella was found.

“Where?” said Matilda.

“She has taken sanctuary in St. Nicholas’s church,” replied the servant: “father Jerome has brought the news himself: he is below with his highness.”

“Where is my mother?” said Matilda.

“She is in her own chamber, madam, and has asked for you.”

Manfred had risen at the first dawn of light, and gone to Hippolita’s apartment, to inquire if she knew aught of Isabella. While he was questioning her, word was brought that Jerome demanded to speak with him. Manfred, little suspecting the cause of the friar’s arrival, and knowing he was employed by Hippolita in her charities, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he pursued his search after Isabella.

"Is your business with me or the princess?" said Manfred.

"With both," replied the holy man. "The Lady Isabella ——"

"What of her?" interrupted Manfred, eagerly —

"Is at St. Nicholas's altar," replied Jerome.

"That is no business of Hippolita," said Manfred, with confusion. "Let us retire to my chamber, father; and inform me how she came thither."

"No, my lord," replied the good man, with an air of firmness and authority that daunted even the resolute Manfred, who could not help revering the saint-like virtues of Jerome: "my commission is to both: and, with your highness's good liking, in the presence of both I shall deliver it — but first, my lord, I must interrogate the princess, whether she is acquainted with the cause of the Lady Isabella's retirement from your castle!"

"No, on my soul," said Hippolita; "does Isabella charge me with being privy to it?"

"Father," interrupted Manfred, "I pay due reverence to your holy profession; but I am sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priests to interfere in the affairs of my domestic. If you have aught to say, attend me to my chamber — I do not use to let my wife be acquainted with the secret affairs of my state: they are not within a woman's province."

"My lord," said the holy man, "I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Manfred. Harken to him who speaks through my organs."

Manfred trembled with rage and shame. Hippolita's countenance declared her astonishment and impatience to know where this would end; her silence more strongly spoke her observance of Manfred.

"The Lady Isabella," resumed Jerome, "commends herself to both your highnesses; she thanks both for the kindness with which she has been treated in your castle: she deplores the loss of your son, and her own misfortunes in not becoming the daughter of such wise and noble princes, whom she shall always respect as

parents; she prays for uninterrupted union and felicity between you (Manfred's colour changed): but as it is no longer possible for her to be allied to you, she entreats your consent to remain in sanctuary, till she can learn news of her father, or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to dispose of herself in suitable marriage."

"I shall give no such consent," said the prince, "but insist on her return to the castle without delay: I am answerable for her person to her guardians, and will not brook her being in any hands but my own."

"Your highness will recollect whether that can any longer be proper," replied the friar.

"I want no monitor," cried Manfred, colouring; "Isabella's conduct leaves room for strange suspicions — and that young villain, who was at least the accomplice of her flight, if not the cause of it —"

"The cause!" interrupted Jerome, "was a young man the cause?"

"This is not to be borne!" cried Manfred. "Am I to be bearded in my own palace by an insolent monk? Thou art privy, I guess, to their amours."

"I would pray to Heaven to clear up your uncharitable surmises," said Jerome, "if your highness were not satisfied in your conscience how unjustly you accuse me. I do pray to Heaven to pardon that uncharitableness: and I implore your highness to leave the princess at peace in that holy place, where she is not likely to be disturbed by such vain and worldly phantasies as discourses of love from any man."

"Cant not to me," said Manfred, "but return, and bring the princess to her duty."

"It is my duty to prevent her return hither," said Jerome. "She is where orphans and virgins are safest from the snares and wiles of this world; and nothing but a parent's authority shall take her thence."

"I am her parent," cried Manfred, "and demand her."

"She wished to have you for a parent," said the friar: "but Heaven, that forbad that connexion, has for ever dissolved all ties betwixt you: and I announce to your highness —"

to open it, not having observed Isabella's method of touching the spring; nor had he many moments to make an essay. The noise of the falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the sound, hastened thither, attended by his servants, with torches.

"It must be Isabella," cried Manfred, before he entered the vault; "she is escaping by the subterraneous passage, but she cannot have got far."

What was the astonishment of the prince, when, instead of Isabella, the light of the torches discovered to him the young peasant, whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet!

"Traitor!" said Manfred, "how camest thou here? I thought thee in durandee above in the court."

"I am no traitor," replied the young man boldly, "nor am I answerable for your thoughts."

"Presumptuous villain!" cried Manfred, "dost thou provoke my wrath? tell me! how hast thou escaped from above? thou hast corrupted thy guards, and their lives shall answer it."

"My poverty," said the peasant, calmly, "will exculpate them: though the ministers of a tyrant's wrath, to thee they are faithful, and but too willing to execute the orders which you unjustly imposed upon them."

"Art thou so hardy as to dare my vengeance?" said the prince; "but tortures shall force the truth from thee. Tell me; I will know thy accomplices."

"There was my accomplice," said the youth, smiling, and pointing to the roof.

Manfred ordered the torches to be held up, and perceived that one of the cheeks of the enchanted casque had forced its way through the pavement of the court, as his servants had let it fall over the peasant, and had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap through which the peasant had pressed himself, some minutes before he was found by Isabella.

"Was that the way by which thou didst descend?" said Manfred.

"It was," said the youth.

"But what noise was that," said Manfred, "which I heard as I entered the cloister?"

"A door clapped," said the peasant, "I heard it as well as you."

"What door?" said Manfred hastily.

"I am not acquainted with your castle," said the peasant; "this is the first time I ever entered it, and this vault the only part of it within which I ever was."

"But I tell thee," said Manfred (wishing to find out if the youth had discovered the trap-door), "it was this way I heard the noise: my servants heard it too."

"My lord," interrupted one of them, officiously, "to be sure it was the trap-door, and he was going to make his escape."

"Peace! blockhead," said the prince, angrily; "if he was going to escape, how should he come on this side? I will know, from his own mouth, what noise it was I heard. Tell me truly, thy life depends on thy veracity."

"My veracity is dearer to me than my life," said the peasant, "nor would I purchase the one by forfeiting the other."

"Indeed, young philosopher!" said Manfred contemptuously; "tell me, then, what was the noise I heard?"

"Ask me what I can answer," said he, "and put me to death instantly, if I tell you a lie."

Manfred, growing impatient at the steady valour and indifference of the youth, cried, "Well, then, thou man of truth! answer — was it the fall of the trap-door that I heard?"

"It was," said the youth.

"It was!" said the prince; "and how didst thou come to know there was a trap-door here?"

"I saw the plate of brass, by a gleam of moonshine," replied he.

"But what told thee it was a lock?" said Manfred, "how didst thou discover the secret of opening it?"

"Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was able to direct me to the spring of a lock," said he.

"Providence should have gone a little further, and have placed thee out of the reach of my resentment," said Manfred. "When Providence had taught thee to open the lock, it abandoned thee for a fool, who did not know how to make use of its favours. Why didst thou not pursue the path pointed out for

thy escape? Why didst thou shut the trap-door before thou hadst descended the steps?"

"I might ask you, my lord," said the peasant, "how I, totally unacquainted with your castle, was to know that those steps led to any outlet? But I scorn to evade your questions. Wherever those steps lead to, perhaps I should have explored the way — I could not be in a worse situation than I was. But the truth is, I let the trap-door fall, your immediate arrival followed. I had given the alarm — what imported it to me whether I was seized a minute sooner or a minute later?"

"Thou art a resolute villain for thy years," said Manfred; "yet, on reflection, I suspect thou dost but trifle with me: thou hast not yet told me how thou didst open the lock."

"That I will show you, my lord," said the peasant; and taking up a fragment of stone that had fallen from above, he laid himself on the trap-door, and began to beat on the piece of brass that covered it, meaning to gain time for the escape of the princess.

This presence of mind, joined to the frankness of the youth, staggered Manfred. He even felt a disposition towards pardoning one who had been guilty of no crime. Manfred was not one of those savage tyrants who wanton in cruelty unprovoked. The circumstances of his fortune had given an asperity to his temper, which was naturally humane, and his virtues were always ready to operate, when his passions did not obscure his reason.

While the prince was in this suspense, a confused noise of voices echoed through the distant vaults. As the sound approached, he distinguished the clamours of some of his domestics, whom he had dispersed through the castle in search of Isabella, calling out, "Where is my lord? where is the prince?"

"Here I am," said Manfred, as they came nearer, "have you found the princess?"

The first that arrived replied, "Oh! my lord! I am glad we have found you."

"Found me!" said Manfred; "have you found the princess?"

"We thought we had, my lord," said the fellow, looking terrified, but, —

"But what?" cried the prince, "has she escaped?"

"Jaquez and I, my lord!"

"Yes, I and Diego," interrupted the second; who came up in still greater consternation.

"Speak one of you at a time," said Manfred: "I ask you, where is the princess?"

"We do not know," said they both together; "but we are frightened out of our wits."

"So I think, blockheads," said Manfred. "what is it has scared you thus?"

"Oh! my lord," said Jaquez, "Diego has seen such a sight! your highness would not believe our eyes."

"What new absurdity is this?" cried Manfred. "give me a direct answer, or by Heaven, ——"

"Why, my lord, if it please your highness to hear me," said the poor fellow, "Diego and I——"

"Yes, I and Jaquez," cried his comrade.

"Did I not forbid you to speak both at a time?" said the prince: "you, Jaquez, answer; for the other fool seems more distracted than thou art, what is the matter?"

"My gracious lord," said Jaquez, "if it please your highness to hear me; Diego and I, according to your highness's orders, went to search for the young lady, but being apprehensive that we might meet the ghost of my young lord, your highness's son, God rest his soul, as he has not received Christian burial ——"

"Sot," cried Manfred, in a rage, "is it only a ghost, then, thou hast seen?"

"Oh! worse! worse! my lord," cried Diego, "I had rather have seen ten whole ghosts."

"Grant me patience!" said Manfred, "these blockheads distract me —— out of my sight, Diego! and thou, Jaquez, tell me in one word, art thou sober? art thou raving? thou wast wont to have some sense: has the other sot frightened himself and thee too? speak. what is it he fancies he has seen?"

"Why, my lord," replied Jaquez, trembling, "I was going to tell your highness that since the calamitous misfortune of my young lord, —— God rest his precious soul! —— not one of us, your highness's faithful servants, —— indeed we are, my lord, though poor men, —— I say, not one of us has dared to set a foot about

the castle, but two together: so Diego and I, thinking that my young lady might be in the great gallery, went up there to look for her, and tell her your highness wanted something to impart to her."

"O, blundering fools!" cried Manfred; "and in the meantime she has made her escape, because you were afraid of goblins! Why, thou knave! she left me in the gallery; I came from thence myself."

"For all that she may be there still, for aught I know," said Jaquez; "but the devil shall have me before I seek her there again — poor Diego! I do not believe he will ever recover it."

"Recover what?" said Manfred: "am I never to learn what it is has terrified these rascals? But I lose my time: follow me, slave; I will see if she is in the gallery."

"For heaven's sake, my dear, good lord," cried Jaquez, "do not go to the gallery. Satan himself, I believe, is in the chamber next to the gallery."

Manfred, who hitherto had treated the terror of his servants as an idle panic, was struck at this new circumstance. He recollected the apparition of the portrait, and the sudden closing of the door at the end of the gallery — his voice faltered, and he asked with disorder, "What is in the great chamber?"

"My lord," said Jaquez, "when Diego and I came into the gallery, he went first, for he said he had more courage than I. So when we came into the gallery, we found nobody. We looked under every bench and stool, and still we found nobody."

"Were all the pictures in their places?" said Manfred.

"Yes, my lord," answered Jaquez, "but we did not think of looking behind them."

"Well, well!" said Manfred, "proceed."

"When we came to the door of the great chamber," continued Jaquez, "we found it shut."

"And could not you open it?" said Manfred.

"Oh! yes, my lord; would to heaven we had not!" replied he — "nay, it was not I neither, it was Diego: he was grown fool-hardy, and would go on, though I advised him not: if ever I open a door that is shut again ——"

"Trifle not," said Manfred, shuddering, "but tell me what you saw in the great chamber, on opening the door "

"I ! my lord !" said Jaquez, "I saw nothing, I was behind Diego ; but I heard the noise."

"Jaquez," said Manfred in a solemn tone of voice, "tell me, I adjure thee by the souls of my ancestors, what was it thou sawest ? what was it thou heardest ?"

"It was Diego saw it, my lord, it was not I," replied Jaquez, "I only heard the noise. Diego had no sooner opened the door, than he cried out, and ran back — I ran back too, and said, 'Is it the ghost ?' 'The ghost ! no ! no,' said Diego, and his hair stood on end ; 'it is a giant, I believe · he is all clad in armour, for I saw his foot and part of his leg, and they are as large as the helmet below in the court ' As he said these words, my lord, we heard a violent motion and the rattling of armour, as if the giant was rising, for Diego has told me since, that he believes the giant was lying down, for the foot and leg were stretched at length on the floor. Before we could get to the end of the gallery, we heard the door of the great chamber clap behind us, but we did not dare turn back to see if the giant was following us, yet, now I think on it, we must have heard him if he had pursued us, but for heaven's sake, my good lord, send for the chaplain, and have the castle exorcised ; for, for certain, it is enchanted."

"Ay, pray do, my lord," cried all the servants at once, "or we must leave your highness's service "

"Peace ! dotards," said Manfred, "and follow me, I will know what all this means."

"We ! my lord !" cried they, with one voice ; "we would not go up to the gallery for your highness's revenue."

The young peasant, who had stood silent, now spoke. "Will your highness," said he, "permit me to try this adventure ? My life is of little consequence to anybody. I fear no bad angel, and have offended no good one "

"Your behaviour is above your seeming," said Manfred, viewing him with surprise and admiration ; "hereafter I will reward your bravery ; but now," continued he with a sigh, "I am so circumstanced, that I dare trust no eyes but my own ; however, I give you leave to accompany me."

Manfred, when he first followed Isabella from the gallery, had gone directly to the apartment of his wife, concluding the princess had retired thither. Hippolita, who knew his step, rose with anxious fondness to meet her lord, whom she had not seen since the death of her son. She would have flown in a transport of mingled joy and grief, to his bosom, but he pushed her rudely off, and said, "Where is Isabella?"

"Isabella! my lord!" said the astonished Hippolita.

"Yes, Isabella," cried Manfred imperiously; "I want Isabella."

"My lord," replied Matilda, who perceived how much his behaviour had shocked her mother, "she has not been with us since your highness summoned her to your apartment."

"Tell me where she is," said the prince; "I do not want to know where she has been."

"My good lord," replied Hippolita, "your daughter tells you the truth: Isabella left us by your command, and has not returned since, but, my lord, compose yourself, retire to your rest: this diabolical day has disordered you. Isabella shall await your orders in the morning."

"What, then, you know where she is!" cried Manfred; "tell me directly, for I will not lose an instant: and you, woman," speaking to his wife, "order your chaplain to attend me forthwith."

"Isabella," said Hippolita, calmly, "is retired, I suppose, to her chamber: she is not accustomed to watch at this late hour. Gracious, my lord," continued she, "let me know what has disturbed you? Has Isabella offended you?"

"Trouble me not with questions," said Manfred, "but tell me where she is."

"Matilda shall call her," said the princess; "sit down, my lord, and resume your wonted fortitude."

"What, art thou jealous of Isabella?" replied he, "that you wish to be present at our interview?"

"Good heavens! my lord," said Hippolita, "what is it your highness means?"

"Thou wilt know ere many minutes are passed," said the cruel prince. "Send your chaplain to me, and wait my pleasure here."

At these words he flung out of the room in search of Isabella;

leaving the amazed ladies thunder-struck with his words and frantic deportment, and lost in vain conjectures on what he was meditating

Manfred was now returning from the vault, attended by the peasant and a few of his servants, whom he had obliged to accompany him. He ascended the staircase without stopping, till he arrived at the gallery, at the door of which he met Hippolita and her chaplain. When Diego had been dismissed by Manfred, he had gone directly to the princess's apartment, with the alarm of what he had seen. That excellent lady, who no more than Manfred doubted of the reality of the vision, yet affected to treat it as a delirium of the servant. Willing, however, to save her lord from any additional shock, and prepared, by a series of grief, not to tremble at any accession to it, she determined to make herself the first sacrifice, if fate had marked the present hour for their destruction. Dismissing the reluctant Matilda to her rest, who in vain sued for leave to accompany her mother, and attended only by her chaplain, Hippolita had visited the gallery and great chamber, and now, with more serenity of soul than she had felt for many hours, she met her lord, and assured him that the vision of the gigantic leg and foot was all a fable; and no doubt an impression made by fear, and the dark and dismal hour of the night, on the minds of his servants. She and the chaplain had examined the chamber, and found everything in the usual order.

Manfred, though persuaded, like his wife, that the vision had been no work of fancy, recovered a little from the tempest of mind into which so many strange events had thrown him. Ashamed, too, of his inhuman treatment of a princess, who returned every injury with new marks of tenderness and duty, he felt returning love forcing itself into his eyes, but, not less ashamed of feeling remorse towards one against whom he was inwardly meditating a yet more bitter outrage, he curbed the yearnings of his heart, and did not dare to lean even towards pity. The next transition of his soul was to exquisite villany. Presuming on the unshaken submission of Hippolita, he flattered himself that she would not only acquiesce with patience in a divorce, but would obey, if it was his pleasure, in endeavouring to

persuade Isabella to give him her hand ; but ere he could indulge his horrid hope, he reflected that Isabella was not to be found.

Coming to himself, he gave orders that every avenue to the castle should be strictly guarded, and charged his domestics, on pain of their lives, to suffer nobody to pass out. The young peasant, to whom he spoke favourably, he now ordered to remain in a small chamber on the stairs, in which there was a pallet bed, and the key of which he took away himself, telling the youth at the same time that he would talk with him in the morning. Then, dismissing his attendants, and bestowing a sullen kind of half-nod on Hippolita, he retired to his own chamber.

CHAPTER II

MATILDA, who by Hippolita's order had retired to her apartment, was ill-disposed to take any rest. The shocking fate of her brother had deeply affected her. She was surprised at not seeing Isabella : but the strange words which had fallen from her father, and his obscure menace to the princess his wife, accompanied by the most furious behaviour, had filled her gentle mind with terror and alarm. She waited anxiously for the return of Bianca, a young damsel that attended her, whom she had sent to learn what had become of Isabella. Bianca soon appeared, and informed her mistress of what she had gathered from the servants, that Isabella was nowhere to be found. She related the adventure of the young peasant, who had been discovered in the vault, though with many simple additions from the incoherent accounts of the domestics ; and she dwelt principally on the gigantic leg and foot which had been seen in the gallery-chamber. This last circumstance had terrified Bianca so much, that she was rejoiced when Matilda told her that she would not go to rest, but should watch till the princess should rise.

The young princess wearied herself in the conjectures on the flight of Isabella, and on the threats of Manfred to her mother.

"But what business could he have so urgent with the chaplain?" said Matilda. "Does he intend to have my brother's body interred privately in the chapel?"

"Oh, madam," said Bianca, "now I guess. As you are become his heiress, he is impatient to have you married : he has always

been raving for more sons; I warrant he is now impatient for grandsons. As sure as I live, madam, I shall see you a bride at last. — Good madam, you won't cast off your faithful Bianca: you won't put Donno Rosara over me, now you are a great princess?"

"My poor Bianca," said Matilda, "how fast your thoughts ramble! I a great princess! What hast thou seen in Manfred's behaviour since my brother's death that bespeaks any increase of tenderness to me? No, Bianca; his heart was ever a stranger to — but he is my father, and I must not complain. Nay, if Heaven shuts my father's heart against me, it overpays my little merit in the tenderness of my mother — O that dear mother! yes, Bianca, it is there I feel the rugged temper of Manfred. I can support his harshness to me with patience; but it wounds my soul when I am witness to his causeless severity towards her."

"Oh! madam," said Bianca, "all men use their wives so, when they are weary of them."

"And yet you congratulated me but now," said Matilda, "when you fancied my father intended to dispose of me!"

"I would have you a great lady," replied Bianca, "come what will. I do not wish to see you moped in a convent, as you would be if you had your will, and if my lady, your mother, who knows that a bad husband is better than no husband at all, did not hinder you. — Bless me! what noise is that? St. Nicholas, forgive me! I was but in jest."

"It is the wind," said Matilda, "whistling through the battlements of the tower above; you have heard it a thousand times."

"Nay," said Bianca, "there was no harm, neither, in what I said: it is no sin to talk of matrimony — and so, madam, as I was saying, if my Lord Manfred should offer you a handsome young prince for a bridegroom, you would drop him a courtesy, and tell him you would rather take the veil?"

"Thank Heaven, I am in no such danger," said Matilda; "you know how many proposals for me he has rejected."

"And yet you thank him, like a dutiful daughter, do you, madam? — But come, madam; suppose, to-morrow morning, he was to send for you to the great council-chamber, and there you should find, at his elbow, a lovely young prince, with large

black eyes, smooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet; in short, madam, a young hero, resembling the picture of the good Alfonso in the gallery, which you sit and gaze at for hours together."

"Do not speak lightly of that picture," interrupted Matilda, sighing: "I know the adoration with which I look at that picture is uncommon — but I am not in love with a coloured panel. The character of that virtuous prince, — the veneration with which my mother has inspired me for his memory, — the orisons which, I know not why, she has enjoined me to pour forth at his tomb, — all have concurred to persuade me that somehow or other my destiny is linked with something relating to him."

"Lord! madam, how should that be?" said Bianca: "I have always heard that your family was no way related to his; and I am sure I cannot conceive why my lady, the princess, sends you, in a cold morning, or a damp evening, to pray at his tomb. He is no saint by the almanac. If you must pray, why does she not bid you address yourself to our great St. Nicholas? I am sure he is the saint I pray to for a husband."

"Perhaps my mind would be less affected," said Matilda, "if my mother would explain her reasons to me: but it is the mystery she observes that inspires me with this — I know not what to call it. As she never acts from caprice, I am sure there is some fatal secret at the bottom — nay, I know there is: in her agony of grief for my brother's death, she dropped some words that intimated as much."

"Oh! dear madam," cried Bianca, "what were they?"

"No," said Matilda; "if a parent lets fall a word, and wishes it recalled, it is not for a child to utter it."

"What! was she sorry for what she had said?" asked Bianca. "I am sure, madam, you may trust me —"

"With my own little secrets, when I have any, I may," said Matilda; "but never with my mother's: a child ought to have no ears or eyes, but as a parent directs."

"Well! to be sure, madam, you was born to be a saint," said Bianca, "and there is no resisting one's vocation: you will end in a convent at last. But there is my lady Isabella would not be so reserved to me: she will let me talk to her of young men:

and when a handsome cavalier has come to the castle, she has owned to me that she wished your brother Conrad resembled him."

"Bianca," said the princess, "I do not allow you to mention my friend disrespectfully. Isabella is of a cheerful disposition, but her soul is as pure as virtue itself. She knows your babbling humour, and perhaps has now and then encouraged it to divert melancholy, and enliven the solitude in which my father keeps us."

"Blessed Mary!" said Bianca, starting, "there it is again! Dear madam, do you hear nothing? this castle is certainly haunted."

"Peace!" said Matilda, "and listen! I did think I heard a voice — but it must be fancy; your terrors, I suppose, have infected me."

"Indeed! indeed! madam," said Bianca, half-weeping with agony, "I am sure I heard a voice."

"Does anybody lie in the chamber beneath?" said the Princess.

"Nobody has dared to lie there," answered Bianca, "since the great astrologer, that was your brother's tutor, drowned himself. For certain, madam, his ghost and the young prince's are now met in the chamber below — for heaven's sake let us fly to your mother's apartment!"

"I charge you not to stir," said Matilda. "If they are spirits in pain, we may ease their sufferings by questioning them. They can mean no hurt to us, for we have not injured them — and if they should, shall we be more safe in one chamber than in another? Reach me my beads; we will say a prayer, and then speak to them."

"Oh! dear lady, I would not speak to a ghost for the world," cried Bianca.

As she said these words, they heard the casement of the little chamber below Matilda's open. They listened attentively, and in a few minutes thought they heard a person sing, but could not distinguish the words.

"This can be no evil spirit," said the princess, in a low voice: "it is undoubtedly one of the family — open the window, and we shall know the voice."

"I dare not, indeed, madam," said Bianca.

"Thou art a very fool," said Matilda, opening the window gently herself.

The noise the princess made was, however, heard by the person beneath, who stopped, and they concluded had heard the case—ment open.

"Is any body below?" said the princess: "if there is, speak."

"Yes," said an unknown voice.

"Who is it?" said Matilda.

"A stranger," replied the voice.

"What stranger?" said she, — "and how didst thou come there, at this unusual hour, when all the gates of the castle are locked?"

"I am not here willingly," answered the voice — "but pardon me, lady, if I have disturbed your rest; I knew not that I was overheard. Sleep had forsaken me. I left a restless couch, and came to waste the irksome hours with gazing on the fair approach of morning, impatient to be dismissed from this castle."

"Thy words and accents," said Matilda, "are of a melancholy cast: if thou art unhappy, I pity thee. If poverty afflicts thee, let me know it; I will mention thee to the princess, whose beneficent soul ever melts for the distressed: and she will relieve thee."

"I am indeed unhappy," said the stranger, "and I know not what wealth is: but I do not complain of the lot which Heaven has cast for me; I am young and healthy, and am not ashamed of owing my support to myself — yet think me not proud, or that I disdain your generous offers. I will remember you in my orisons, and will pray for blessings on your gracious self, and your noble mistress — if I sigh, lady, it is for others, not for myself."

"Now I have it, madam," said Bianca, whispering the princess. "This is certainly the young peasant: and by my conscience he is in love. Well! this is a charming adventure! — do, madam, let us sift him. He does not know you, but takes you for one of my lady Hippolita's women."

"Art thou not ashamed, Bianca?" said the princess. "What right have we to pry into the secrets of this young man's heart? he seems virtuous and frank, and tells us he is unhappy: are

those circumstances that authorize us to make a property of him; how are we entitled to his confidence!"

"Lord! madam, how little you know of love!" replied Bianca: "why, lovers have no pleasure equal to talking of their mistress."

"And would you have *me* become a peasant's confidant?" said the princess.

"Well, then, let me talk to him," said Bianca: "though I have the honour of being your highness's maid of honour, I was not always so great: besides, if love levels ranks, it raises them too. I have a respect for any young man in love."

"Peace! simpleton," said the princess; "though he said he was unhappy, it does not follow that he must be in love. Think of all that has happened to-day, and tell me if there are no misfortunes but what love causes. Stranger," resumed the princess, "if thy misfortunes have not been occasioned by thy own fault, and are within the compass of the Princess Hippolita's power to redress, I will take upon me to answer that she will be thy protectress. When thou art dismissed from this castle, repair to holy father Jerome, at the convent adjoining to the church of St. Nicholas, and make thy story known to him, as far as thou thinkest meet: he will not fail to inform the princess, who is the mother of all that want her assistance. Farewell! it is not seemly for me to hold farther converse with a man at this unwonted hour."

"May the saints guard thee, gracious lady!" replied the peasant; "but oh! if a poor and worthless stranger might presume to beg a minute's audience farther — am I so happy? — the casement is not shut — might I venture to ask?" —

"Speak quickly," said Matilda; "the morning draws apace: should the labourers come into the fields and perceive us — What wouldst thou ask?"

"I know not how, I know not if I dare —" said the young stranger, faltering — "yet the humanity with which you have spoken to me emboldens — Lady! dare I trust you?"

"Heavens!" said Matilda, "what dost thou mean; with what wouldst thou trust me? — speak boldly, if thy secret is fit to be intrusted to a virtuous breast."

"I would ask," said the peasant, recollecting himself, "whether

what I have heard from the domestics is true, that the princess is missing from the castle?"

"What imports it to thee to know?" replied Matilda. "Thy first words bespoke a prudent and becoming gravity. Dost thou come hither to pry into the secrets of Manfred? Adieu! I have been mistaken in thee."

Saying these words, she shut the casement hastily, without giving the young man time to reply.

"I had acted more wisely," said the princess to Bianca, with some sharpness, "if I had let thee converse with this peasant; his inquisitiveness seems of a piece with thy own."

"It is not fit for me to argue with your highness," replied Bianca, "but perhaps the questions I should have put to him would have been more to the purpose than those you have been pleased to ask him!"

"Oh! no doubt," said Matilda, "you are a very discreet personage! may I know what you would have asked him?"

"A bystander often sees more of the game than those that play," answered Bianca. "Does your highness think, madam, that his question about my Lady Isabella was the result of mere curiosity? No, no, madam; there is more in it than you great folks are aware of. Lopez told me that all the servants believe this young fellow contrived my Lady Isabella's escape. Now, pray, madam, observe — you and I both know that my Lady Isabella never much fancied the prince your brother — Well! he is killed just in the critical minute — I accuse nobody. A helmet falls from the moon — so my lord, your father says; but Lopez and all the servants say that this young spark is a magician, and stole it from Alfonso's tomb —"

"Have done with this rhapsody of impertinence!" said Matilda.

"Nay, madam, as you please," cried Bianca; "yet it is very particular, though, that my Lady Isabella should be missing the very same day, and that this young sorcerer should be found at the mouth of the trap-door — I accuse nobody — but if my young lord came honestly by his death —"

"Dare not, on thy duty," said Matilda, "to breathe a suspicion on the purity of my dear Isabella's fame."

"Purity, or not purity," said Bianca, "gone she is — a stranger

is found that nobody knows : you question him, yourself ; he tells you he is in love, or unhappy, it is the same thing ; nay, he owned he was unhappy, about others ; and is anybody unhappy about another, unless they are in love with them ? — and at the very next word he asks, innocently, poor soul ! if my Lady Isabella is missing."

"To be sure," said Matilda, "thy observations are not totally without foundation — Isabella's flight amazes me : the curiosity of this stranger is very particular — yet Isabella never concealed a thought from me."

"So she told you," said Bianca, "to fish out your secrets — but who knows, madam, but this stranger may be some prince in disguise ? do, madam, let me open the window, and ask him a few questions."

"No," replied Matilda, "I will ask him myself, if he knows aught of Isabella : he is not worthy that I should converse farther with him."

She was going to open the casement, when they heard the bell ring at the postern gate of the castle, which was on the right hand of the tower where Matilda lay. This prevented the princess from renewing the conversation with the stranger.

After continuing silent for some time, "I am persuaded," said she to Bianca, "that whatever be the cause of Isabella's flight, it had no unworthy motive. If this stranger was accessory to it, she must be satisfied of his fidelity and worth. I observed, did not you, Bianca ? that his words were tinged with an uncommon infusion of piety. It was no ruffian's speech : his phrases were becoming a man of gentle birth."

"I told you, madam," said Bianca, "that I was sure he was some prince in disguise."

"Yet," said Matilda, "if he was privy to her escape, how will you account for his not accompanying her in her flight ? — why expose himself, unnecessarily and rashly, to my father's resentment ?"

"As for that, madam," replied she, "if he could get from under the helmet, he will find ways of eluding your father's anger. I do not doubt but he has some talisman or other about him."

"You resolve everything into magic," said Matilda ; "but a

man who has any intercourse with infernal spirits does not dare to make use of those tremendous and holy words which he uttered. Didst thou not observe with what fervour he vowed to remember *me* to Heaven in his prayers? — yes; Isabella was undoubtedly convinced of his piety.”

“Commend me to the piety of a young fellow and a damsel that consult to elope!” said Bianca. “No, no, madam: my Lady Isabella is of another guess mould than that you take her for. She used indeed to sigh and lift up her eyes in your company, because she knows you are a saint — but when your back was turned ——”

“You wrong her,” said Matilda; “Isabella is no hypocrite: she has a due sense of devotion, but never affected a call she has not. On the contrary, she always combated my inclination for the cloister; and though I own the mystery she has made to me of her flight confounds me, though it seems inconsistent with the friendship between us, I cannot forget the disinterested warmth with which she always opposed my taking the veil: she wishes to see me married, though my dower would have been a loss to her and my brother’s children. For her sake, I will believe well of this young peasant.”

“Then you do think there is some liking between them,” said Bianca.

While she was speaking, a servant came hastily into the chamber, and told the princess that the Lady Isabella was found.

“Where?” said Matilda.

“She has taken sanctuary in St. Nicholas’s church,” replied the servant: “father Jerome has brought the news himself: he is below with his highness.”

“Where is my mother?” said Matilda.

“She is in her own chamber, madam, and has asked for you.”

Manfred had risen at the first dawn of light, and gone to Hippolita’s apartment, to inquire if she knew aught of Isabella. While he was questioning her, word was brought that Jerome demanded to speak with him. Manfred, little suspecting the cause of the friar’s arrival, and knowing he was employed by Hippolita in her charities, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he pursued his search after Isabella.

"Is your business with me or the princess?" said Manfred.

"With both," replied the holy man. "The Lady Isabella ——"

"What of her?" interrupted Manfred, eagerly —

"Is at St. Nicholas's altar," replied Jerome.

"That is no business of Hippolita," said Manfred, with confusion. "Let us retire to my chamber, father; and inform me how she came thither."

"No, my lord," replied the good man, with an air of firmness and authority that daunted even the resolute Manfred, who could not help revering the saint-like virtues of Jerome: "my commission is to both: and, with your highness's good liking, in the presence of both I shall deliver it — but first, my lord, I must interrogate the princess, whether she is acquainted with the cause of the Lady Isabella's retirement from your castle!"

"No, on my soul," said Hippolita; "does Isabella charge me with being privy to it?"

"Father," interrupted Manfred, "I pay due reverence to your holy profession; but I am sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priests to interfere in the affairs of my domestic. If you have aught to say, attend me to my chamber — I do not use to let my wife be acquainted with the secret affairs of my state: they are not within a woman's province."

"My lord," said the holy man, "I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Manfred. Harken to him who speaks through my organs."

Manfred trembled with rage and shame. Hippolita's countenance declared her astonishment and impatience to know where this would end; her silence more strongly spoke her observance of Manfred.

"The Lady Isabella," resumed Jerome, "commends herself to both your highnesses; she thanks both for the kindness with which she has been treated in your castle: she deplores the loss of your son, and her own misfortunes in not becoming the daughter of such wise and noble princes, whom she shall always respect as

parents; she prays for uninterrupted union and felicity between you (Manfred's colour changed): but as it is no longer possible for her to be allied to you, she entreats your consent to remain in sanctuary, till she can learn news of her father, or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to dispose of herself in suitable marriage."

"I shall give no such consent," said the prince, "but insist on her return to the castle without delay: I am answerable for her person to her guardians, and will not brook her being in any hands but my own."

"Your highness will recollect whether that can any longer be proper," replied the friar.

"I want no monitor," cried Manfred, colouring; "Isabella's conduct leaves room for strange suspicions — and that young villain, who was at least the accomplice of her flight, if not the cause of it ——"

"The cause!" interrupted Jerome, "was a young man the cause?"

"This is not to be borne!" cried Manfred. "Am I to be bearded in my own palace by an insolent monk? Thou art privy, I guess, to their amours."

"I would pray to Heaven to clear up your uncharitable surmises," said Jerome, "if your highness were not satisfied in your conscience how unjustly you accuse me. I do pray to Heaven to pardon that uncharitableness: and I implore your highness to leave the princess at peace in that holy place, where she is not likely to be disturbed by such vain and worldly phantasies as discourses of love from any man."

"Cant not to me," said Manfred, "but return, and bring the princess to her duty."

"It is my duty to prevent her return hither," said Jerome. "She is where orphans and virgins are safest from the snares and wiles of this world; and nothing but a parent's authority shall take her thence."

"I am her parent," cried Manfred, "and demand her."

"She wished to have you for a parent," said the friar: "but Heaven, that forbad that connexion, has for ever dissolved all ties betwixt you: and I announce to your highness ——"

"Stop! audacious man," said Manfred, "and dread my displeasure."

"Holy father," said Hippolita, "it is your office to be no respecter of persons: you must speak as your duty prescribes. But it is my duty to hear nothing that it pleases not my lord I should hear. Attend the prince to his chamber. I will retire to my oratory, and pray to the blessed virgin to inspire you with her holy counsels, and to restore the heart of my gracious lord to its wonted peace and gentleness."

"Excellent woman!" said the friar — "My lord, I attend your pleasure."

Manfred, accompanied by the friar, passed to his own apartment, where, shutting the door, "I perceive, father," said he, "that Isabella has acquainted you with my purpose. Now hear my resolve, and obey. Reasons of state, most urgent reasons, my own and the safety of my people, demand that I should have a son. It is in vain to expect an heir from Hippolita. I have made choice of Isabella. You must bring her back: and you must do more. I know the influence you have with Hippolita: her conscience is in your hands. She is, I allow, a faultless woman: her soul is set on heaven, and scorns the little grandeur of this world: you can withdraw her from it entirely. Persuade her to consent to the dissolution of our marriage, and to retire into a monastery: she shall endow one if she will; and she shall have the means of being as liberal to your order, as she or you can wish. Thus you will divert the calamities that are hanging over our heads, and have the merit of saving the principality of Otranto from destruction. You are a prudent man, and though the warmth of my temper betrayed me into some unbecoming expressions, I honour your virtue, and wish to be indebted to you for the repose of my life and the preservation of my family."

"The will of Heaven be done!" said the friar; "I am but its worthless instrument. It makes use of my tongue to tell thee, prince, of thy unwarrantable designs. The injuries of the virtuous Hippolita have mounted to the throne of pity. By me thou art reprimanded for thy adulterous intention of repudiating her: by me thou art warned not to pursue an incestuous design

on thy contracted daughter. Heaven, that delivered her from thy fury, when the judgments so recently fallen on thy house ought to have inspired thee with other thoughts, will continue to watch over her. Even I, a poor and despised friar, am able to protect her from thy violence, — I, sinner as I am, and uncharitably reviled by your highness as an accomplice of I know not what amours, scorn the allurements with which it has pleased thee to tempt mine honesty. I love my order; I honour devout souls: I respect the piety of thy princess — but I will not betray the confidence she reposes in me, nor serve even the cause of religion by foul and sinful compliances. But, forsooth! the welfare of the state depends upon your highness having a son! Heaven mocks the short-sighted views of man. But yester-morn, whose house was so great, so flourishing as Manfred's? — where is young Conrad now? My lord, I respect your tears — but I mean not to check them — let them flow, prince! they will weigh more with Heaven, towards the welfare of thy subjects, than a marriage which, founded on lust or policy, could never prosper. The sceptre, which passed from the race of Alfonso to thine, cannot be preserved by a match which the church will never allow. If it is the will of the most High that Manfred's name must perish; resign yourself, my lord, to its decrees, and thus deserve a crown that can never pass away. Come, my lord; I like this sorrow — let us return to the princess: she is not apprised of your cruel intentions: nor did I mean more than to alarm you. You saw with what gentle patience, with what efforts of love, she heard — she rejected hearing the extent of your guilt. I know she longs to fold you in her arms and assure you of her unalterable affection."

"Father," said the prince, "you mistake my compunction: true, I honour Hippolita's virtues; I think her a saint; and wish it were for my soul's health, to tie faster the knot that has united us; but, alas! father, you know not the bitterest pangs! It is some time that I have had scruples on the legality of our union; Hippolita is related to me in the fourth degree. — It is true, we had a dispensation: but I have been informed that she had also been contracted to another. This it is that sits heavy at my heart: to this state of unlawful wedlock, I impute the visitation

that has fallen on me in the death of Conrad ! Ease my conscience of this burthen : dissolve our marriage, and accomplish the work of godliness, which your divine exhortations have commenced in my soul."

How cutting was the anguish which the good man felt when he perceived this turn in the wily prince ! He trembled for Hippolita, whose ruin he saw was determined : and he feared, if Manfred had no hope of recovering Isabella, that his impatience for a son would direct him to some other object, who might not be equally proof against the temptation of Manfred's rank. For some time the holy man remained absorbed in thought. At length, conceiving some hopes from delay, he thought the wisest conduct would be to prevent the prince from despairing of recovering Isabella. Her, the friar knew he could dispose, from her affection to Hippolita, and from the aversion she had expressed to him for Manfred's addresses, to second his views, till the censures of the church could be fulminated against a divorce.

With this intention, as if struck with the prince's scruples, he at length said, "My lord, I have been pondering on what your highness has said ; and if in truth it is delicacy of conscience that is the real motive of your repugnance to your virtuous lady, far be it from me to endeavour to harden your heart. The church is an indulgent mother : unfold your griefs to her : she alone can administer comfort to your soul, either by satisfying your conscience, or, upon examination of your scruples, by setting you at liberty, and indulging you in the lawful means of continuing your lineage. In the latter case, if the Lady Isabella can be brought to consent ——"

Manfred, who concluded that he had either overreached the good man, or that his first warmth had been but a tribute paid to appearance, was overjoyed at his sudden turn, and repeated the most magnificent promises, if he should succeed by the friar's mediation. The well-meaning priest, suffered him to deceive himself, fully determined to traverse his views, instead of seconding them.

"Since we now understand one another," resumed the prince, "I expect, father, that you satisfy me in one point. Who is the youth that I found in the vault ? He must have been

privy to Isabella's flight: tell me truly: is he her lover? or is he an agent for another's passion? I have often suspected Isabella's indifference to my son: a thousand circumstances crowd on my mind, that confirm that suspicion. She herself was so conscious of it, that, while I discoursed with her in the gallery, she outran my suspicions, and endeavoured to justify herself from coolness to Conrad."

The friar, who knew nothing of the youth, but what he had learned occasionally from the princess, ignorant what was become of him, and not sufficiently reflecting on the impetuosity of Manfred's temper, conceived that it might not be amiss to sow the seeds of jealousy in his mind; they might be turned to some use hereafter, either by prejudicing the prince against Isabella, if he persisted in that union; or, by diverting his attention to a wrong scent, and employing his thoughts on a visionary intrigue, prevent his engaging in any new pursuit. With this unhappy policy he answered in a manner to confirm Manfred in the belief of some connexion between Isabella and the youth.

The prince, whose passions wanted little fuel to throw them into a blaze, fell into a rage at the idea of what the friar suggested. "I will fathom to the bottom of this intrigue," cried he, and quitting Jerome abruptly, with a command to remain there till his return, he hastened to the great hall of the castle, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him.

"Thou hardened young impostor," said the prince, as soon as he saw the youth; "what becomes of thy boasted veracity now? It was Providence, was it, and the light of the moon, that discovered the lock of the trap-door to thee? Tell me, audacious boy, who thou art, and how long thou hast been acquainted with the princess — and take care to answer with less equivocation than thou didst last night, or tortures shall wring the truth from thee."

The young man, perceiving that his share in the flight of the princess was discovered, and concluding that anything he should say could no longer be of service or detriment to her, replied, "I am no impostor, my lord, nor have I deserved opprobrious language. I answered to every question your highness put to

me last night, with the same veracity that I shall speak now: and that will not be from fear of your tortures, but because my soul abhors a falsehood. Please to repeat your questions, my lord; I am ready to give you all the satisfaction in my power."

"You know my questions," replied the prince, "and only want time to prepare an evasion. Speak directly: who art thou? and how long hast thou been known to the princess?"

"I am a labourer at the next village," said the peasant; "my name is Theodore. The princess found me in the vault last night: before that hour I never was in her presence."

"I may believe as much or as little as I please of this," said Manfred; "but I will hear thy own story, before I examine into the truth of it. Tell me, what reason did the princess give thee for making her escape? thy life depends on thy answer."

"She told me," replied Theodore, "that she was on the brink of destruction, and that, if she could not escape from the castle, she was in danger, in a few moments, of being made miserable for ever."

"And on this slight foundation, on a silly girl's report," said Manfred, "thou didst hazard my displeasure?"

"I fear no man's displeasure," said Theodore, "when a woman in distress puts herself under my protection."

During this examination, Matilda was going to the apartment of Hippolita. At the upper end of the hall, where Manfred sat, was a boarded gallery, with latticed windows, through which Matilda and Bianca were to pass. Hearing her father's voice, and seeing the servants assembled around him, she stopped to learn the occasion. The prisoner soon drew her attention: the steady and composed manner in which he answered, and the gallantry of his last reply, which were the first words she heard distinctly, interested her in his favour. His person was noble, handsome, and commanding, even in that situation: but his countenance soon engrossed her whole care.

"Heavens! Bianca," said the princess, softly, "do I dream? or is not that youth the exact remembrance of Alfonso's picture in the gallery?" She could say no more, for her father's voice grew louder at every word.

"This bravado," said he, "surpasses all thy former insolence.

Thou shalt experience the wrath with which thou darest to trifle. Seize him," continued Manfred, "and bind him — the first news the princess hears of her champion shall be that he has lost his head for her sake!"

"The injustice of which thou art guilty towards me," said Theodore, "convinces me that I have done a good deed in delivering the princess from thy tyranny. May she be happy, whatever becomes of me!"

"This is a lover!" cried Manfred, in a rage; "a peasant within sight of death is not animated by such sentiments. Tell me, tell me, rash boy, who thou art, or the rack shall force the secret from thee."

"Thou hast threatened me with death already," said the youth, "for the truth I have told thee: if that is all the encouragement I am to expect for sincerity, I am not tempted to indulge thy vain curiosity farther."

"Then thou wilt not speak?" said Manfred.

"I will not," replied he.

"Bear him away into the court yard," said Manfred; "I will see his head this instant severed from his body."

Matilda fainted at hearing those words. Bianca shrieked, and cried, "Help! help! the princess is dead!"

Manfred started at this ejaculation, and demanded what was the matter! — the young peasant, who heard it too, was struck with horror, and asked eagerly the same question; but Manfred ordered him to be hurried into the court, and kept there for execution, till he had informed himself of Bianca's shrieks. When he learned the meaning, he treated it as a womanish panic, and ordering Matilda to be carried to her apartment, he rushed into the court, and calling for one of his guards, bade Theodore kneel down and prepare to receive the fatal blow.

The undaunted youth received the bitter sentence with a resignation that touched every heart but Manfred's. He wished earnestly to know the meaning of the words he had heard relating to the princess; but fearing to exasperate the tyrant more against her, he desisted. The only boon he deigned to ask, was, that he might be permitted to have a confessor, and make his peace with Heaven.

Manfred, who hoped, by the confessor's means, to come at the youth's history, readily granted his request; and being convinced that father Jerome was now in his interest, he ordered him to be called, to shrieve the prisoner. The holy man, who had little foreseen the catastrophe that his imprudence occasioned, fell on his knees to the prince, and abjured him, in the most solemn manner, not to shed innocent blood. He accused himself in the bitterest terms for his indiscretion, endeavoured to exculpate the youth, and left no method untried to soften the tyrant's rage. Manfred, more incensed than appeased by Jerome's intercession, whose retraction now made him suspect he had been imposed upon by both, commanded the friar to do his duty, telling him he would not allow the prisoner many minutes for confession.

"Nor do I ask many, my lord," said the unhappy young man; "my sins, thank heaven, have not been numerous; nor exceed what might be expected at my years. Dry your tears, good father, and let us dispatch: this is a bad world, nor have I cause to leave it with regret."

"Oh! wretched youth!" said Jerome; "how canst thou bear the sight of me with patience? I am thy murderer! — it is I have brought this dismal hour upon thee!"

"I forgive thee from my soul," said the youth, "as I hope Heaven will pardon me. Hear my confession, father, and give me thy blessing."

"How can I prepare thee for thy passage as I ought," said Jerome. "Thou canst not be saved without pardoning thy foes — and canst thou forgive that impious man there?"

"I can," said Theodore; "I do."

"And does not this touch thee! cruel prince?" said the friar.

"I sent for thee to confess him," said Manfred, sternly, "not to plead for him. Thou didst first incense me against him — his blood be upon thy head!"

"It will! it will!" said the good man, in an agony of sorrow. "Thou and I must never hope to go where this blessed youth is going!"

"Dispatch!" said Manfred: "I am no more to be moved by the whining of priests than by the shrieks of women."

"What!" said the youth, "is it possible that my fate could have occasioned what I heard! is the princess then again in thy power?"

"Thou dost but remember me of my wrath," said Manfred: "prepare thee, for this moment is thy last."

The youth, who felt his indignation rise, and who was touched with the sorrow which he saw he had infused into all the spectators, as well as into the friar, suppressed his emotions, and putting off his doublet, and unbuttoning his collar, knelt down to his prayers. As he stooped, his shirt slipped down below his shoulder, and discovered the mark of a bloody arrow.

"Gracious heaven!" cried the holy man, starting, "what do I see! It is my child! my Theodore!"

The passions that ensued must be conceived; they cannot be painted. The tears of the assistants were suspended by wonder rather than stopped with joy. They seemed to inquire in the eyes of their lord what they ought to feel. Surprise, doubt, tenderness, respect, succeeded each other in the countenance of the youth. He received, with modest submission, the effusion of the old man's tears and embraces; yet afraid of giving a loose to hope, and suspecting from what had passed, the inflexibility of Manfred's temper, he cast a glance towards the prince, as if to say, Canst thou be unmoved at such a scene as this?

Manfred's heart was capable of being touched. He forgot his anger in his astonishment; yet his pride forbade his owning himself affected. He even doubted whether this discovery was not a contrivance of the friar to save the youth.

"What may this mean?" said he: "how can he be thy son? Is it consistent with thy profession or reputed sanctity to avow a peasant's offspring for the fruit of thy irregular amours!"

"Oh, God!" said the holy man, "dost thou question his being mine? could I feel the anguish I do, if I were not his father? Spare him! good prince, spare him! and revile me as thou pleasest."

"Spare him! spare him!" cried the attendants, "for this good man's sake!"

"Peace!" said Manfred, sternly; "I must know more, ere I am disposed to pardon.—A saint's bastard may be no saint himself."

"Injurious lord!" said Theodore, "add not insult to cruelty. If I am this venerable man's son, though no prince as thou art, know the blood that flows in my veins —"

"Yes," said the friar, interrupting him, "his blood is noble, nor is he that abject thing, my lord, you speak him. He is my lawful son: and Sicily can boast of few houses more ancient than that of Falconara — but alas! my lord, what is blood! what is nobility! We are all reptiles, miserable, sinful creatures. It is piety alone that can distinguish us from the dust whence we sprung, and whither we must return."

"Truce to your sermon," said Manfred; "you forget you are no longer friar Jerome, but the Count of Falconara. Let me know your history; you will have time to moralise hereafter, if you should not happen to obtain the grace of that sturdy criminal there."

"Mother of God!" said the friar, "is it possible my lord can refuse a father the life of his only, his long-lost child! Trample me, my lord, scorn, afflict me, accept my life for his, but spare my son!"

"Thou canst feel, then," said Manfred, "what it is to lose an only son? — A little hour ago, thou didst preach up resignation to me: my house, if Fate so please, must perish — but the Count of Falconara —"

"Alas! my lord," said Jerome, "I confess I have offended; but aggravate not an old man's sufferings: I boast not of my family, nor think of such vanities — it is nature that pleads for this boy; it is the memory of the dear woman that bore him — is she, Theodore, is she dead?"

"Her soul has long been with the blessed," said Theodore.

"Oh! how!" cried Jerome, "tell me — no — she is happy! thou art all my care now! Most dread lord! will you — will you grant me my poor boy's life?"

"Return to thy convent," answered Manfred; "conduct the princess hither; obey me in what else thou knowest, and I promise thee the life of thy son."

"Oh! my lord," said Jerome, "is my honesty the price I must pay for this dear youth's safety?"

"For me!" cried Theodore; "let me die a thousand deaths;

rather than stain thy conscience. What is it the tyrant would exact of thee? Is the princess still safe from his power? protect her, thou venerable old man: and let all the weight of his wrath fall on me."

Jerome endeavoured to check the impetuosity of the youth; and ere Manfred could reply, the trampling of horses was heard, and a brazen trumpet, which hung without the gate of the castle, was suddenly sounded. At the same instant the sable plumes on the enchanted helmet, which still remained at the other end of the court, were tempestuously agitated, and nodded thrice, as if bowed by some invisible wearer.

CHAPTER III

MANFRED'S heart misgave him when he beheld the plumage on the miraculous casque shaken in concert with the sounding of the brazen trumpet. "Father!" said he to Jerome, whom he now ceased to treat as Count of Falconara, "what mean these portents? If I have offended —"

The plumes were shaken with greater violence than before. "Unhappy prince that I am!" cried Manfred — "Holy father! will you not assist me with your prayers?"

"My lord," replied Jerome, "Heaven is no doubt displeased with your mockery of its servants. Submit yourself to the church: and cease to persecute her ministers. Dismiss this innocent youth; and learn to respect the holy character I wear; Heaven will not be trifled with: you see" — the trumpet sounded again.

"I acknowledge I have been too hasty," said Manfred. "Father, do you go to the wicket, and demand who is at the gate."

"Do you grant me the life of Theodore?" replied the friar.

"I do," said Manfred; "but inquire who is without!"

Jerome, falling on the neck of his son, discharged a flood of tears, that spoke the fulness of his soul.

"You promised to go to the gate," said Manfred.

"I thought," replied the friar, "your highness would excuse my thanking you first in this tribute of my heart."

"Go, dearest sir," said Theodore, "obey the prince: I do not deserve that you should delay his satisfaction for me."

Jerome inquiring who was without, was answered, "A herald."

"From whom?" said he.

"From the Knight of the Gigantic Sabre," said the herald; "and I must speak with the usurper of Otranto."

Jerome returned to the prince, and did not fail to repeat the message in the very words it had been uttered. The first sounds struck Manfred with terror; but when he heard himself styled usurper, his rage rekindled, and all his courage revived.

"Usurper! — insolent villain!" cried he, "who dares to question my title? Retire, father: this is no business for monks. I will meet this presumptuous man myself. Go to your convent, and prepare the princess's return: your son shall be a hostage for your fidelity; his life depends upon your obedience."

"Good heaven! my lord," cried Jerome, "your highness did but this instant freely pardon my child, — have you so soon forgot the interposition of Heaven?"

"Heaven," replied Manfred, "does not send heralds to question the title of a lawful prince; — I doubt whether it even notifies its will through friars; — but that is your affair — not mine. At present you know my pleasure, and it is not a saucy herald that shall save your son, if you do not return with the princess."

It was in vain for the holy man to reply. Manfred commanded him to be conducted to the postern gate, and shut out from the castle: and he ordered some of his attendants to carry Theodore to the top of the Black Tower, and guard him strictly; scarce permitting the father and son to exchange a hasty embrace at parting. He then withdrew to the hall, and, seating himself in princely state, ordered the herald to be admitted to his presence.

"Well! thou insolent," said the prince; "what wouldst thou with me?"

"I come," replied he, "to thee, Manfred, usurper of the principality of Otranto, from the renowned and invincible knight, the Knight of the Gigantic Sabre: in the name of his lord, Frederick Marquis of Vicenza, he demands the Lady Isabella,

daughter of that prince, whom thou hast basely and traitorously got into thy power, by bribing her false guardians during his absence; and he requires thee to resign the principality of Otranto, which thou hast usurped from the said lord Frederick, the nearest of blood to the last rightful lord Alfonso the Good. If thou dost not instantly comply with these just demands, he defies thee to single combat to the last extremity." And so saying, the herald cast down his warder.

"And where is this braggart who sends thee?" said Manfred.

"At the distance of a league," said the herald: "he comes to make good his lord's claim against thee, as he is a true knight, and thou an usurper and a ravisher."

Injurious as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his interest to provoke the Marquis. He knew how well-founded the claim of Frederick was; nor was this the first time he had heard of it. Frederick's ancestors had assumed the style of Princes of Otranto, from the death of Alfonso the Good without issue: but Manfred, his father, and grandfather, had been too powerful for the house of Vicenza to dispossess them. Frederick, a martial and amorous young prince, married a beautiful young lady, of whom he was enamoured, and who had died in child-bed of Isabella. Her death affected him so much that he had taken the cross, and gone to the Holy Land, where he was wounded in an engagement against the infidels, made prisoner, and reported to be dead. When the news reached Manfred's ears, he bribed the guardians of the Lady Isabella to deliver her up to him as a bride for his son Conrad; by which alliance he had proposed to unite the claims of the two houses. This motive, on Conrad's death, had coöperated to make him so suddenly resolve on espousing her himself, and the same reflection determined him now to endeavour at obtaining the consent of Frederick to his marriage. A like policy inspired him with the thought of inviting Frederick's champion into his castle, lest he should be informed of Isabella's flight, which he strictly enjoined his domestics not to disclose to any of the knight's retinue.

"Herald," said Manfred, as soon as he had digested these reflections, "return to thy master, and tell him, ere we liqui-

date our differences by the sword, Manfred would hold some converse with him. Bid him welcome to my castle, where, by my faith, as I am a true knight, he shall have courteous reception, and full security for himself and followers. If we cannot adjust our quarrel by amicable means, I swear he shall depart in safety, and shall have full satisfaction, according to the laws of arms, so help me God, and his holy Trinity!" The herald made three obeisances, and retired.

During this interview, Jerome's mind was agitated by a thousand contrary passions. He trembled for the life of his son, and his first thought was to persuade Isabella to return to the castle. Yet he was scarce less alarmed at the thought of her union with Manfred. He dreaded Hippolita's unbounded submission to the will of her lord; and though he did not doubt but that he could alarm her piety not to consent to a divorce, if he could get access to her; yet, should Manfred discover that the obstruction came from him, it might be equally fatal to Theodore. He was impatient to know whence came the herald, who with so little management had questioned the title of Manfred; yet he did not dare absent himself from the convent, lest Isabella should leave it, and her flight be imputed to him. He returned disconsolately to the monastery, uncertain on what conduct to resolve. A monk, who met him in the porch, and observed his melancholy air, said, "Alas! brother, is it then true, that we have lost our excellent princess, Hippolita?"

The holy man started, and cried, "What meanest thou, brother? I came this instant from the castle, and left her in perfect health."

"Martelli," replied the other friar, "passed by the convent but a quarter of an hour ago, on his way from the castle, and reported that her highness was dead. All our brethren are gone to the chapel, to pray for her happy transit to a better life, and willed me to wait thy arrival. They know thy holy attachment to that good lady, and are anxious for the affliction it will cause in thee — indeed, we have all reason to weep; she was a mother to our house. But this life is but a pilgrimage; we must not murmur; we shall all follow her! — may our end be like hers."

"Good brother, thou dreamest," said Jerome; "I tell thee

I come from the castle, and left the princess well. Where is the Lady Isabella?"

"Poor gentlewoman!" replied the friar; "I told her the sad news, and offered her spiritual comfort: I reminded her of the transitory condition of mortality, and advised her to take the veil: I quoted the example of the holy princess Sanchia of Arragon."

"Thy zeal was laudable," said Jerome, impatiently; "but at present it is unnecessary: Hippolita is well — at least, I trust in the Lord she is; I heard nothing to the contrary; — yet methinks the prince's earnestness —"

"Well, brother, but where is the Lady Isabella?"

"I know not," said the friar; "she wept much, and said she would retire to her chamber."

Jerome left his comrade abruptly, and hastened to the princess; but she was not in her chamber. He inquired of the domestics of the convent, but could learn no news of her. He searched in vain throughout the monastery and the church, and despatched messengers round the neighbourhood, to get intelligence if she had been seen; but to no purpose. Nothing could equal the good man's perplexity. He judged that Isabella, suspecting Manfred of having precipitated his wife's death, had taken the alarm, and withdrawn herself to some more secret place of concealment. This new flight would probably carry the prince's fury to the height. The report of Hippolita's death, thought it seemed almost incredible, increased his consternation; and though Isabella's escape bespoke her aversion of Manfred for a husband, Jerome could feel no comfort from it, while it endangered the life of his son. He determined to return to the castle, and made several of his brethren accompany him to attest his innocence to Manfred, and, if necessary, join their intercession with his, for Theodore.

The prince, in the mean time, had passed into the court, and ordered the gates of the castle to be flung open for the reception of the stranger knight and his train. In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived. First came two harbingers, with wands; next a herald, followed by two pages and two trumpets; then a hundred foot-guards: these were attended by as many horse;

after them fifty footmen, clothed in scarlet and black, the colours of the knight; then a led horse; two heralds on each side of a gentleman on horseback, bearing a banner with the arms of Vicenza and Otranto quarterly—a circumstance that much offended Manfred; but he stifled his resentment. Two more pages; the knight's confessor telling his beads; fifty more footmen, clad as before; two knights habited in complete armour, their beavers down, comrades to the principal knight; the esquires of the two knights, carrying their shields and devices; the knight's own esquire; a hundred gentlemen, bearing an enormous sword, and seeming to faint under the weight of it; the knight himself on a chestnut steed, in complete armour, his lance in the rest, his face entirely concealed by his vizor, which was surmounted by a large plume of scarlet and black feathers; fifty foot-guards with drums and trumpets closed the procession, which wheeled off to the right and left, to make room for the principal knight.

As soon as he approached the gate, he stopped, and the herald advancing, read again the words of the challenge. Manfred's eyes were fixed on the gigantic sword, and he scarce seemed to attend to the cartel: but his attention was soon diverted by a tempest of wind that rose behind him. He turned and beheld the plumes of the enchanted helmet agitated in the same extraordinary manner as before. It required intrepidity like Manfred's not to sink under a concurrence of circumstances that seemed to announce his fate. Yet, scorning in the presence of strangers to betray the courage he had always manifested, he said boldly, "Sir Knight, whoever thou art, I bid thee welcome. If thou art of mortal mould, thy valour shall meet its equal, and if thou art a true knight, thou wilt scorn to employ sorcery to carry thy point. Be these omens from heaven or hell, Manfred trusts to the righteousness of his cause, and to the aid of St. Nicholas, who has ever protected his house. Alight, Sir Knight, and repose thyself. To-morrow thou shalt have a fair field; and Heaven befriend the juster side."

The knight made no reply; but, dismounting, was conducted by Manfred to the great hall of the castle. As they traversed the court, the knight stopped to gaze on the miraculous casque:

and, kneeling down, seemed to pray inwardly for some minutes. Rising, he made a sign to the prince to lead on. As soon as they entered the hall, Manfred proposed to the stranger to disarm, but the knight shook his head in token of refusal.

"Sir Knight," said Manfred, "this is not courteous; but by my good faith I will not cross thee; nor shalt thou have cause to complain of the Prince of Otranto. No treachery is designed on my part; I hope none is intended on thine; here, take my gage (giving him his ring); your friends and you shall enjoy the laws of hospitality. Rest here until refreshments are brought: I will but give orders for the accommodation of your train, and return to you."

The three knights bowed, as accepting his courtesy. Manfred directed the stranger's retinue to be conducted to an adjacent hospital, founded by the princess Hippolita for the reception of pilgrims. As they made the circuit of the court to return towards the gate, the gigantic sword burst from the supporters, and, falling to the ground opposite to the helmet, remained immoveable. Manfred, almost hardened to preternatural appearances, surmounted the shock of this new prodigy; and, returning to the hall, where by this time the feast was ready, he invited his silent guests to take their places. Manfred, however ill his heart was at ease, endeavoured to inspire the company with mirth. He put several questions to them, but was answered only by signs. They raised their vizors but sufficiently to feed themselves, and that sparingly.

"Sirs," said the prince, "ye are the first guests I ever treated within these walls who scorned to hold any intercourse with me; nor has it oft been customary, I ween, for princes to hazard their state and dignity against strangers and mutes. You say you come in the name of Frederick of Vicenza; I have ever heard that he was a gallant and courteous knight; nor would he, I am bold to say, think it beneath him to mix in social converse with a prince that is his equal, and not unknown by deeds in arms — Still ye are silent — well! be it as it may — by the laws of hospitality and chivalry ye are masters under this roof: ye shall do your pleasure — but come, give me a goblet of wine; you will not refuse to pledge me to the healths of your fair mistresses."

The principal knight sighed and crossed himself, and was rising from the board.

"Sir Knight," said Manfred, "what I said was but in sport: I shall constrain you in nothing: use your good liking. Since mirth is not your mood, let us be sad. Business may hit your fancies better: let us withdraw; and hear if what I have to unfold may be better relished than the vain efforts I have made for your pastime."

Manfred then, conducting the three knights into an inner chamber, shut the door, and inviting them to be seated, began thus, addressing himself to the chief personage.

"You come, Sir Knight, as I understand, in the name of the Marquis of Vicenza, to re-demand the Lady Isabella, his daughter, who has been contracted in the face of the holy church to my son, by the consent of her legal guardians: and to require me to resign my dominions to your lord, who gives himself for the nearest of blood to Prince Alfonso, whose soul God rest! I shall speak to the latter article of your demand first. You must know, your lord knows, that I enjoy the principality of Otranto from my father, Don Manuel, as he received it from his father, Don Ricardo. Alfonso, their predecessor, dying childless in the Holy Land, bequeathed his estates to my grandfather, Don Ricardo, in consideration of his faithful services."

The stranger shook his head.

"Sir Knight," said Manfred warmly, "Ricardo was a valiant and upright man; he was a pious man; witness his munificent foundation of the adjoining church and two convents. He was peculiarly patronized by St. Nicholas — my grandfather was incapable — I say, sir, Don Ricardo was incapable — excuse me, your interruption has disordered me — I venerate the memory of my grandfather — well! sirs, he held this estate; he held it by his good sword and by the favour of St. Nicholas — so did my father; and so, sirs, will I, come what will. — But Frederick, your lord, is nearest in blood — I have consented to put my title to the issue of the sword — does that imply a vicious title? — I might have asked, where is Frederick your lord? Report speaks him dead in captivity. You say, your actions say, he lives — I

question it not — I might, sirs, I might — but I do not. Other princes would bid Frederick take his inheritance by force, if he can: they would not stake their dignity on a single combat; they would not submit it to the decision of unknown mutes! — pardon me, gentlemen, I am too warm: but suppose yourselves in my situation: as ye are stout knights, would it not move your choler to have your own and the honour of your ancestors called in question? — But to the point. You require me to deliver up the Lady Isabella — Sirs, I must ask if ye are authorised to receive her?"

The knight nodded.

"Receive her," continued Manfred; "well! you are authorised to receive her — but, gentle knight, may I ask if you have full powers?"

The knight nodded.

"It is well," said Manfred: "then hear what I have to offer. Ye see, gentlemen, before you the most unhappy of men! (he began to weep). Afford me your compassion: I am entitled to it; indeed I am. Know I have lost my only hope, my joy, the support of my house — Conrad died yesterday morning." The knights discovered signs of surprise. "Yes, sirs, fate has disposed of my son. Isabella is at liberty."

"Do you, then, restore her!" cried the chief knight, breaking silence.

"Afford me your patience," said Manfred. "I rejoice to find, by this testimony of your good-will, that this matter may be adjusted without blood. It is no interest of mine dictates what little I have farther to say. Ye behold in me a man disgusted with the world: the loss of my son has weaned me from earthly cares. Power and greatness have no longer any charms in my eyes. I wished to transmit the sceptre I had received from my ancestors with honour to my son — but that is over! Life itself is so indifferent to me that I accepted your defiance with joy: a good knight cannot go to the grave with more satisfaction than when falling in his vocation: whatever is the will of Heaven, I submit to: for alas! sirs, I am a man of many sorrows. Manfred is no object of envy — but, no doubt, you are acquainted with my story."

The knight made signs of ignorance, and seemed curious to have Manfred proceed.

"Is it possible, sirs," continued the prince, "that my story should be a secret to you? — have you heard nothing relating to me and the Princess Hippolita?" They shook their heads. "No! thus then, sirs, it is. You think me ambitious: ambition, alas, is composed of more rugged materials. If I were ambitious, I should not for so many years have been a prey to all the hell of conscientious scruples — But I weary your patience; I will be brief. Know, then, that I have long been troubled in mind on my union with the Princess Hippolita — Oh! sirs, if ye were acquainted with that excellent woman! if ye knew that I adore her like a mistress, and cherish her as a friend — but man was not born for perfect happiness! — she shares my scruples, and with her consent I have brought this matter before the church, for we are related within the forbidden degrees. I expect every hour the definite sentence that must separate us for ever — I am sure you feel for me — I see you do — pardon these tears!"

The knights gazed on each other, wondering where this would end.

Manfred continued: "The death of my son betiding while my soul was under this anxiety, I thought of nothing but resigning my dominions, and retiring for ever from the sight of mankind. My only difficulty was to fix on a successor, who would be tender of my people, and to dispose of the Lady Isabella, who is dear to me as my own blood. I was willing to restore the line of Alfonso, even in his most distant kindred: and though, pardon me, I am satisfied it was his will that Ricardo's lineage should take place of his own relations, yet where was I to search for those relations? I knew of none but Frederick, your lord; he was a captive to the infidels, or dead; and were he living, and at home, would he quit the flourishing state of Vicenza for the inconsiderable principality of Otranto? If he would not, could I bear the thought of seeing a hard, unfeeling viceroy set over my poor, faithful people? — for, sirs, I love my people, and, thank heaven, am beloved by them — But ye will ask whither tends this long discourse? — briefly then, thus, sirs. Heaven in your arrival seems to point out a remedy for these difficulties

and my misfortunes. The Lady Isabella is at liberty; I shall soon be so — I would submit to any thing for the good of my people — were it not the best, the only way to extinguish the feuds between our families, if I was to take the Lady Isabella to wife? — You start — but though Hippolita's virtues will ever be dear to me, a prince must not consider himself; he is born for his people."

A servant at that instant entering the chamber, apprised Manfred that Jerome and several of his brethren demanded immediate access to him.

The prince, provoked at this interruption, and fearing that the friar would discover to the strangers that Isabella had taken sanctuary, was going to forbid Jerome's entrance. But recollecting that he was certainly arrived to notify the princess's return, Manfred began to excuse himself to the knights for leaving them for a few moments, but was prevented by the arrival of the friars. Manfred angrily reprimanded them for their intrusion, and would have forced them back from the chamber, but Jerome was too much agitated to be repulsed. He declared aloud the flight of Isabella, with protestations of his own innocence. Manfred, distracted at the news, and not less at its coming to the knowledge of the strangers, uttered nothing but incoherent sentences; now upbraiding the friar, now apologising to the knights, earnest to know what was become of Isabella, yet equally afraid of their knowing; impatient to pursue her, yet dreading to have them join in the pursuit. He offered to dispatch messengers in quest of her, but the chief knight, no longer keeping silence, reproached Manfred in bitter terms for his dark and ambiguous dealing, and demanded the cause of Isabella's first absence from the castle. Manfred, casting a stern look at Jerome, implying a command of silence, pretended that on Conrad's death he had placed her in sanctuary, until he could determine how to dispose of her. Jerome, who trembled for his son's life, did not dare contradict this falsehood, but one of his brethren, not under the same anxiety, declared that she had fled to their church the preceding night. The prince in vain endeavoured to stop this discovery, which overwhelmed him with shame and confusion. The principal stranger, amazed at

the contradictions he heard, and more than half persuaded that Manfred had secreted the princess, notwithstanding the concern he expressed at her flight, rushing to the door, said, "Thou traitor prince ! Isabella shall be found."

Manfred endeavoured to hold him, but the other knights assisting their comrade, he broke from the prince, and hastened into the court, demanding his attendants. Manfred finding it vain to divert him from the pursuit, offered to accompany him, and summoning his attendants and taking Jerome and some of the friars to guide them, they issued from the castle ; Manfred privately giving orders to have the knight's company secured, while to the knight he affected to dispatch a messenger to require their assistance.

The company had no sooner quitted the castle, than Matilda, who felt herself deeply interested for the young peasant, since she had seen him condemned to death in the hall, and whose thoughts had been taken up with concerting measures to save him, was informed by some of the female attendants, that Manfred had dispatched all his men various ways in pursuit of Isabella. He had, in his hurry, given this order in general terms, not meaning to extend it to the guard he had set upon Theodore, but forgetting it. The domestics, officious to obey so peremptory a prince, and urged by their own curiosity and love of novelty to join in any precipitate chase, had, to a man, left the castle. Matilda disengaged herself from her women, stole up to the Black Tower, and unbolting the door, presented herself to the astonished Theodore.

"Young man," said she, "though filial duty and womanly modesty condemn the step I am taking, yet holy charity, surmounting all other ties, justifies this act. Fly ; the doors of thy prison are open : my father and his domestics are absent, but they may soon return ; begone in safety, and may the angels of heaven direct thy course !"

"Thou art surely one of those angels !" said the enraptured Theodore : "none but a blessed saint could speak, could act — could look like thee ! — May I not know the name of my divine protectress ? Methought thou namedst thy father : is it possible ? — can Manfred's blood feel holy pity ? Lovely lady,

thou answerest not; — but how art thou here thyself? why dost thou neglect thy own safety, and waste a thought on a wretch like Theodore? Let us fly together: the life thou bestowest shall be dedicated to thy defence.”

“Alas! thou mistakest,” said Matilda, sighing; “I am Manfred’s daughter; but no danger awaits me.”

“Amazement!” said Theodore; “but last night I blessed myself for yielding thee the service thy gracious compassion so charitably returns me now.”

“Still thou art in error,” said the princess; “but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth, while it is in my power to save thee: should my father return, thou and I both should, indeed, have cause to tremble.”

“How,” said Theodore; “thinkest thou, charming maid, that I will accept of life at the hazard of aught calamitous to thee? — better I endure a thousand deaths.”

“I run no risk,” said Matilda, “but by thy delay. Depart, it cannot be known that I assisted thy flight.”

“Swear, by the saints above,” said Theodore, “that thou canst not be suspected; else here I vow to await whatever can await me.”

“Oh! thou art too generous,” said Matilda; “but rest assured that no suspicion can alight on me.”

“Give me thy beauteous hand, in token that thou dost not deceive me,” said Theodore, “and let me bathe it with the warm tears of gratitude.”

“Forbear,” said the princess, “this must not be.”

“Alas!” said Theodore, “I have never known but calamity until this hour; perhaps, shall never know other fortune again: suffer the chaste raptures of holy gratitude; it is my soul would print its effusions on thy hand.”

“Forbear, and begone,” said Matilda; “how would Isabella approve of seeing thee at my feet?”

“Who is Isabella?” said the young man, with surprise.

“Ah me! I fear,” said the princess, “I am serving a deceitful one; — hast thou forgotten thy curiosity this morning?”

“Thy looks, thy actions, all thy beauteous self, seems an emanation of divinity,” said Theodore; “but thy words are

dark and mysterious, — speak, lady; speak to thy servant's comprehension."

"Thou understandest but too well!" said Matilda: "but once more I command thee to be gone: thy blood, which I may preserve, will be on my head, if I waste the time in vain discourse."

"I go, lady," said Theodore, "because it is thy will, and because I would not bring the grey hairs of my father with sorrow to the grave. Say but, adored lady, that I have thy gentle pity."

"Stay," said Matilda; "I will conduct thee to the subterraneous vault by which Isabella escaped; it will lead thee to the church of St. Nicholas, where thou mayest take sanctuary."

"What," said Theodore, "was it another, and not thy lovely self, that I assisted to find the subterraneous passage?"

"It was," said Matilda; "but ask no more: I tremble to see thee still abide here: fly to the sanctuary."

"To sanctuary?" said Theodore; "no, princess; sanctuaries are for helpless damsels, or for criminals. Theodore's soul is free from guilt, nor will wear the appearance of it. Give me a sword, lady, and thy father shall learn that Theodore scorns an ignominious flight."

"Rash youth!" said Matilda, "thou wouldst not dare to lift thy presumptuous arm against the prince of Otranto?"

"Not against thy father; indeed, I dare not," said Theodore; "excuse me, lady, I had forgotten — but could I gaze on thee, and remember thou art sprung from the tyrant Manfred! — but he is thy father, and from this moment my injuries are buried in oblivion."

A deep and hollow groan, which seemed to come from above, startled the princess and Theodore.

"Good heavens! we are overheard!" said the princess.

They listened, but perceiving no farther noise, they both concluded it the effect of pent-up vapours; and the princess, preceding Theodore softly, carried him to her father's armoury, where, equipping him with a complete suit, he was conducted to the postern gate.

"Avoid the town," said the princess, "and all the western side of the castle: it is there the search must be making by Man-

fred and the strangers: but hie thee to the opposite quarter. Yonder, behind that forest, to the east, is a chain of rocks, hollowed into a labyrinth of caverns, that reach to the sea-coast. There thou mayest lie concealed, till thou canst make signs to some vessel to put on shore and take thee off. Go: Heaven be thy guide!—and sometimes in thy prayers remember—Matilda!”

Theodore flung himself at her feet, and seizing her lily hand, which with struggles she suffered him to kiss, he vow'd, on the earliest opportunity, to get himself knighted, and fervently entreated her permission to swear himself eternally her knight.

Ere the princess could reply, a clap of thunder was suddenly heard, that shook the battlements. Theodore, regardless of the tempest, would have urged his suit; but the princess, dismayed, retreated hastily into the castle, and commanded the youth to begone, with an air that would not be disobeyed. He sighed, and retired; but with eyes fixed on the gate, until Matilda, closing it, put an end to an interview, in which the hearts of both had drunk so deeply of a passion, which both now tasted for the first time.

Theodore went pensively to the convent, to acquaint his father with his deliverance. There he learned the absence of Jerome, and the pursuit that was making after the Lady Isabella, with some particulars of whose story he now first became acquainted. The generous gallantry of his nature prompted him to wish to assist her; but the monks could lend him no lights to guess at the route she had taken. He was not tempted to wander far in search of her, for the idea of Matilda had imprinted itself so strongly on his heart, that he could not bear to absent himself at much distance from her abode. The tenderness Jerome had expressed for him, concurred to confirm this reluctance; and he even persuaded himself that filial affection was the chief cause of his hovering between the castle and monastery, until Jerome should return at night.

Theodore at length determined to repair to the forest that Matilda had pointed out to him. Arriving there, he sought the gloomiest shades, as best suited to the pleasing melancholy that reigned in his mind. In this mood he roved insensibly to the

caves which had formerly served as a retreat to hermits, and were now reported round the country to be haunted by evil spirits. He recollected to have heard this tradition; and being of a brave and adventurous disposition, he willingly indulged his curiosity in exploring the secret recesses of this labyrinth. He had not penetrated far, before he thought he heard the steps of some person who seemed to retreat before him. Theodore, though firmly grounded in all our holy faith enjoins to be believed, had no apprehension that good men were abandoned, without cause, to the malice of the powers of darkness. He thought the place more likely to be infested by robbers than by those infernal agents, who are reported to molest and bewilder travellers. He had long burned with impatience to approve his valour. Drawing his sabre, he marched sedately onwards, still directing his steps as the imperfect rustling sound before him led the way. The armour he wore was a like indication to the person who avoided him. Theodore, now convinced that he was not mistaken, redoubled his pace, and evidently gained on the person that fled, whose haste increasing, Theodore came up just as a woman fell breathless before him. He hastened to raise her, but her terror was so great that he apprehended she would faint in his arms. He used every gentle word to dispel her alarms, and assured her that, far from injuring, he would defend her at the peril of his life.

The lady, recovering her spirits from his courteous demeanour, and gazing on her protector, said, "Sure I have heard that voice before!"

"Not to my knowledge," replied Theodore, "unless, as I conjecture, thou art the Lady Isabella."

"Merciful heaven!" cried she, "thou art not sent in quest of me, art thou?" and saying these words, she threw herself at his feet, and besought him not to deliver her up to Manfred.

"To Manfred!" cried Theodore; "no, lady; I have once already delivered thee from his tyranny, and it shall fare hard with me now, but I will place thee out of the reach of his daring."

"Is it possible," said she, "that thou shouldst be the generous unknown whom I met last night in the vault of the castle? Sure

thou art not a mortal, but my guardian angel. On my knees let me thank ——”

“Hold, gentle princess,” said Theodore, “nor demean thyself before a poor and friendless young man. If Heaven has selected me for thy deliverer, it will accomplish its work, and strengthen my arm in thy cause: but come, lady, we are too near the mouth of the cavern; let us seek its inmost recesses: I can have no tranquillity till I have placed thee beyond the reach of danger.”

“Alas! what mean you, sir?” said she. “Though all your actions are noble, though your sentiments speak the purity of your soul, is it fitting that I should accompany you alone into these perplexed retreats? — should we be found together, what would a censorious world think of my conduct?”

“I respect your virtuous delicacy,” said Theodore; “nor do you harbour a suspicion that wounds my honour. I meant to conduct you into the most private cavity of these rocks, and then, at the hazard of my life, to guard their entrance against every living thing. Besides, lady,” continued he, drawing a deep sigh, “beauteous and all-perfect as your form is, and though my wishes are not guiltless of aspiring, know my soul is dedicated to another; and although ——”

A sudden noise prevented Theodore from proceeding. They soon distinguished these sounds, “Isabella! what ho! Isabella!”

The trembling princess relapsed into her former agony of fear. Theodore endeavoured to encourage her, but in vain. He assured her he would die rather than suffer her to return under Manfred’s power; and begging her to remain concealed, he went forth to prevent the person in search of her from approaching.

At the mouth of the cavern he found an armed knight, discoursing with a peasant, who assured him he had seen a lady enter the passes of the rock. The knight was preparing to seek her, when Theodore, placing himself in his way, with his sword drawn, sternly forbade him, at his peril, to advance.

“And who art thou, who darest to cross my way?” said the knight haughtily, and alighting.

“One who does not dare more than he will perform,” said Theodore.

“I seek the Lady Isabella,” said the knight, “and understand

she has taken refuge among these rocks. Impede me not, or thou wilt repent having provoked my resentment."

"Thy purpose is as odious as thy resentment is contemptible," said Theodore. "Return whence thou camest, or we shall soon know whose resentment is most terrible."

The stranger, who was the principal knight that had arrived from the Marquis of Vicenza, had galloped from Manfred, as he was busied in getting information of the princess, and giving various orders to prevent her falling into the power of the three knights. Their chief had suspected Manfred of being privy to the princess's absconding: and this insult from a man who he concluded was stationed by that prince to secrete her, confirming his suspicions, he made no reply, but discharging a blow with his sabre at Theodore, would soon have removed all obstruction, if Theodore, who took him for one of Manfred's captains, and who had no sooner given the provocation than prepared to support it, had not received the stroke on his shield. The valour that had so long been smothered in his breast broke forth at once; he rushed impetuously on the knight, whose pride and wrath were not less powerful incentives to hardy deeds. The combat was furious, but not long: Theodore wounded the knight in three several places, and at last disarmed him, as he fainted by the loss of blood. The peasant, who had fled on the first onset, had given the alarm to some of Manfred's domestics, who by his orders were dispersed through the forest in pursuit of Isabella. They came up as the knight fell, whom they soon discovered to be the noble stranger. Theodore, notwithstanding his hatred to Manfred, could not behold the victory he had gained without emotions of pity and generosity: but he was more touched when he learned the quality of his adversary, and was informed that he was no retainer, but an enemy of Manfred. He assisted the servants of the latter in disarming the knight, and in endeavouring to staunch the blood that flowed from his wounds.

The knight, recovering his speech, said in a faint and faltering voice, "Generous foe, we have both been in error: I took thee for an instrument of the tyrant; I perceive thou hast made the like mistake — it is too late for excuses — I faint — if Isabella is at hand, call her — I have important secrets to —"

"He is dying!" said one of the attendants; "has nobody a crucifix about them? Andrea, do thou pray over him."

"Fetch some water," said Theodore, "and pour it down his throat, while I hasten to the princess."

Saying this, he flew to Isabella, and in few words told her, modestly, that he had been so unfortunate, by mistake, as to wound a gentleman from her father's court, who wished, ere he died, to impart something of consequence to her. The princess, who had been transported at hearing the voice of Theodore, as he called to her to come forth, was astonished at what she heard. Suffering herself to be conducted by Theodore, the new proof of whose valour recalled her dispersed spirits, she came where the bleeding knight lay speechless on the ground; but her fears returned when she beheld the domestics of Manfred. She would again have fled, if Theodore had not made her observe that they were unarmed, and had not threatened them with instant death, if they should dare to seize the princess.

The stranger opening his eyes, and beholding a woman, said — "Art thou — pray tell me truly — art thou Isabella of Vicenza?"

"I am," said she; "good Heaven, restore thee!"

"Then thou — then thou —" said the knight, struggling for utterance — "seest thy father — give me one ——"

"Oh! amazement! horror! what do I hear! what do I see!" cried Isabella. "My father! you my father! how came you here, Sir? — for Heaven's sake, speak! — oh! run for help, or he will expire!"

"It is most true," said the wounded knight, exerting all his force: "I am Frederick, thy father — yes, I came to deliver thee — it will not be — give me a parting kiss, and take ——"

"Sir," said Theodore, "do not exhaust yourself: suffer us to convey you to the castle."

"To the castle!" said Isabella; "is there no help nearer than the castle? — would you expose my father to the tyrant? — if he goes thither, I dare not accompany him — and yet, can I leave him?"

"My child," said Frederick, "it matters not for me whither I am carried: a few minutes will place me beyond danger; but

while I have eyes to dote on thee, forsake me not, dear Isabella ! This brave knight, — I know not who he is, — will protect thy innocence. Sir, you will not abandon my child, will you ?”

Theodore, shedding tears over his victim, and vowing to guard the princess at the expense of his life, persuaded Frederick to suffer himself to be conducted to the castle. They placed him on a horse belonging to one of the domestics, after binding up his wounds as well as they were able. Theodore marched by his side, and the afflicted Isabella, who could not bear to quit him, followed mournfully behind.

CHAPTER IV

THE sorrowful troop no sooner arrived at the castle than they were met by Hippolita and Matilda, whom Isabella had sent one of the domestics before to advertise of their approach. The ladies causing Frederick to be conveyed into the nearest chamber, retired, while the surgeons examined his wounds. Matilda blushed at seeing Theodore and Isabella together: but endeavoured to conceal it by embracing the latter, and condoling with her on her father's mischance. The surgeons soon came to acquaint Hippolita that none of the Marquis's wounds were dangerous; and that he was desirous of seeing his daughter and the princesses. Theodore, under pretence of expressing his joy at being freed from his apprehensions of the combat being fatal to Frederick, could not resist the impulse of following Matilda. Her eyes were so often cast down on meeting his, that Isabella, who regarded Theodore as attentively as he gazed on Matilda, soon divined who the object was that he had told her, in the cave, engaged his affections.

While this mute scene passed, Hippolita demanded of Frederick the cause of his having taken that mysterious course for reclaiming his daughter; and threw in various apologies to excuse her lord for the match contracted between their children. Frederick, however incensed against Manfred, was not insensible to the courtesy and benevolence of Hippolita; but he was still more struck with the lovely form of Matilda. Wishing to detain them by his bed-side, he informed Hippolita of his story. He told her, that while prisoner to the infidels, he had dreamed that his

daughter, of whom he had learned no news since his captivity, was detained in a castle, where she was in danger of the most dreadful misfortunes; and that if he obtained his liberty, and repaired to a wood near Joppa, he would learn more. Alarmed at this dream, and incapable of obeying the direction given by it, his chains became more grievous than ever. But while his thoughts were occupied on the means of obtaining his liberty, he received the agreeable news that the confederate princes, who were warring in Palestine, had paid his ransom. He instantly set out for the wood that had been marked in his dream. For three days he and his attendants had wandered in the forest, without seeing a human form; but, on the evening of the third, they came to a cell, in which they found a venerable hermit in the agonies of death. Applying rich cordials, they brought the saint-like man to his speech. "My sons," said he, "I am bounden to your charity; but it is in vain — I am going to my eternal rest — yet I die with the satisfaction of performing the will of heaven. When first I repaired to this solitude, after seeing my country become a prey to unbelievers — it is, alas! above fifty years since I was witness to that dreadful scene — St. Nicholas appeared to me, and revealed a secret, which he bade me never disclose to mortal man but on my death-bed. This is that tremendous hour and ye are no doubt the chosen warriors to whom I was ordered to reveal my trust. As soon as ye have done the last offices to this wretched corse, dig under the seventh tree on the left hand of this poor cave, and your pains will — Oh! good heaven, receive my soul!" With those words, the devout man breathed his last.

"By the break of day," continued Frederick, "when we had committed the holy relics to earth, we dug according to direction; but what was our astonishment when, about the depth of six feet, we discovered an enormous sabre — the very weapon yonder in the court. On the blade, which was then partly out of the scabbard, though since closed by our efforts in removing it, were written the following lines — no; excuse me, madam," added the Marquis, turning to Hippolita, "if I forbear to repeat them: I respect your sex and rank, and would not be guilty of offending your ear with sounds injurious to aught that is dear to you."

He paused. Hippolita trembled. She did not doubt but Frederick was destined by heaven to accomplish the fate that seemed to threaten her house. Looking with anxious fondness at Matilda, a silent tear stole down her cheek; but recollecting herself, she said, "Proceed, my lord; heaven does nothing in vain: mortals must receive its divine behests with lowliness and submission. It is our part to deprecate its wrath, or bow to its decrees. Repeat the sentence, my lord,—we listen resigned."

Frederick was grieved that he had proceeded so far. The dignity and patient firmness of Hippolita penetrated him with respect; and the tender, silent affection with which the princess and her daughter regarded each other, melted him almost to tears. Yet, apprehensive that his forbearance to obey would be more alarming, he repeated, in a faltering and low voice, the following lines:

"Where'er a casque that suits this sword is found,
With perils is thy daughter compassed round.
Alfonso's blood alone can save the maid,
And quiet a long-restless prince's shade."

"What is there in these lines," said Theodore, impatiently, "that affects these princesses?—why were they to be shocked by a mysterious delicacy, that has so little foundation?"

"Your words are rude, young man," said the Marquis; "and though fortune has favoured you once——"

"My honoured lord," said Isabella, who resented Theodore's warmth, which she perceived was dictated by his sentiments for Matilda, "discompose not yourself for the glosing of a peasant's son; he forgets the reverence he owes you, but he is not accustomed——"

Hippolita, concerned at the heat that had arisen, checked Theodore for his boldness, but, with an air acknowledging his zeal, and, changing the conversation, demanded of Frederick where he had left her lord?

As the Marquis was going to reply, they heard a noise without, and rising to inquire the cause, Manfred, Jerome, and part of the troop, who had met an imperfect rumour of what had happened, entered the chamber. Manfred advanced hastily towards

Frederick's bed to condole with him on his misfortune, and to learn the circumstances of the combat, when, starting in an agony of terror and amazement, he cried, "Ha! what art thou? Thou dreadful spectre! is my hour come?"

"My dearest, gracious lord," cried Hippolita, clasping him in her arms, "what is it you see? why do you fix your eye-balls thus?"

"What!" cried Manfred, breathless, "dost thou see nothing, Hippolita? is this ghastly phantom sent to me alone — to me, who did not —"

"For mercy's sweetest self, my lord," said Hippolita, "resume your soul, command your reason. There is none here but us, your friends."

"What! is not that Alfonso?" cried Manfred: "dost thou not see him? can it be my brain's delirium?"

"This, my lord," said Hippolita; "this is Theodore, the youth that has been so unfortunate."

"Theodore!" said Manfred, mournfully, and striking his forehead — "Theodore, or a phantom, he has unhinged the soul of Manfred; but how comes he here? and how comes he in armour?"

"I believe he went in search of Isabella," said Hippolita.

"Of Isabella!" said Manfred, relapsing into rage — "yes, yes, that is not doubtful — but how did he escape from the durance in which I left him? — was it Isabella, or this hypocritical old friar, that procured his enlargement?"

"And would a parent be criminal, my lord," said Theodore, "if he meditated the deliverance of his child?"

Jerome, amazed to hear himself in a manner accused by his son, and without foundation, knew not what to think. He could not comprehend how Theodore could have escaped; how he came to be armed, and to encounter Frederick. Still he would not venture to ask any questions that might tend to inflame Manfred's wrath against his son.

Jerome's silence convinced Manfred that he had contrived Theodore's release. "And is it thus, thou ungrateful old man," said the prince, addressing himself to the friar, "that thou repayest mine and Hippolita's bounties? And not content with

traversing my heart's nearest wishes, thou arimest thy bastard, and bringest him into my own castle to insult me !”

“My lord,” said Theodore, “you wrong my father : nor he nor I are capable of harbouring such a thought against your peace. Is it insolence thus to surrender myself to your highness’s pleasure ?” added he, laying his sword respectfully at Manfred’s feet. “Behold my bosom ; strike, my lord, if you suspect that a disloyal thought is lodged there. There is not a sentiment engraven on my heart that does not venerate you and yours.”

The grace and fervour with which Theodore uttered these words interested every person present in his favour. Even Manfred was touched — yet, still possessed with his resemblance to Alfonso, his admiration was dashed with secret horror.

“Rise,” said he ; “thy life is not my present purpose. But tell me thy history, and how thou camest connected with this old traitor here.”

“My lord,” said Jerome, eagerly —

“Peace, imposter,” said Manfred ; “I will not have him prompted.”

“My lord,” said Theodore, “I want no assistance. My story is very brief. I was carried, at five years of age, to Algiers, with my mother, who had been taken by corsairs from the coast of Sicily. She died of grief in less than a twelvemonth. (The tears gushed from Jerome’s eyes, on whose countenance a thousand anxious passions stood expressed.) Before she died,” continued Theodore, “she bound a writing about my arm under my garments, which told me I was the son of the Count Falconara.”

“It is most true,” said Jerome ; “I am that wretched father.”

“Again I enjoin thee silence,” said Manfred ; “proceed.”

“I remained in slavery,” said Theodore, “until within these two years, when, attending on my master in his cruises, I was delivered by a Christian vessel, which overpowered the pirate ; and discovering myself to the captain, he generously put me on shore in Sicily — but alas ! instead of finding a father, I learned that his estate, which was situated on the coast, had, during his absence, been laid waste by the rover who had carried my mother and me into captivity — that his castle had been burned to the ground, and that my father on his return had sold what remained,

and was retired into religion in the kingdom of Naples, but where, no man could inform me. Destitute and friendless, hopeless almost of obtaining the transport of a parent's embrace, I took the first opportunity of setting sail for Naples, from whence, within these six days, I wandered into this province, still supporting myself by the labour of my hands; nor until yesternorn did I believe that Heaven had reserved any lot for me but peace of mind and contented poverty. This, my lord, is Theodore's story. I am blessed beyond my hope in finding a father; I am unfortunate beyond my desert in having incurred your highness's displeasure."

He ceased. A murmur of approbation gently arose from the audience.

"This is not all," said Frederick: "I am bound in honour to add what he suppresses. Though he is modest, I must be generous — he is one of the bravest youths on Christian ground. He is warm too; and from the short knowledge I have of him, I will pledge myself for his veracity: if what he reports of himself were not true, he would not utter it — and for me, youth, I honour a frankness which becomes thy birth. But now, and thou didst offend me; yet the noble blood which flows in thy veins may well be allowed to boil out, when it has so recently traced itself to its source. Come, my lord, (turning to Manfred,) if I can pardon him, surely you may. It is not the youth's fault if you took him for a spectre."

This bitter taunt galled the soul of Manfred. "If beings from another world," replied he haughtily, "have power to impress my mind with awe, it is more than living man can do; nor could a stripling's arm —"

"My lord," interrupted Hippolita, "your guest has occasion for repose: shall we not leave him to rest?" Saying this, and taking Manfred by the hand, she took leave of Frederick, and led the company forth.

The prince, not sorry to quit a conversation which recalled to mind the discovery he had made of his most secret sensations, suffered himself to be conducted to his own apartment, after permitting Theodore, though under engagement to return to the castle on the morrow (a condition the young man gladly

accepted) to retire with his father to the convent. Matilda and Isabella were too much occupied with their own reflections, and too little content with each other, to wish for farther converse that night. They separated, each to her chamber, with more expressions of ceremony and fewer of affection than had passed between them since their childhood.

If they parted with small cordiality, they did but meet with greater impatience as soon as the sun was risen. Their minds were in a situation that excluded sleep, and each recollected a thousand questions which she wished she had put to the other over night. Matilda reflected that Isabella had been twice delivered by Theodore in very critical situations, which she could not believe accidental. His eyes, it was true, had been fixed on her in Frederick's chamber; but that might have been to disguise his passion for Isabella from the fathers of both. It were better to clear this up. She wished to know the truth, lest she should wrong her friend by entertaining a passion for Isabella's lover. Thus jealousy prompted, and at the same time borrowed an excuse from friendship to justify its curiosity.

Isabella, not less restless, had better foundation for her suspicions. Both Theodore's tongue and eyes had told her his heart was engaged, it was true — yet perhaps Matilda might not correspond to his passion — she had ever appeared insensible to love: all her thoughts were set on heaven.

"Why did I dissuade her?" said Isabella to herself: "I am punished for my generosity — but when did they meet? where — it cannot be: I have deceived myself — perhaps last night was the first time they ever beheld each other — it must be some other object that has prepossessed his affections — if it is, I am not so unhappy as I thought, if it is not my friend Matilda — how! can I stoop to wish for the affection of a man who rudely and unnecessarily acquainted me with his indifference? and that at the very moment in which common courtesy demanded at least expressions of civility. I will go to my dear Matilda, who will confirm me in this becoming pride. Man is false — I will advise with her on taking the veil: she will rejoice to find me in this disposition; and I will acquaint her that I no longer oppose her inclination for the cloister."

In this frame of mind, and determined to open her heart entirely to Matilda, she went to that princess's chamber, whom she found already dressed, and leaning pensively on her arm. This attitude, so correspondent to what she felt herself, revived Isabella's suspicions, and destroyed the confidence she had purposed to place in her friend. They blushed at meeting, and were too much novices to disguise their sensations with address. After some unmeaning questions and replies, Matilda demanded of Isabella the cause of her flight? The latter, who had almost forgotten Manfred's passion, so entirely was she occupied by her own, concluding that Matilda referred to her last escape from the convent, which had occasioned the events of the preceding evening, replied, "Martelli brought word to the convent that your mother was dead."

"Oh!" said Matilda, interrupting her, "Bianca has explained that mistake to me: on seeing me faint she cried out, 'The princess is dead,' and Martelli, who had come for the usual dole to the castle —"

"And what made you faint?" said Isabella, indifferent to the rest.

Matilda blushed and stammered: "My father — he was sitting in judgment on a criminal."

"What criminal?" said Isabella, eagerly.

"A young man," said Matilda; "I believe — I think it was that young man that —"

"What, Theodore?" said Isabella.

"Yes," answered she; "I never saw him before; I do not know how he had offended my father — but as he has been of service to you, I am glad my lord has pardoned him."

"Served me!" replied Isabella; "do you term it serving me, to wound my father and almost occasion his death? Though it is but since yesterday I am blessed with knowing a parent, I hope Matilda does not think I am such a stranger to filial tenderness as not to resent the boldness of that audacious youth, and that it is impossible for me ever to feel any affection for one who dared to lift his arm against the author of my being. No, Matilda, my heart abhors him; and if you still retain the friendship for me that you have vowed from your infancy, you will

detest a man who has been on the point of making me miserable for ever."

Matilda held down her head, and replied, "I hope my dearest Isabella does not doubt her Matilda's friendship: I never beheld that youth until yesterday, he is almost a stranger to me: but as the surgeons have pronounced your father out of danger, you ought not to harbour uncharitable resentment against one, who I am persuaded did not know the Marquis was related to you."

"You plead his cause very pathetically," said Isabella, "considering he is so much a stranger to you! I am mistaken, or he returns your charity."

"What mean you?" said Matilda.

"Nothing," said Isabella, repenting that she had given Matilda a hint of Theodore's inclination for her.

Then changing the discourse, she asked Matilda what occasioned Manfred to take Theodore for a spectre?

"Bless me," said Matilda, "did not you observe his extreme resemblance to the portrait of Alfonso in the gallery? I took notice of it to Bianca even before I saw him in armour: but with the helmet on, he is the very image of that picture."

"I do not much observe pictures," said Isabella: "much less have I examined this young man so attentively as you seem to have done. Ah! Matilda, your heart is in danger; but let me warn you as a friend—he has owned to me that he is in love; it cannot be with you, for yesterday was the first time you ever met—was it not?"

"Certainly," replied Matilda; "but why does my dearest Isabella conclude from anything I have said, that—(she paused—then continuing;) he saw you first, and I am far from having the vanity to think that my little portion of charms could engage a heart devoted to you. May you be happy, Isabella, whatever is the fate of Matilda!"

"My lovely friend," said Isabella, whose heart was too honest to resist a kind expression, "it is you that Theodore admires: I saw it; I am persuaded of it; nor shall a thought of my own happiness suffer me to interfere with yours."

This frankness drew tears from the gentle Matilda; and

jealousy, that for a moment had raised a coolness between these amiable maidens, soon gave way to the natural sincerity and candour of their souls. Each confessed to the other the impression Theodore had made on her; and this confidence was followed by a struggle of generosity, each insisting on yielding her claim to her friend. At length the dignity of Isabella's virtue, reminding her of the preference which Theodore had almost declared for her rival, made her determine to conquer her passion, and cede the beloved object to her friend.

During this contest of amity, Hippolita entered her daughter's chamber. "Madam," said she to Isabella, "you have so much tenderness for Matilda, and interest yourself so kindly in whatever affects our wretched house, that I can have no secrets with my child, which are not proper for you to hear." The princesses were all attention and anxiety. "Know then, madam," continued Hippolita, "and you my dearest Matilda, that being convinced by all the events of these two last ominous days, that Heaven purposes the sceptre of Otranto should pass from Manfred's hands into those of the Marquis Frederick, I have been, perhaps, inspired with the thought of averting our total destruction by the union of our rival houses. With this view I have been proposing to Manfred, my lord, to tender this dear, dear child to Frederick your father."

"Me to Lord Frederick!" cried Matilda — "good heavens! my gracious mother — and have you named it to my father?"

"I have," said Hippolita: "he listened benignly to my proposal, and is gone to break it to the Marquis."

"Ah! wretched princess!" cried Isabella; "what hast thou done? what ruin has thy inadvertent goodness been preparing for thyself, for me, and for Matilda?"

"Ruin from me to you and to my child!" said Hippolita; "what can this mean?"

"Alas!" said Isabella, "the purity of your own heart prevents your seeing the depravity of others. Manfred, your lord, that impious man ——"

"Hold," said Hippolita: "you must not, in my presence, young lady, mention Manfred with disrespect: he is my lord and husband, and ——"

"Will not long be so," said Isabella, "if his wicked purposes can be carried into execution."

"This language amazes me!" said Hippolita. "Your feeling, Isabella, is warm: but until this hour I never knew it betray you into intemperance. What deed of Manfred authorises you to treat him as a murderer, an assassin?"

"Thou virtuous and too credulous princess!" replied Isabella; "it is not thy life he aims at — it is to separate himself from thee! to divorce thee! to —"

"To divorce me! — to divorce my mother!" cried Hippolita and Matilda at once.

"Yes," said Isabella; "and to complete his crime he meditates — I cannot speak it!"

"What can surpass what thou hast already uttered?" said Matilda.

Hippolita was silent. Grief choked her speech; and the recollection of Manfred's late ambiguous discourses confirmed what she heard.

"Excellent, dear lady! Madam! Mother!" cried Isabella, flinging herself at Hippolita's feet in a transport of passion; "trust me, believe me, I will die a thousand deaths sooner than consent to injure you, than yield to so odious — oh! —"

"This is too much!" cried Hippolita: "What crimes does one crime suggest? Rise, dear Isabella; I do not doubt your virtue. Oh! Matilda, this stroke is too heavy for thee! weep not, my child; and not a murmur, I charge thee. Remember he is thy father still!"

"But you are my mother too," said Matilda fervently; "and you are virtuous, you are guiltless! Oh! must not I, must not I complain!"

"You must not," said Hippolita; "come, all will yet be well. Manfred, in the agony for the loss of thy brother, knew not what he said: perhaps Isabella misunderstood him: his heart is good — and, my child, thou knowest not all! There is a destiny hangs over us; the hand of Providence is stretched out. Oh! could I but save thee from the wreck! Yes," continued she, in a firmer tone; "perhaps the sacrifice of myself may atone for all — I will go and offer myself to this divorce — it boots not what

becomes of me. I will withdraw into the neighbouring monastery, and waste the remainder of my life in prayers and tears for my child and — the prince !”

“Thou art as much too good for this world,” said Isabella, “as Manfred is execrable — but think not, lady, that thy weakness shall determine for me. I swear, hear me all ye angels ——”

“Stop, I adjure thee,” cried Hippolita : “remember that thou dost not depend on thyself ; thou hast a father.”

“My father is too pious, too noble,” interrupted Isabella, “to command an impious deed. But should he command it ? — can a father enjoin a cursed act ? I was contracted to the son, — can I wed the father ? No, madam, no ; force should not drag me to Manfred’s hated bed. I loathe him, I abhor him : divine and human laws forbid — and my friend, my dearest Matilda ! would I wound her tender soul by injuring her adored mother ? my own mother — I never have known another.”

“Oh ! she is the mother of both,” cried Matilda : “Can we, can we, Isabella, adore her too much ?”

“My lovely children,” said the touched Hippolita, “your tenderness overpowers me — but I must not give way to it. It is not ours to make election for ourselves : Heaven, our fathers, and our husbands must decide for us. Have patience until you hear what Manfred and Frederick have determined. If the Marquis accepts Matilda’s hand, I know she will readily obey. Heaven may interpose and prevent the rest. What means my child ?” continued she, seeing Matilda fall at her feet with a flood of speechless tears. “But no ; answer me not, my daughter : I must not hear a word against the pleasure of thy father.”

“Oh ! doubt not my obedience, — my dreadful obedience to him and to you !” said Matilda. “But can I, most respected of women, can I experience all this tenderness, this world of goodness, and conceal a thought from the best of mothers ?”

“What art thou going to utter ?” said Isabella, trembling. “Recollect thyself, Matilda.”

“No, Isabella,” said the princess, “I should not deserve this incomparable parent, if the inmost recesses of my soul harboured a thought without her permission — nay, I have offended her ; I have suffered a passion to enter my heart without her

avowal — but here I disclaim it; here I avow to Heaven and her —”

“My child! my child!” said Hippolita, “what words are these! what new calamities has fate in store for us! Thou a passion! Thou, in this hour of destruction.”

“Oh! I see all my guilt!” said Matilda. “I abhor myself, if I cost my mother a pang. She is the dearest thing I have on earth — oh! I will never, never behold him more!”

“Isabella,” said Hippolita, “thou art conscious to this unhappy secret, whatever it is. Speak!”

“What,” cried Matilda, “have I so forfeited my mother’s love that she will not permit me even to speak my own guilt? — oh! wretched, wretched Matilda!”

“Thou art too cruel,” said Isabella to Hippolita: “canst thou behold this anguish of a virtuous mind, and not commiserate it?”

“Not pity my child!” said Hippolita, catching Matilda in her arms — “Oh! I know she is good, — she is all virtue, all tenderness and duty. I do forgive thee, my excellent, my only hope!”

The princesses then revealed to Hippolita their mutual inclination for Theodore, and the purpose of Isabella to resign him to Matilda. Hippolita blamed their imprudence, and showed them the improbability that either father would consent to bestow his heiress on so poor a man, though nobly born. Some comfort it gave her to find their passion of so recent a date, and that Theodore had had but little cause to suspect it in either. She strictly enjoined them to avoid all correspondence with him. This Matilda fervently promised; but Isabella, who flattered herself that she meant no more than to promote his union with her friend, could not determine to avoid him; and made no reply.

“I will go to the convent,” said Hippolita, “and order new masses to be said for a deliverance from these calamities.”

“Oh! my mother,” said Matilda, “you mean to quit us: you mean to take sanctuary, and to give my father an opportunity of pursuing his fatal intention. Alas! on my knees I supplicate you to forbear! Will you leave me a prey to Frederick? I will follow you to the convent.”

“Be at peace, my child,” said Hippolita; “I will return in-

stantly. I will never abandon thee, until I know it is the will of Heaven, and for thy benefit."

"Do not deceive me," said Matilda. "I will not marry Frederick until thou commandest it. Alas! what will become of me?"

"Why that exclamation?" said Hippolita. "I have promised thee to return."

"Ah! my mother," replied Matilda, "stay and save me from myself. A frown from thee can do more than all my father's severity. I have given away my heart, and you alone can make me recall it."

"No more," said Hippolita: "thou must not relapse, Matilda."

"I can quit Theodore," said she, "but must I wed another? Let me attend thee to the altar, and shut thyself from the world for ever."

"Thy fate depends on thy father," said Hippolita: "I have ill bestowed my tenderness, if it has taught thee to revere aught beyond him. Adieu! my child: I go to pray for thee."

Hippolita's real purpose was to demand of Jerome, whether in conscience she might not consent to the divorce. She had oft urged Manfred to resign the principality, which the delicacy of her conscience rendered an hourly burden to her. These scruples concurred to make the separation from her husband appear less dreadful to her, than it would have seemed in any other situation.

Jerome, at quitting the castle overnight, had questioned Theodore severely why he had accused him to Manfred of being privy to his escape. Theodore owned it had been with design to prevent Manfred's suspicion from alighting on Matilda; and added, the holiness of Jerome's life and character secured him from the tyrant's wrath. Jerome was heartily grieved to discover his son's inclination for that princess: and leaving him to his rest, promised in the morning to acquaint him with important reasons for conquering his passion. Theodore, like Isabella, was too recently acquainted with parental authority to submit to its decisions against the impulse of his heart. He had little curiosity to learn the friar's reasons, and less disposition to obey them. The lovely Matilda had made stronger impressions on him than filial affection. All night he pleased himself with visions

of love; and it was not till late after the morning office, that he recollected the friar's commands to attend him at Alfonso's tomb.

"Young man," said Jerome, when he saw him, "this tardiness does not please me. Have a father's commands already so little weight?"

Theodore made awkward excuses, and attributed his delay to having overslept himself.

"And on whom were thy dreams employed?" said the friar, sternly.

His son blushed.

"Come, come," resumed the friar, "inconsiderate youth, this must not be; eradicate this guilty passion from thy breast."

"Guilty passion!" cried Theodore. "Can guilt dwell with innocent beauty, and virtuous modesty?"

"It is sinful," replied the friar, "to cherish those whom Heaven has doomed to destruction. A tyrant's race must be swept from the earth to the third and fourth generation."

"Will Heaven visit the innocent for the crimes of the guilty?" said Theodore. "The fair Matilda has virtues enough——"

"To undo thee," interrupted Jerome. "Hast thou so soon forgotten that twice the savage Manfred has pronounced thy sentence?"

"Nor have I forgotten, sir," said Theodore, "that the charity of his daughter delivered me from his power. I can forget injuries, but never benefits."

"The injuries thou hast received from Manfred's race," said the friar, "are beyond what thou canst conceive. Reply not, but view this holy image! Beneath this marble monument rest the ashes of the good Alfonso — a prince adorned with every virtue! — the father of his people! — the delight of mankind! Kneel, headstrong boy, and list while a father unfolds a tale of horror, that will expel every sentiment from thy soul but sensations of sacred vengeance. Alfonso! much injured prince! let thy unsatisfied shade sit awful on the troubled air, while these trembling lips —— Ha! who comes there?"

"The most wretched of women," said Hippolita, entering the choir. "Good father, art thou at leisure? But why this kneel-

ing youth? — what means the horror imprinted on each countenance? — why at this venerable tomb — alas! hast thou seen aught?"

"We were pouring forth our orisons to Heaven," replied the friar, with some confusion, "to put an end to the woes of this deplorable province. Join with us, lady! thy spotless soul may obtain an exemption from the judgments which the portents of these days but too speakingly denounce against thy house."

"I pray fervently to Heaven to divert them," said the pious princess. "Thou knowest it has been the occupation of my life to wrest a blessing for my lord and my harmless children. One, alas! is taken from me; would Heaven but hear me for my poor Matilda! Father! intercede for her."

"Every heart will bless her," cried Theodore, with rapture.

"Be dumb, rash youth," said Jerome. "And thou, fond princess, contend not with the powers above! the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: bless his holy name, and submit to his decrees."

"I do, most devoutly," said Hippolita: "but will he not spare my only comfort? — must Matilda perish too? Ah! father, I came — but dismiss thy son. No ear but thine must hear what I have to utter."

"May Heaven grant thy every wish, most excellent princess!" said Theodore, retiring. Jerome frowned.

Hippolita then acquainted the friar with the proposal she had suggested to Manfred, his approbation of it, and the tender of Matilda that he was gone to make to Frederick. Jerome could not conceal his dislike of the motion, which he covered under pretence of the impossibility that Frederick, the nearest of blood to Alfonso, and who was come to claim his succession, would yield to an alliance with the usurper of his right. But nothing could equal the perplexity of the friar, when Hippolita confessed her readiness not to oppose the separation, and demanded his opinion on the legality of her acquiescence. The friar caught eagerly at her request of his advice; and, without explaining his aversion to the proposed marriage of Manfred and Isabella, he painted to Hippolita, in the most alarming colours, the sinfulness of her consent, denounced judgments against her if she complied,

and enjoined her in the severest terms to treat any such proposition with every mark of indignation and refusal.

Manfred, in the meantime, had broken his purpose to Frederick, and proposed the double marriage. That weak prince, who had been struck with the charms of Matilda, listened but too eagerly to the offer. He forgot his enmity to Manfred, whom he saw but little hope of dispossessing by force; and flattering himself that no issue might succeed from the union of his daughter with the tyrant, he looked upon his own succession to the principality as facilitated by wedding Matilda. He made faint opposition to the proposal; affecting, for form only, not to acquiesce unless Hippolita should consent to the divorce. Manfred took that upon himself. Transported with his success, and impatient to see himself in a situation to expect sons, he hastened to his wife's apartment, determined to extort her compliance. He learned with indignation that she was absent at the convent. His guilt suggested to him that she had probably been informed by Isabella of his purpose. He doubted whether retirement to the convent did not import an intention of remaining there, until she could raise obstacles to their divorce; and the suspicions he had already entertained of Jerome, made him apprehend that the friar would not only traverse his views, but might have inspired Hippolita with the resolution of taking sanctuary. Impatient to unravel this clue, and to defeat its success, Manfred hastened to the convent, and arrived there as the friar was earnestly exhorting the princess never to yield to the divorce.

"Madam," said Manfred, "what business drew you hither? why did not you await my return from the Marquis?"

"I came to implore a blessing on your councils," replied Hippolita.

"My councils do not need a friar's intervention," said Manfred; "and of all men living, is that hoary traitor the only one you delight to confer with?"

"Profane prince!" said Jerome; "is it at the altar that thou choosest to insult the servants of the altar? — but, Manfred, thy impious schemes are known. Heaven and this virtuous lady know them — nay, frown not, prince. The church despises thy menaces. Her thunders will be heard above thy wrath.

Dare to proceed in thy cursed purpose of a divorce, until her sentence be known, and here I lance her anathema at thy head."

"Audacious rebel!" said Manfred, endeavouring to conceal the awe with which the friar's words inspired him; "dost thou presume to threaten thy lawful prince?"

"Thou art no lawful prince," said Jerome; "thou art no prince. Go, discuss thy claim with Frederick; and when that is done —"

"It is done," replied Manfred: "Frederick accepts Matilda's hand, and is content to waive his claim, unless I have no male issue."

As he spoke those words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alfonso's statue. Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees:

"Behold!" said the friar: "mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonso will never mix with that of Manfred!"

"My gracious lord," said Hippolita, "let us submit ourselves to Heaven. Think not thy ever-obedient wife rebels against thy authority. I have no will but that of my lord and the church. To that revered tribunal let us appeal. It does not depend on us to burst the bonds that unite us. If the church shall approve the dissolution of our marriage be it so. I have but few years, and those of sorrow, to pass. Where can they be worn away so well as at the foot of this altar, in prayers for thine and Matilda's safety?"

"But thou shalt not remain here until then," said Manfred. "Repair with me to the castle, and there I will advise on the proper measures for a divorce; but this meddling friar comes not thither; my hospitable roof shall never more harbour a traitor — and for thy reverence's offspring," continued he, "I banish him from my dominions. He, I ween, is no sacred personage, nor under the protection of the church. Whoever weds Isabella, it shall not be Father Falconara's start-up son."

"They start up," said the friar, "who are suddenly beheld in the seat of lawful princes; but they wither away like the grass, and their place knows them no more."

Manfred, casting a look of scorn at the friar, led Hippolita forth; but, at the door of the church, whispered one of his at-

tendants to remain concealed about the convent, and bring him instant notice, if any one from the castle should repair thither.

CHAPTER V

EVERY reflection which Manfred made on the friar's behaviour conspired to persuade him that Jerome was privy to an amour between Isabella and Theodore. But Jerome's new presumption, so dissonant from his former meekness, suggested still deeper apprehensions. The prince even suspected that the friar depended on some secret support from Frederick, whose arrival, coinciding with the novel appearance of Theodore, seemed to bespeak a correspondence. Still more was he troubled with the resemblance of Theodore to Alfonso's portrait. The latter he knew had unquestionably died without issue. Frederick had consented to bestow Isabella on him. These contradictions agitated his mind with numberless pangs. He saw but two methods of extricating himself from his difficulties. The one was to resign his dominions to the Marquis. Pride, ambition, and his reliance on ancient prophecies, which had pointed out a possibility of preserving them to his posterity, combatted that thought. The other was to press his marriage with Isabella. After long ruminating on these anxious thoughts, as he marched silently with Hippolita to the castle, he at last discoursed with that princess on the subject of his disquiet, and used every insinuating and plausible argument to extract her consent to, even her promise of promoting, the divorce. Hippolita needed little persuasion to bend her to his pleasure. She endeavoured to win him over to the measure of resigning his dominions; but, finding her exhortations fruitless, she assured him, that, as far as her conscience would allow, she would raise no opposition to a separation; though, without better-founded scruples than what he yet alleged, she would not engage to be active in demanding it.

This compliance, though inadequate, was sufficient to raise Manfred's hopes. He trusted that his power and wealth would easily advance his suit at the court of Rome, whither he resolved to engage Frederick to take a journey on purpose. That prince had discovered so much passion for Matilda, that Manfred hoped

to obtain all he wished by holding out or withdrawing his daughter's charms, according as the Marquis should appear more or less disposed to coöperate in his views. Even the absence of Frederick would be a material point gained, until he could take farther measures for his security.

Dismissing Hippolita to her apartment, he repaired to that of the Marquis; but crossing the great hall, through which he was to pass, he met Bianca. The damsel he knew was in the confidence of both the young ladies. It immediately occurred to him to sift her on the subject of Isabella and Theodore. Calling her aside into the recess of the oriel window of the hall, and soothing her with many fair words and promises, he demanded of her whether she knew aught of the state of Isabella's affections?

"I! my lord! no, my lord — yes, my lord — poor lady! she is wonderfully alarmed about her father's wounds; but I tell her he will do well, — don't your highness think so?"

"I do not ask you," replied Manfred, "what she thinks about her father: but you are in her secrets: come, be a good girl, and tell me; is there any young man — ha! — you understand me."

"Lord, bless me! understand your highness — no, not I; I told her a few vulnerary herbs and repose —"

"I am not talking," replied the prince, impatiently, "about her father: I know he will do well."

"Bless me, I rejoice to hear your highness say so: for though I thought it not right to let my young lady despond, methought his greatness had a wan look, and a something — I remember when young Ferdinand was wounded by the Venetian —"

"Thou answerest from the point," interrupted Manfred; "but here, take this jewel; perhaps that may fix thy attention — nay, no reverences; my favour shall not stop here. Come, tell me truly; how stands Isabella's heart?"

"Well! your highness has such a way!" said Bianca, "to be sure, — but can your highness keep a secret? — if it should ever come out of your lips —"

"It shall not, it shall not," cried Manfred.

"Nay, but swear, your highness: — by my halidame, if it should ever be known that I said it — Why, truth is truth, I do not think my lady Isabella ever much affectioned my young lord,

your son — yet he was a sweet youth as one should see. I am sure, if I had been a princess — but, bless me! I must attend my Lady Matilda; she will marvel what is become of me."

"Stay," cried Manfred; "thou hast not satisfied my question. Hast thou ever carried any message, any letter?"

"I! good gracious!" cried Bianca; "I carry a letter? I would not, to be a queen. I hope your highness thinks, though I am poor, I am honest; — did your highness never hear what Count Marsigli offered me, when he came a-wooing to my Lady Matilda?"

"I have not leisure," said Manfred, "to listen to thy tale. I do not question thy honesty; but it is thy duty to conceal nothing from me. How long has Isabella been acquainted with Theodore?"

"Nay, there is nothing can escape your highness!" said Bianca — "not that I know any thing of the matter. Theodore, to be sure, is a proper young man, and, as my Lady Matilda says, the very image of good Alfonso: has not your highness remarked it?"

"Yes, yes, — no — thou torturest me," said Manfred. "Where did they meet? — when?"

"Who! my Lady Matilda?" said Bianca.

"No, no, not Matilda; Isabella. When did Isabella first become acquainted with this Theodore?"

"Virgin Mary!" said Bianca, "how should I know?"

"Thou dost know!" said Manfred, "and I must know; I will —"

"Lord! your highness is not jealous of young Theodore!" said Bianca.

"Jealous! no, no: why should I be jealous? — perhaps I mean to unite them. If I were sure Isabella would have no repugnance —"

"Repugnance! no, I'll warrant her," said Bianca: "he is as comely a youth as ever trod on Christian ground. We are all in love with him; there is not a soul in the castle but would be rejoiced to have him for our prince — I mean, when it shall please Heaven to call your Highness to itself."

"Indeed!" said Manfred: "has it gone so far? Oh! this

cursed friar! — but I must not lose time: — go, Bianca, attend Isabella: but, I charge thee, not a word of what has passed. Find out how she is affected towards Theodore: bring me good news, and that ring has a companion. Wait at the foot of the winding staircase: I am going to visit the Marquis, and will talk further with thee on my return."

Manfred, after some general conversation, desired Frederick to dismiss the two knights, his companions, having to talk with him on urgent affairs. As soon as they were alone, he began, in artful disguise, to sound the Marquis on the subject of Matilda: and, finding him disposed to his wish, he let drop hints on the difficulties that would attend the celebration of their marriage, unless — at that instant Bianca burst into the room, with a wildness in her look and gestures that spoke the utmost terror.

"Oh! my lord, my lord!" cried she, "we are all undone! it is come again! it is come again!"

"What is come again?" cried Manfred, amazed.

"Oh! the hand; the giant! the hand! — support me! I am terrified out of my senses," cried Bianca. "I will not sleep in the castle to-night. Where shall I go? — my things may come after me to-morrow — would I had been content to wed Francesco! — this comes of ambition!"

"What has terrified thee thus, young woman?" said the Marquis; "thou art safe here; be not alarmed."

"Oh! your greatness is wonderfully good," said Bianca; "but I dare not — no, pray, let me go — I had rather leave everything behind me than stay another hour under this roof."

"Go to — thou hast lost thy senses," said Manfred. "Interrupt us not; we were communing on important matters. My lord, this wench is subject to fits. Come with me, Bianca."

"Oh! the saints! no," said Bianca: "for certain it comes to warn your highness: why should it appear to me else? I say my prayers morning and evening — oh! if your highness had believed Diego! it is the same hand that he saw the foot to in the gallery chamber — Father Jerome has often told us the prophecy would be out one of these days: 'Bianca,' said he, 'mark my words —'"

"Thou ravest," said Manfred, in a rage; "begone, and keep these fooleries to frighten thy companions."

"What! my lord," cried Bianca, "do you think I have seen nothing? go to the foot of the great stairs yourself — as I live, I saw it."

"Saw what? tell us, fair maid, what thou hast seen," said Frederick.

"Can your highness listen," said Manfred, "to the delirium of a silly wench, who has heard stories of apparitions until she believes them?"

"This is more than fancy," said the Marquis; "her terror is too natural and too strongly impressed to be the work of imagination. Tell us, fair maiden, what it is has moved thee thus."

"Yes, my lord; thank your greatness," said Bianca. "I believe I look very pale; I shall be better when I have recovered myself. I was going to my Lady's Isabella's chamber, by his highness's order ——"

"We do not want the circumstances," interrupted Manfred: "since his highness will have it so, proceed; but be brief."

"Lord! your highness thwarts one so!" replied Bianca: "I fear my hair — I am sure I never in my life — well! as I was telling your greatness, I was going, by his highness's order, to my Lady Isabella's chamber: she lies in the watchet-coloured chamber, on the right hand, one pair of stairs: so when I came to the great stairs — I was looking on his highness's present here ——"

"Grant me patience," said Manfred; "will this wench ever come to the point? — what imports it to the Marquis, that I gave thee a bauble for thy faithful attendance on my daughter? — we want to know what thou sawest."

"I was going to tell your highness," said Bianca, "if you would permit me. So, as I was rubbing the ring — I am sure I had not gone up three steps, but I heard the rattling of armour; for all the world such a clatter, as Diego says he heard when the giant turned him about in the gallery chamber."

"What does she mean, my lord?" said the Marquis: "is your castle haunted by giants and goblins?"

"Lord! what, has not your greatness heard the story of the

giant in the gallery chamber?" cried Bianca. "I marvel his highness has not told you — mayhap you do not know there is a prophecy ——"

"This trifling is intolerable," interrupted Manfred. "Let us dismiss the silly wench, my lord ! we have more important affairs to discuss."

"By your favour," said Frederick, "these are no trifles : the enormous sabre I was directed to in the wood, — yon casque, its fellow, — are these visions of this poor maiden's brain?"

"So Jaquez thinks, may it please your greatness," said Bianca. "He says the moon will not be out without our seeing some strange revolution. For my part I should not be surprised if it was to happen to-morrow ; for as I was saying, when I heard the clattering of armour, I was all in a cold sweat, I looked up, and if your greatness will believe me, I saw upon the uppermost banister of the stair a hand in armour, as big, as big — I thought I should have swooned — I never stopped until I came hither — would I were well out of this castle ! My Lady Matilda told me but yester-morning that her highness Hippolita knows something ——"

"Thou art an insolent," cried Manfred. "Lord Marquis, it much misgives me that this scene is concerted to affront me. Are my own domestics suborned to spread tales injurious to my honour ? Pursue your claim by manly daring ; or let us bury our feuds, as was proposed, by the intermarriage of our children : but trust me, it ill becomes a prince of your bearing to practise on mercenary wenches."

"I scorn your imputation," said Frederick : "until this hour I never set eyes on this damsel : I have given her no jewel ! — My lord, my lord, your conscience, your guilt accuses you, and you would throw the suspicion on me. But keep your daughter, and think no more of Isabella. The judgments already fallen on your house forbid me matching into it."

Manfred, alarmed at the resolute tone in which Frederick delivered these words, endeavoured to pacify him. Dismissing Bianca, he made such submissions to the Marquis, and threw in such artful encomiums of Matilda, that Frederick was once more staggered. However, as his passion was of so recent a

date, it could not, at once, surmount the scruples he had conceived. He had gathered enough from Bianca's discourse to persuade him that Heaven declared itself against Manfred. The proposed marriages, too, removed his claim to a distance; and the principality of Otranto was a stronger temptation than the contingent reversion of it with Matilda. Still he would not absolutely recede from his engagements; but, purposing to gain time, he demanded of Manfred if it was true, in fact, that Hippolita consented to the divorce. The prince, transported to find no other obstacle, and depending on his influence over his wife, assured the Marquis it was so, and that he might satisfy himself of the truth from her own mouth.

As they were thus discoursing, word was brought that the banquet was prepared. Manfred conducted Frederick to the great hall, where they were received by Hippolita and the young princesses. Manfred placed the Marquis next to Matilda, and seated himself between his wife and Isabella. Hippolita comported herself with an easy gravity; but the young ladies were silent and melancholy. Manfred, who was determined to pursue his point with the Marquis in the remainder of the evening, pushed on the feast until it waxed late; affecting unrestrained gaiety, and plying Frederick with repeated goblets of wine. The latter, more upon his guard than Manfred wished, declined his frequent challenges, on pretence of his late loss of blood; while the prince, to raise his own disordered spirits, and to counterfeit unconcern, indulged himself in plentiful draughts, though not to the intoxication of his senses.

The evening being far advanced, the banquet concluded. Manfred would have withdrawn with Frederick: but the latter pleading weakness and want of repose, retired to his chamber, gallantly telling the prince, that his daughter should amuse his highness until himself could attend him. Manfred accepted the party, and, to the no small grief of Isabella, accompanied her to her apartment. Matilda waited on her mother to enjoy the freshness of the evening on the ramparts of the castle.

Soon as the company were dispersed their several ways, Frederick, quitting his chamber, inquired if Hippolita was alone, and was told by one of her attendants, who had not noticed her

going forth, that at that hour she generally withdrew to her oratory, where he probably would find her. The Marquis, during the repast, had beheld Matilda with increase of passion. He now wished to find Hippolita in the disposition her lord had promised. The portents that had alarmed him were forgotten in his desires. Stealing softly and unobserved to the apartment of Hippolita, he entered it with a resolution to encourage her acquiescence to the divorce, having perceived that Manfred was resolved to make the possession of Isabella an unalterable condition, before he would grant Matilda to his wishes.

The Marquis was not surprised at the silence that reigned in the princess's apartment. Concluding her, as he had been advertised, in her oratory, he passed on. The door was ajar; the evening gloomy and overcast. Pushing open the door gently, he saw a person kneeling before the altar. As he approached nearer, it seemed not a woman, but one in a long woolen weed, whose back was towards him. The person seemed absorbed in prayer. The Marquis was about to return, when the figure, rising, stood some moments fixed in meditation, without regarding him. The Marquis, expecting the holy person to come forth, and meaning to excuse his uncivil interruption, said, "Reverend father, I sought the Lady Hippolita."

"Hippolita!" replied a hollow voice, "camest thou to this castle to seek Hippolita?" and then the figure, turning slowly round, discovered to Frederick the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapped in a hermit's cowl."

"Angels of grace, protect me!" cried Frederick, recoiling.

"Deserve their protection!" said the spectre.

Frederick, falling on his knees, adjured the phantom to take pity on him.

"Dost thou not remember me?" said the apparition. "Remember the wood of Joppa!"

"Art thou that holy hermit?" cried Frederick, trembling. "Can I do aught for thy eternal peace?"

"Wast thou delivered from bondage," said the spectre, "to pursue carnal delights? — Hast thou forgotten the buried sabre, and the behest of heaven engraven on it?"

"I have not, I have not," said Frederick: "but say, blessed

spirit, what is thy errand to me:—what remains to be done?”

“To forget Matilda!” said the apparition — and vanished.

Frederick’s blood froze in his veins. For some minutes he remained motionless. Then, falling prostrate on his face before the altar, he besought the intercession of every saint for pardon. A flood of tears succeeded to this transport; and the image of the beauteous Matilda, rushing, in spite of him, on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a conflict of penitence and passion.

Ere he could recover from this agony of his spirits, the Princess Hippolita, with a taper in her hand, entered the oratory alone. Seeing a man without motion, on the floor, she gave a shriek, concluding him dead. Her fright brought Frederick to himself. Rising suddenly, his face bedewed with tears, he would have rushed from her presence: but Hippolita stopping him, conjured him, in the most plaintive accents, to explain the cause of his disorder, and by what strange chance she had found him there in that posture.

“Ah! virtuous princess,” said the Marquis, penetrated with grief — and stopped.

“For the love of Heaven, my lord,” said Hippolita, “disclose the cause of this transport! What means these doleful sounds, this alarming exclamation on my name? What woes has Heaven still in store for the wretched Hippolita? — Yet silent! — By every pitying angel, I adjure thee, noble prince,” continued she, falling at his feet, “to disclose the purport of what lies at thy heart — I see thou feelest for me; thou feelest the sharp pangs that thou inflictest — speak for pity! — dost aught thou knowest concern my child?”

“I cannot speak,” cried Frederick, bursting from her — “Oh! Matilda!”

Quitting the princess thus abruptly, he hastened to his own apartment. At the door of it he was accosted by Manfred, who, flushed by wine and love, had come to seek him, and to propose to waste some hours of the night in music and revelling. Frederick, offended at an invitation so dissonant from the mood of his soul, pushed him rudely aside, and entering his chamber, flung the door intemperately against Manfred, and bolted it

inwards. The haughty prince, enraged at this unaccountable behaviour, withdrew in a frame of mind capable of the most fatal excesses. As he crossed the court, he was met by the domestic, whom he had planted at the convent as a spy on Jerome and Theodore. This man, almost breathless with the haste he had made, informed his lord, that Theodore and some lady from the castle were at that instant in private conference at the tomb of Alfonso, in St. Nicholas's church. He had dogged Theodore thither, but the gloominess of the night had prevented his discovering who the woman was.

Manfred, whose spirits were inflamed, and whom Isabella had driven from her on his urging his passion with too little reserve, did not doubt but the inquietude she had expressed had been occasioned by her impatience to meet Theodore. Provoked by this conjecture, and enraged at her father, he hastened secretly to the great church. Gliding softly between the aisles, and guided by an imperfect gleam of moonshine, that shone faintly through the illuminated windows, he stole towards the tomb of Alfonso, to which he was directed by indistinct whispers of the persons he sought. The first sounds he could distinguish were — "Does it, alas! depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union —"

"No, this shall prevent it!" cried the tyrant, drawing his dagger, and plunging it over his shoulder into the bosom of the person that spoke.

"Ah, me! I am slain!" cried Matilda, sinking: "good heaven, receive my soul!"

"Savage, inhuman monster! what hast thou done?" cried Theodore, rushing on him, and wrenching his dagger from him.

"Stop; stop thy impious hand!" cried Matilda: "it is my father!"

Manfred, waking as from a trance, beat his breast, twisted his hands in his locks, and endeavoured to recover his dagger from Theodore, to despatch himself. Theodore, scarce less distracted, and only mastering the transports of his grief, to assist Matilda, had now, by his cries, drawn some of the monks to his aid. While part of them endeavoured, in concert with the afflicted Theodore, to stop the blood of the dying princess,

the rest prevented Manfred from laying violent hands on himself.

Matilda, resigning herself patiently to her fate, acknowledged, with looks of grateful love, the zeal of Theodore. Yet, oft as her faintness would permit her speech its way, she begged the assistants to comfort her father. Jerome by this time had learned the fatal news, and reached the church. His looks seemed to reproach Theodore: but, turning to Manfred, he said, — “Now, tyrant! behold the completion of woe fulfilled on thy impious and devoted head! The blood of Alfonso cried to heaven for vengeance, and heaven has permitted its altar to be polluted by assassination, that thou mightest shed thy own blood at the foot of that prince’s sepulchre!”

“Cruel man!” cried Matilda, “to aggravate the woes of a parent! may Heaven bless my father, and forgive him as I do! My lord, my gracious sire, dost thou forgive thy child? Indeed I came not hither to meet Theodore! I found him praying at this tomb, whither my mother sent me to intercede for thee, for her — dearest father, bless your child, and say you forgive her.”

“Forgive thee! — murderous monster!” cried Manfred, — “can assassins forgive? I took thee for Isabella; but Heaven directed my bloody hand to the heart of my child. Oh! Matilda — I cannot utter it — canst thou forgive the blindness of my rage?”

“I can, I do! and may Heaven confirm it!” said Matilda — “but while I have life to ask it — Oh! my mother! what will she feel? will you comfort her? my lord! will you not put her away? indeed she loves you — oh! I am faint! bear me to the castle — can I live to have her close my eyes?”

Theodore and the monks besought her earnestly to suffer herself to be borne into the convent; but her instances were so pressing to be carried to the castle, that, placing her on a litter, they conveyed her thither as she requested. Theodore, supporting her head with his arm, and hanging over her in an agony of despairing love, still endeavoured to inspire her with hopes of life. Jerome, on the other side, comforted her with discourses of Heaven, and holding a crucifix before her, which

she bathed with innocent tears, prepared her for her passage to immortality. Manfred, plunged in the deepest affliction, followed the litter in despair.

Ere they reached the castle, Hippolita, informed of the dreadful catastrophe, had flown to meet her murdered child: but when she saw the afflicted procession, the mightiness of her grief deprived her of her senses, and she fell lifeless to the earth in a swoon. Isabella and Frederick, who attended her, were overwhelmed in almost equal sorrow. Matilda alone seemed insensible to her own situation: every thought was lost in tenderness for her mother. Ordering the litter to stop, as soon as Hippolita was brought to herself, she asked for her father. He approached, unable to speak. Matilda, seizing his hand and her mother's, locked them in her own, and clasped them to her heart. Manfred could not support this act of pathetic piety. He dashed himself on the ground, and cursed the day he was born. Isabella, apprehensive that these struggles of passion were more than Matilda could support, took upon herself to order Manfred to be borne to his apartment, while she caused Matilda to be conveyed to the nearest chamber. Hippolita, scarce more alive than her daughter, was regardless of every thing but her: but when the tender Isabella's care would have likewise removed her, while the surgeons examined Matilda's wound, she cried, —

“Remove me! never! never! I lived but in her, and will expire with her.”

Matilda raised her eyes at her mother's voice, but closed them again without speaking. Her sinking pulse, and the damp coldness of her hand, soon dispelled all hopes of recovery. Theodore followed the surgeons into the outer chamber, and heard them pronounce the fatal sentence, with a transport equal to frenzy.

“Since she cannot live mine,” cried he, “at least she shall be mine in death! Father! Jerome! will you not join our hands?” cried he to the friar, who, with the Marquis, had accompanied the surgeons.

“What means thy distracted rashness?” said Jerome: “Is this an hour for marriage?”

“It is, it is,” cried Theodore, “alas! there is no other!”

"Young man, thou art too unadvised," said Frederick: — "dost thou think we are to listen to thy fond transports in this hour of fate? — what pretensions hast thou to the princess?"

"Those of a prince," said Theodore — "of the sovereign of Otranto. This reverend man, my father, has informed me who I am."

"Thou ravest," said the Marquis; "there is no prince of Otranto but myself, now Manfred, by murder, by sacrilegious murder, has forfeited all pretensions."

"My lord," said Jerome, assuming an air of command, "he tells you true. It was not my purpose the secret should have been divulged so soon; but fate presses onward to its work. What his hot-headed passion has revealed, my tongue confirms. Know, prince, that when Alfonso set sail for the Holy Land ——"

"Is this a season for explanation?" cried Theodore. — "Father, come and unite me to the princess: she shall be mine — in every other thing I will dutifully obey you. My life, my adored Matilda!" continued Theodore, rushing back into the inner chamber, "will you not be mine? will you not bless your ——"

Isabella made signs for him to be silent, apprehending the princess was near her end.

"What! is she dead?" cried Theodore: "is it possible?"

The violence of his exclamations brought Matilda to herself. Lifting up her eyes, she looked round for her mother.

"Life of my soul! I am here," cried Hippolita; "think not I will quit thee!"

"Oh! you are too good," said Matilda — "but weep not for me, my mother! — I am going where sorrow never dwells — Isabella, thou hast loved me; wilt thou not supply my fondness to this dear, dear woman? — indeed I am faint!"

"Oh, my child! my child!" said Hippolita, in a flood of tears: "can I not withhold thee a moment?"

"It will not be," said Matilda — "commend me to Heaven: — where is my father? — forgive him, dearest mother — forgive him my death; it was an error — Oh! I had forgotten — dearest mother, I vowed never to see Theodore more — perhaps

that has drawn down this calamity — but it was not intentional — can you pardon me?"

"Oh! wound not my agonising soul!" said Hippolita; "thou never couldst offend me — Alas! she faints! help! help!"

"I would say something more," said Matilda, struggling; "but it cannot be! Isabella — Theodore — for my sake — Oh!" — she expired.

Isabella and her women tore Hippolita from the corpse; but Theodore threatened destruction to all who attempted to remove him from it. He printed a thousand kisses on her clay-cold hands, and uttered every expression that despairing love could dictate.

Isabella, in the meantime, was accompanying the afflicted Hippolita to her apartment; but, in the middle of the court, they were met by Manfred, who, distracted with his own thoughts, and anxious once more to behold his daughter, was advancing to the chamber where she lay. As the moon was now at its height, he read, in the countenances of this unhappy company, the event he dreaded.

"What! is she dead?" cried he, in wild confusion. A clap of thunder at that instant shook the castle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind. Frederick and Jerome thought the last day was at hand. The latter, forcing Theodore along with them, rushed into the court. The moment Theodore appeared, the walls of the castle behind Manfred were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins.

"Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso!" said the vision: and having pronounced these words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it ascended solemnly towards heaven, where, the clouds parting asunder, the form of St. Nicholas was seen, and receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory.

The beholders fell prostrate on their faces, acknowledging the divine will. The first that broke silence was Hippolita.

"My lord," said she, to the desponding Manfred, "behold the vanity of human greatness! Conrad is gone! Matilda is no

more! in Theodore we view the true Prince of Otranto. By what miracle he is so, I know not — suffice it to us — our doom is pronounced! shall we not, can we but dedicate the few deplorable hours we have to live, in deprecating the farther wrath of Heaven? Heaven ejects us — whither can we fly, but to yon holy cells that yet offer us a retreat?”

“Thou guiltless but unhappy woman! unhappy by my crimes!” replied Manfred, “my heart at last is open to thy devout admonitions. Oh! could — but it cannot be — ye are lost in wonder — let me at last do justice on myself! To heap shame on my own head is all the satisfaction I have left to offer to offended Heaven. My story has drawn down these judgments: let my confession atone — but ah! what can atone for usurpation, and a murdered child! a child murdered in a consecrated place! List, sirs, and may this bloody record be a warning to future tyrants!

“Alfonso, ye all know, died in the Holy Land. Ye would interrupt me; ye would say he came not fairly to his end. It is most true; why else this bitter cup, which Manfred must drink to the dregs? Ricardo, my grandfather, was his chamberlain — I would draw a veil over my ancestor’s crimes — but it is in vain! Alfonso died by poison. A fictitious will declared Ricardo his heir. His crimes pursued him — yet he lost no Conrad, no Matilda! I pay the price of usurpation for all! A storm overtook him. Haunted by his guilt, he vowed to St. Nicholas to found a church and two convents, if he lived to reach Otranto. The sacrifice was accepted: the saint appeared to him in a dream, and promised that Ricardo’s posterity should reign in Otranto until the rightful owner should be grown too large to inhabit the castle, and as long as issue male from Ricardo’s loins should remain to enjoy it. Alas! alas! nor male nor female, except myself, remains of all his wretched race! — I have done — the woes of these three days speak the rest. How this young man can be Alfonso’s heir, I know not — yet I do not doubt it. His are these dominions; I resign them — yet I knew not Alfonso had an heir — I question not the will of Heaven — poverty and prayer must fill up the woeful space, until Manfred shall be summoned to Ricardo.”

"What remains is my part to declare," said Jerome. "When Alfonso set sail for the Holy Land, he was driven by a storm to the coast of Sicily. The other vessel, which bore Ricardo and his train, as your lordship must have heard, was separated from him."

"It is most true," said Manfred: "and the title you give me is more than an outcast can claim — well! be it so — proceed."

Jerome blushed, and continued. "For three months Lord Alfonso was wind-bound in Sicily. There he became enamoured of a fair virgin, named Victoria. He was too pious to tempt her to forbidden pleasures. They were married. Yet deeming this amour incongruous with the holy vow of arms by which he was bound, he determined to conceal their nuptials, until his return from the Crusade, when he purposed to seek and acknowledge her for his lawful wife. He left her pregnant. During his absence, she was delivered of a daughter: but scarce had she felt a mother's pangs, ere she heard the fatal rumour of her lord's death, and the succession of Ricardo. What could a friendless, helpless woman do? Would her testimony avail? Yet, my lord, I have an authentic writing —"

"It needs not," said Manfred: "the horrors of these days, the vision we have but now seen, all corroborate thy evidence beyond a thousand parchments. Matilda's death, and my expulsion —"

"Be composed, my lord," said Hippolita; "this holy man did not mean to recall your griefs."

Jerome proceeded: —

"I shall not dwell on what is needless, — the daughter of which Victoria was delivered, was, at her maturity, bestowed in marriage on me. Victoria died; and the secret remained locked in my breast. Theodore's narrative has told the rest."

The friar ceased. The disconsolate company retired to the remaining part of the castle. In the morning, Manfred signed his abdication of the principality, with the approbation of Hippolita, and each took on them the habit of religion in the neighbouring convents. Frederick offered his daughter to the new prince, which Hippolita's tenderness for Isabella concurred to

promote; but Theodore's grief was too fresh to admit the thought of another love; and it was not until after frequent discourses with Isabella, of his dear Matilda, that he was persuaded he could know no happiness but in the society of one with whom he could for ever indulge the melancholy that had taken possession of his soul.

THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE

PLACE, ITALY AND FRANCE; TIME, 1584

PART I. CHAPTER XIX

[THE JOURNEY TO UDOLPHO]

AT length the travellers began to ascend among the Apennines. The immense pine-forests which at that period overhung these mountains, and between which the road wound, excluded all view but of the cliffs aspiring above, except that now and then an opening through the dark woods allowed the eye a momentary glimpse of the country below. The gloom of these shades, their solitary silence, except when the breeze swept over their summits, the tremendous precipices of the mountains that came partially to the eye, each assisted to raise the solemnity of Emily's¹ feelings into awe: she saw only images of gloomy grandeur, or of dreadful sublimity, around her; other images, equally gloomy, and equally terrible, gleamed on her imagination. She was going she scarcely knew whither, under the dominion of a person from whose arbitrary disposition she had already suffered so much; to marry, perhaps, a man who possessed neither her affection nor esteem; or to endure, beyond the hope of succour, whatever punishment revenge, and that Italian revenge, might dictate. — The more she considered what might be the motive of the journey, the more she became convinced that it was for the purpose of concluding her nuptials with Count Morano, with the secrecy which her resolute resistance had made necessary to the honour, if not to the safety, of Montoni. From the deep

¹ Emily St. Aubert, an orphan, was consigned by her father at his death to the guardianship of his widowed sister, Madame Cheron. The latter has now become the wife of the unscrupulous Montoni. The travellers mentioned here are Emily and Montoni and his wife.

solitudes into which she was emerging, and from the gloomy castle of which she had heard some mysterious hints, her sick heart recoiled in despair, and she experienced that, though her mind was already occupied by peculiar distress, it was still alive to the influence of new and local circumstance; why else did she shudder at the image of this desolate castle?

As the travellers still ascended among the pine-forests, steep rose over steep, the mountains seemed to multiply as they went, and what was the summit of one eminence proved to be only the base of another. At length they reached a little plain, where the drivers stopped to rest the mules, when a scene of such extent and magnificence opened below, as drew even from Madame Montoni a note of admiration. Emily lost for a moment her sorrows in the immensity of nature. Beyond the amphitheatre of mountains that stretched below, whose tops appeared as numerous almost as the waves of the sea, and whose feet were concealed by the forests — extended the *campagna* of Italy, where cities and rivers and woods, and all the glow of cultivation, were mingled in gay confusion. The Adriatic bounded the horizon, into which the Po and the Brenta, after winding through the whole extent of the landscape, poured their fruitful waves. Emily gazed long on the splendours of the world she was quitting, of which the whole magnificence seemed thus given to her sight only to increase her regret on leaving it: for her, Valancourt¹ alone was in that world; to him alone her heart turned, and for him alone fell her bitter tears.

From this sublime scene the travellers continued to ascend among the pines, till they entered a narrow pass of the mountains, which shut out every feature of the distant country, and in its stead exhibited only tremendous crags impending over the road, where no vestige of humanity, or even of vegetation, appeared, except here and there the trunk and scathed branches of an oak, that hung nearly headlong from the rock into which its strong roots had fastened. This pass, which led into the heart of the Apennines, at length opened to day, and a scene of mountains stretched in long perspective, as wild as any the travellers had yet passed. Still vast pine-forests hung upon their base,

¹ Emily's betrothed. He was not acknowledged by Madame Montoni.

and crowned the ridgy precipice that rose perpendicularly from the vale, while, above, the rolling mists caught the sun-beams, and touched their cliffs with all the magical colouring of light and shade. The scene seemed perpetually changing, and its features to assume new forms, as the winding road brought them to the eye in different attitudes; while the shifting vapours, now partially concealing their minuter beauties, and now illuminating them with splendid tints, assisted the illusions of the sight.

Though the deep valleys between these mountains were for the most part clothed with pines, sometimes an abrupt opening presented a perspective of only barren rocks, with a cataract flashing from their summit among broken cliffs, till its waters, reaching the bottom, foamed along with louder fury; and sometimes pastoral scenes exhibited their 'green delights' in the narrow vales, smiling amid surrounding horror. There herds and flocks of goats and sheep browsing under the shade of hanging woods, and the shepherd's little cabin reared on the margin of a clear stream, presented a sweet picture of repose.

Wild and romantic as were these scenes, their character had far less of the sublime than had those of the Alps which guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but seldom felt those emotions of indescribable awe which she had so continually experienced in her passage over the Alps.

Towards the close of day the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

‘There,’ said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, ‘is Udolpho.’

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni’s; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity; and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice: but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting

the gates: from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. — Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

While Emily gazed with awe upon the scene, footsteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of bolts; after which an ancient servant of the castle appeared, forcing back the huge folds of the portal to admit his lord. As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart sunk, and she seemed as if she was going into her prison; the gloomy court into which she passed, served to confirm the idea; and her imagination, ever awake to circumstance, suggested even more terrors than her reason could justify.

Another gate delivered them into the second court, grass-grown and more wild than the first, where, as she surveyed through the twilight its desolation — its lofty walls overtopped with briony, moss, and nightshade, and the embattled towers that rose above — long suffering and murder came to her thoughts. One of those instantaneous and unaccountable convictions, which sometimes conquer even strong minds, impressed her with its horror. The sentiment was not diminished when she entered an extensive gothic hall, obscured by the gloom of evening, which a light glimmering at a distance through a long perspective of arches only rendered more striking. As a servant brought the lamp nearer, partial gleams fell upon the pillars and the pointed arches, forming a strong contrast with their shadows that stretched along the pavement and the walls.

The sudden journey of Montoni had prevented his people from making any other preparations for his reception than could be had in the short interval since the arrival of the servant who had been sent forward from Venice; and this, in some measure, may account for the air of extreme desolation that everywhere appeared.

The servant who came to light Montoni bowed in silence, and the muscles of his countenance relaxed with no symptom of joy. Montoni noticed the salutation by a slight motion of his hand, and passed on; while his lady, following, and looking round with a degree of surprise and discontent which she seemed fearful of

expressing, and Emily, surveying the extent and grandeur of the hall in timid wonder, approached a marble staircase. The arches here opened to a lofty vault, from the centre of which hung a tripod lamp which a servant was hastily lighting; and the rich fret-work of the roof, a corridor leading into several upper apartments, and a painted window stretching nearly from the pavement to the ceiling of the hall, became gradually visible.

Having crossed the foot of the staircase and passed through an ante-room, they entered a spacious apartment, whose walls, wainscoted with black larch-wood, the growth of the neighbouring mountains, were scarcely distinguishable from darkness itself.

‘Bring more light,’ said Montoni as he entered.

The servant, setting down his lamp, was withdrawing to obey him; when Madame Montoni observing that the evening air of this mountainous region was cold, and that she should like a fire, Montoni ordered that wood might be brought.

While he paced the room with thoughtful steps, and Madame Montoni sat silently on a couch at the upper end of it waiting till the servant returned, Emily was observing the singular solemnity and desolation of the apartment, viewed as it now was by the glimmer of the single lamp, placed near a large Venetian mirror that duskily reflected the scene, with the tall figure of Montoni passing slowly along, his arms folded, and his countenance shaded by the plume that waved in his hat.

From the contemplation of this scene, Emily’s mind proceeded to the apprehension of what she might suffer in it, till the remembrance of Valancourt, far, far distant! came to her heart, and softened it into sorrow. A heavy sigh escaped her: but trying to conceal her tears, she walked away to one of the high windows that opened upon the ramparts, below which spread the woods she had passed in her approach to the castle. But the night shade sat deeply on the mountains beyond and their indented outline alone could be faintly traced on the horizon, where a red streak yet glimmered in the west. The valley between was sunk in darkness.

The scene within, upon which Emily turned on the opening of

the door, was scarcely less gloomy. The old servant who had received them at the gates now entered, bending under a load of pine branches, while two of Montoni's Venetian servants followed with lights.

* * * * *

The fire was now lighted; Carlo swept the hearth, placed chairs, wiped the dust from a large marble table that stood near it, and then left the room.

Montoni and his family drew round the fire. Madame Montoni made several attempts at conversation, but his sullen answers repulsed her, while Emily sat endeavouring to acquire courage enough to speak to him. At length, in a tremulous voice, she said, 'May I ask, sir, the motive of this sudden journey?' — After a long pause she recovered sufficient courage to repeat the question.

'It does not suit me to answer inquiries,' said Montoni, 'nor does it become you to make them; time may unfold them all; but I desire I may be no further harassed, and I recommend it to you to retire to your chamber, and to endeavour to adopt a more rational conduct than that of yielding to fancies, and to a sensibility which, to call it by the gentlest name, is only a weakness.'

Emily rose to withdraw. 'Good night, madam,' said she to her aunt with an assumed composure that could not disguise her emotion.

'Good night, my dear,' said Madame Montoni in a tone of kindness which her niece had never before heard from her; and the unexpected endearment brought tears to Emily's eyes. She curtsied to Montoni, and was retiring. 'But you do not know the way to your chamber,' said her aunt. Montoni called the servant, who waited in the ante-room, and bade him send Madame Montoni's woman; with whom, in a few minutes, Emily withdrew.

'Do you know which is my room?' said she to Annette, as they crossed the hall,

'Yes, I believe I do, ma'amselle; but this is such a strange rambling place! I have been lost in it already; they call it the

double chamber over the south rampart, and I went up this great staircase to it. My lady's room is at the other end of the castle.'

Emily ascended the marble staircase, and came to the corridor, as they passed through which Annette resumed her chat:— 'What a wild lonely place this is, ma'am! I shall be quite frightened to live in it. How often and often have I wished myself in France again! I little thought, when I came with my lady to see the world, that I should ever be shut up in such a place as this, or I would never have left my own country! This way, ma'amselle, down this turning. I can almost believe in giants again, and such like, for this is just like one of their castles; and some night or other, I suppose, I shall see fairies too hopping about in that great old hall, that looks more like a church, with its huge pillars, than anything else.'

'Yes,' said Emily smiling, and glad to escape from more serious thought, 'if we come to the corridor about midnight and look down into the hall, we shall certainly see it illuminated with a thousand lamps, and the fairies tripping in gay circles to the sound of delicious music; for it is in such places as this, you know, that they come to hold their revels. But I am afraid, Annette, you will not be able to pay the necessary penance for such a sight: and if once they hear your voice, the whole scene will vanish in an instant.'

'O! if you will bear me company, ma'amselle, I will come to the corridor this very night, and I promise you I will hold my tongue; it shall not be my fault if the show vanishes. — But do you think they will come?'

'I cannot promise that with certainty, but I will venture to say it will not be your fault if the enchantment should vanish.'

'Well, ma'amselle, that is saying more than I expected of you: but I am not so much afraid of fairies as of ghosts; and they say there are a plentiful many of them about the castle; now I should be frightened to death if I should chance to see any of them. But hush, ma'amselle, walk softly! I have thought several times something passed by me.'

'Ridiculous!' said Emily; 'you must not indulge such fancies.'

'O ma'am; they are not fancies, for aught I know; Benedetto says these dismal galleries and halls are fit for nothing but ghosts

to live in ; and I verily believe, if I *live* long in them, I shall turn to one myself !'

'I hope,' said Emily, 'you will not suffer Signor Montoni to hear of these weak fears; they would highly displease him.'

'What, you know then, ma'amselle, all about it !' rejoined Annette. 'No, no, I do know better than to do so ; though, if the signor can sleep sound, nobody else in the castle has any right to lie awake, I am sure.' Emily did not appear to notice this remark.

'Down this passage, ma'amselle; this leads to a back staircase. O ! if I see anything, I shall be frightened out of my wits !'

'That will scarcely be possible,' said Emily smiling, as she followed the winding of the passage which opened into another gallery ; and then Annette perceiving that she had missed her way while she had been so eloquently haranguing on ghosts and fairies, wandered about through other passages and galleries, till at length, frightened by their intricacies and desolation, she called aloud for assistance : but they were beyond the hearing of the servants, who were on the other side of the castle, and Emily now opened the door of a chamber on the left.

'O ! do not go in there, ma'amselle,' said Annette, 'you will only lose yourself further.'

'Bring the light forward,' said Emily, 'we may possibly find our way through these rooms.'

Annette stood at the door in an attitude of hesitation, with the light held up to show the chamber, but the feeble rays spread through not half of it. 'Why do you hesitate?' said Emily ; 'let me see whither this room leads.'

Annette advanced reluctantly. It opened into a suite of spacious and ancient apartments, some of which were hung with tapestry, and others wainscoted with cedar and black larch-wood. What furniture there was, seemed to be almost as old as the rooms, and retained an appearance of grandeur, though covered with dust, and dropping to pieces with damp and with age.

'How cold these rooms are, ma'amselle !' said Annette : 'no-

body has lived in them for many, many years, they say. Do let us go.'

'They may open upon the great staircase, perhaps,' said Emily, passing on till she came to a chamber hung with pictures, and took the light to examine that of a soldier on horseback in a field of battle. — He was darting his spear upon a man who lay under the feet of the horse, and who held up one hand in a supplicating attitude. The soldier, whose beaver was up, regarded him with a look of vengeance, and the countenance, with that expression, struck Emily as resembling Montoni. She shuddered, and turned from it. Passing the light hastily over several other pictures, she came to one concealed by a veil of black silk. The singularity of the circumstance struck her, and she stopped before it, wishing to remove the veil, and examine what could thus carefully be concealed, but somewhat wanting courage. 'Holy Virgin! what can this mean?' exclaimed Annette. 'This is surely the picture they told me of at Venice.'

'What picture?' said Emily. 'Why, a picture — a picture,' replied Annette hesitatingly, '— but I never could make out exactly what it was about either.'

'Remove the veil, Annette.'

'What! I, ma'amselle! — I! not for the world!' Emily, turning round, saw Annette's countenance grow pale. 'And pray what have you heard of this picture to terrify you so, my good girl?' said she. 'Nothing, ma'amselle: I have heard nothing, only let us find our way out.'

'Certainly, but I wish first to examine the picture; take the light, Annette, while I lift the veil. Annette took the light, and immediately walked away with it, disregarding Emily's call to stay, who, not choosing to be left alone in the dark chamber, at length followed her. 'What is the reason of this, Annette?' said Emily, when she overtook her; 'what have you heard concerning that picture, which makes you so unwilling to stay when I bid you?'

'I don't know what is the reason, ma'amselle,' replied Annette, 'nor any thing about the picture; only I have heard there is something very dreadful belonging to it — and that it has been covered up in black *ever since* — and that nobody has looked at it

for a great many years — and it somehow has to do with the owner of this castle before Signor Montoni came to the possession of it — and ——’

‘Well, Annette,’ said Emily, smiling, ‘I perceive it is as you say — that you know nothing about the picture.’

‘No, nothing, indeed, ma’amselle, for they made me promise never to tell : — but ——’

‘Well,’ said Emily, who perceived that she was struggling between her inclination to reveal a secret and her apprehension for the consequence, ‘I will inquire no further ——’

‘No, pray, ma’am, do not.’

‘Lest you should tell all,’ interrupted Emily.

Annette blushed, and Emily smiled, and they passed on to the extremity of this suite of apartments, and found themselves, after some further perplexity, once more at the top of the marble staircase, where Annette left Emily, while she went to call one of the servants of the castle to show them to the chamber for which they had been seeking.

While she was absent, Emily’s thoughts returned to the picture; an unwillingness to tamper with the integrity of a servant had checked her inquiries on this subject, as well as concerning some alarming hints which Annette had dropped respecting Montoni: though her curiosity was entirely awakened, and she had perceived that her questions might easily be answered. She was now, however, inclined to go back to the apartment and examine the picture; but the loneliness of the hour and of the place, with the melancholy silence that reigned around her, conspired with a certain degree of awe, excited by the mystery attending this picture, to prevent her. She determined, however, when daylight should have reanimated her spirits, to go thither and remove the veil. As she leaned from the corridor over the staircase, and her eyes wandered round, she again observed with wonder, the vast strength of the walls, now somewhat decayed, and the pillars of solid marble that rose from the hall and supported the roof.

A servant now appeared with Annette, and conducted Emily to her chamber, which was in a remote part of the castle, and at the very end of the corridor from whence the suite of apartments

opened through which they had been wandering. The lonely aspect of her room made Emily unwilling that Annette should leave her immediately, and the dampness of it chilled her with more than fear. She begged Caterina, the servant of the castle, to bring some wood and light a fire.

‘Ay, lady, it’s many a year since a fire was lighted here,’ said Caterina.

‘You need not tell us that, good woman,’ said Annette; ‘every room in the castle feels like a well. I wonder how you contrive to live here: for my part, I wish I was at Venice again.’ Emily waved her hand for Caterina to fetch the wood.

‘I wonder, ma’am, why they call this the double chamber,’ said Annette, while Emily surveyed it in silence, and saw that it was lofty and spacious like the others she had seen, and, like many of them, too, had its walls lined with dark larch-wood. The bed and other furniture was very ancient, and had an air of gloomy grandeur, like all she had seen in the castle. One of the high casements, which she opened, overlooked a rampart, but the view beyond was hid in darkness.

In the presence of Annette, Emily tried to support her spirits, and to restrain the tears which every now and then came to her eyes. She wished much to inquire when Count Morano was expected at the castle; but an unwillingness to ask unnecessary questions, and to mention family concerns to a servant, withheld her. Meanwhile, Annette’s thoughts were engaged upon another subject: she dearly loved the marvellous, and had heard of a circumstance, connected with the castle, that highly gratified this taste. Having been enjoined not to mention it, her inclination to tell it was so strong that she was every instant on the point of speaking what she had heard; such a strange circumstance, too, and to be obliged to conceal it, was a severe punishment; but she knew that Montoni might impose one much severer, and she feared to incur it by offending him.

Caterina now brought the wood, and its bright blaze dispelled for a while the gloom of her chamber. She told Annette that her lady had inquired for her; and Emily was once again left to her own reflections. Her heart was not yet hardened against the stern manners of Montoni, and she was nearly as much shocked

now, as she had been when she first witnessed them. The tenderness and affection to which she had been accustomed till she lost her parents, had made her particularly sensible to any degree of unkindness, and such a reverse as this no apprehension had prepared her to support.

To call off her attention from subjects that pressed heavily on her spirits, she rose and again examined her room and its furniture. As she walked around it she passed a door that was not quite shut; and perceiving that it was not the one through which she entered, she brought the light forward to discover whither it led. She opened it, and, going forward, had nearly fallen down a steep narrow staircase that wound from it, between two stone walls. She wished to know to what it led, and was the more anxious since it communicated so immediately with her apartment; but she wanted courage to venture into the darkness alone. Closing the door, therefore, she endeavoured to fasten it, but upon further examination perceived that it had no bolts on the chamber side, though it had two on the other. By placing a heavy chair against it, she in some measure remedied the defect: yet she was still alarmed at the thought of sleeping in this remote room alone, with a door opening she knew not whither, and which could not be perfectly fastened on the inside. Sometimes she wished to entreat of Madame Montoni that Annette might have leave to remain with her all night; but was deterred by an apprehension of betraying what would be thought childish fears and by an unwillingness to increase the apt terrors of Annette.

Her gloomy reflections were soon after interrupted by a foot-step in the corridor, and she was glad to see Annette enter with some supper sent by Madame Montoni. Having a table near the fire, she made the good girl sit down and sup with her; and when their little repast was over, Annette, encouraged by her kindness, and stirring the wood into a blaze, drew her chair upon the hearth, nearer to Emily, and said, — ‘Did you ever hear, ma’amselle, of the strange accident that made the signor lord of this castle?’

‘What wonderful story have you now to tell?’ said Emily, concealing the curiosity occasioned by the mysterious hints she had formerly heard on that subject.

‘I have heard all about it, ma’amselle,’ said Annette, looking round the chamber and drawing closer to Emily; ‘Benedetto told me as we travelled together: says he, “Annette, you don’t know about this castle here, that we are going to?” “No,” says I, “Mr. Benedetto, pray what do you know?” But, ma’amselle, you can keep a secret, or I would not tell you for the world; for I promised never to tell, and they say that the signor does not like to have it talked of.’

‘If you promised to keep this secret,’ said Emily, ‘you do right not to mention it.’

Annette paused a moment, and then said, ‘O, but to you, ma’amselle, to you I may tell it safely, I know.’

Emily smiled: ‘I certainly shall keep it as faithfully as yourself, Annette.’

Annette replied very gravely, that would do, and proceeded — ‘This castle, you must know, ma’amselle, is very old, and very strong, and has stood out many sieges as they say. Now it was not Signor Montoni’s always, nor his father’s; no: but, by some law or other, it was to come to the signor if the lady died unmarried.’

‘What lady?’ said Emily.

‘I am not come to that yet,’ replied Annette: ‘it is the lady I am going to tell you about, ma’amselle: but, as I was saying, this lady lived in the castle, and had everything very grand about her, as you may suppose, ma’amselle. The signor used often to come to see her, and was in love with her, and offered to marry her: for, though he was somehow related, that did not signify. But she was in love with somebody else, and would not have him, which made him very angry, as they say; and you know, ma’amselle, what an ill-looking gentleman he is when he is angry. Perhaps she saw him in a passion, and therefore would not have him. But, as I was saying, she was very melancholy and unhappy, and all that, for a long time, and — Holy Virgin! what noise is that? did not you hear a sound, ma’amselle?’

‘It was only the wind,’ said Emily; ‘but do come to the end of your story.’

‘As I was saying — O, where was I? — as I was saying — she was very melancholy and unhappy a long while, and used to

walk about upon the terrace, there, under the windows, by herself, and cry so ! it would have done your heart good to hear her. That is — I don't mean good, but it would have made you cry too, as they tell me.'

'Well, but, Annette, do tell me the substance of your tale.'

'All in good time, ma'am : all this I heard before at Venice, but what is to come I never heard till to-day. This happened a great many years ago, when Signor Montoni was quite a young man. The lady — they called her Signora Laurentini, was very handsome, but she used to be in great passions too, sometimes, as well as the signor. Finding he could not make her listen to him — what does he do, but leave the castle, and never comes near it for a long time ! but it was all one to her ; she was just as unhappy whether he was here or not, till one evening — Holy St. Peter ! ma'amselle,' cried Annette, 'look at that lamp, see how blue it burns !' She looked fearfully round the chamber. 'Ridiculous girl !' said Emily, 'why will you indulge those fancies ? Pray let me hear the end of your story, I am weary.'

Annette still kept her eyes on the lamp, and proceeded in a lower voice. 'It was one evening, they say, at the latter end of the year, it might be about the middle of September, I suppose, or the beginning of October ; nay, for that matter, it might be November, for that, too, is the latter end of the year ; but that I cannot say for certain, because they did not tell me for certain themselves. However, it was at the latter end of the year, this grand lady walked out of the castle into the woods below, as she had often done before, all alone, only her maid was with her. The wind blew cold, and strewed the leaves about, and whistled dismally among those great old chestnut-trees that we passed, ma'amselle, as we came to the castle — for Benedetto showed me the trees as he was talking — the wind blew cold, and her woman would have persuaded her to return : but all would not do, for she was fond of walking in the woods at evening time, and if the leaves were falling about her, so much the better.

'Well, they saw her go down among the woods, but night came, and she did not return ; ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came, and no lady ! Well, the servants thought, to be sure, some accident had befallen her, and they went out to seek

her. They searched all night long, but could not find her, or any trace of her : and, from that day to this, ma'amselle, she has never been heard of.'

'Is this true, Annette?' said Emily in much surprise.

'True, ma'am!' said Annette with a look of horror, 'yes, it is true, indeed. But they do say,' she added, lowering her voice, 'they do say, that the signora has been seen several times since walking in the woods and about the castle in the night: several of the old servants, who remained here some time after, declare they saw her; and since then, she has been seen by some of the vassals, who have happened to be in the castle at night. Carlo the old steward could tell such things, they say, if he would!'

'How contradictory is this, Annette!' said Emily; 'you say nothing has been since known of her, and yet she has been seen!'

'But all this was told me for a great secret,' rejoined Annette, without noticing the remark, 'and I am sure, ma'am, you would not hurt either me or Benedetto, so much as to go and tell it again.' Emily remained silent, and Annette repeated her last sentence.

'You have nothing to fear from my indiscretion,' replied Emily; 'and let me advise you, my good Annette, be discreet yourself, and never mention what you have just told me to any other person. Signor Montoni, as you say, may be angry if he hears of it, but what inquiries were made concerning the lady?'

'O! a great deal, indeed, ma'amselle, for the signor laid claim to the castle directly, as being the next heir; and they said, that is, the judges, or the senators, or somebody of that sort, said, he could not take possession of it till so many years were gone by, and then, if after all the lady could not be found, why she would be as good as dead, and the castle would be his own; and so it is his own. But the story went round, and many strange reports were spread, so very strange, ma'amselle, that I shall not tell them.'

'That is stranger still, Annette,' said Emily smiling, and rousing herself from her reverie. 'But when Signora Laurentini was afterwards seen in the castle, did nobody speak to her?'

'Speak — speak to her!' cried Annette with a look of terror; 'no, to be sure.'

‘And why not?’ rejoined Emily, willing to hear further.

‘Holy Mother! speak to a spirit!’

‘But what reason had they to conclude it was a spirit, unless they had approached and spoken to it?’

‘O ma’amselle, I cannot tell. How can you ask such shocking questions? But nobody ever saw it come in or go out of the castle; and it was in one place now, and then the next minute in quite another part of the castle; and then it never spoke, and if it was alive, what should it do in the castle if it never spoke? Several parts of the castle have never been gone into since, they say for that very reason.’

‘What, because it never spoke,’ said Emily, trying to laugh away the fears that began to steal upon her.

‘No, ma’amselle, no,’ replied Annette rather angrily: ‘but because something has been seen there. They say, too, there is an old chapel adjoining the west side of the castle, where any time at midnight you may hear such groans! — it makes one shudder to think of them; — and strange sights have been seen there ——’

‘Pr’ythee, Annette, no more of these silly tales,’ said Emily.

‘Silly tales, ma’amselle! O, but I will tell you one story about this, if you please, that Caterina told me. It was one cold winter’s night that Caterina (she often came to the castle then, she says, to keep old Carlo and his wife company, and so he recommended her afterwards to the signor, and she has lived here ever since) — Caterina was sitting with them in the little hall: says Carlo, “I wish we had some of those figs to roast, that lie in the store-closet, but it is a long way off, and I am loth to fetch them; do, Caterina,” says he, “for you are young and nimble, do bring us some, the fire is in nice trim for roasting them; they lie,” says he, “in such a corner of the store-room, at the end of the north gallery; here, take the lamp,” says he, “and mind, as you go up the great staircase, that the wind through the roof does not blow it out.” So with that Caterina took the lamp — Hush! ma’amselle, I surely heard a noise.’

Emily, whom Annette had now infected with her own terrors, listened attentively; but everything was still, and Annette proceeded:

'Caterina went to the north gallery, that is, the wide gallery we passed, ma'am, before we came to the corridor, here. As she went with the lamp in her hand, thinking of nothing at all — There, again !' cried Annette suddenly — 'I heard it again ! — it was not fancy, ma'amselle !'

'Hush !' said Emily, trembling. They listened, and continuing to sit quite still, Emily heard a slow knocking against the wall. It came repeatedly. Annette then screamed loudly, and the chamber door slowly opened. — It was Caterina, come to tell Annette that her lady wanted her. Emily, though she now perceived who it was, could not immediately overcome her terror ; while Annette, half laughing, half crying, scolded Caterina heartily for thus alarming them ; and was also terrified lest what she had told had been overheard. — Emily, whose mind was deeply impressed by the chief circumstance of Annette's relation, was unwilling to be left alone, in the present state of her spirits ; but to avoid offending Madame Montoni and betraying her own weakness, she struggled to overcome the illusions of fear, and dismissed Annette for the night.

When she was alone, her thoughts recurred to the strange history of Signora Laurentini, and then to her own strange situation, in the wild and solitary mountains of a foreign country, in the castle and the power of a man to whom only a few preceding months she was an entire stranger ; who had already exercised an usurped authority over her, and whose character she now regarded with a degree of terror apparently justified by the fears of others. She knew that he had invention equal to the conception, and talents to the execution, of any project, and she greatly feared he had a heart too void of feeling to oppose the perpetration of whatever his interest might suggest. She had long observed the unhappiness of Madame Montoni, and had often been witness to the stern and contemptuous behaviour she received from her husband. To these circumstances, which conspired to give her just cause for alarm, were now added those thousand nameless terrors which exist only in active imaginations, and which set reason and examination equally at defiance.

Emily remembered all that Valancourt had told her, on the eve of her departure from Languedoc, respecting Montoni, and

all that he had said to dissuade her from venturing on the journey. His fears had often since appeared to her prophetic — now they seemed confirmed. Her heart, as it gave her back the image of Valancourt, mourned in vain regret; but reason soon came with a consolation, which, though feeble at first, acquired vigour from reflection. She considered that, whatever might be her sufferings, she had withheld from involving him in misfortune, and that whatever her future sorrows could be, she was at least free from self-reproach.

Her melancholy was assisted by the hollow sighings of the wind along the corridor and round the castle. The cheerful blaze of the wood had long been extinguished, and she sat with her eyes fixed on the dying embers, till a loud gust, that swept through the corridor, and shook the doors and casements, alarmed her; for its violence had moved the chair she had placed as a fastening, and the door leading to the private staircase stood half open. Her curiosity and her fears were again awakened. She took the lamp to the top of the steps, and stood hesitating whether to go down; but again the profound stillness and the gloom of the place awed her; and determining to inquire further when daylight might assist the search, she closed the door, and placed against it a stronger guard.

She now retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the table; but its gloomy light, instead of dispelling her fear, assisted it; for, by its uncertain rays, she almost fancied she saw shapes flit past her curtains, and glide into the remote obscurity of her chamber. — The castle clock struck one before she closed her eyes to sleep.

CHAPTER XX

DAYLIGHT dispelled from Emily's mind the glooms of superstition, but not those of apprehension. The Count Morano was the first image that occurred to her waking thoughts, and then came a train of anticipated evils which she could neither conquer nor avoid.

* * * * *

To withdraw her thoughts, however, from the subject of her misfortunes, she attempted to read; but her attention wandered

from the page, and at length she threw aside the book, and determined to explore the adjoining chambers of the castle. Her imagination was pleased with the view of ancient grandeur, and an emotion of melancholy awe awakened all its powers, as she walked through rooms obscure and desolate, where no footsteps had passed probably for many years, and remembered the strange history of the former possessor of the edifice. This brought to her recollection the veiled picture which had attracted her curiosity on the preceding night, and she resolved to examine it. As she passed through the chambers that led to this, she found herself somewhat agitated; its connexion with the late lady of the castle, and the conversation of Annette, together with the circumstance of the veil, throwing a mystery over the object that excited a faint degree of terror. But a terror of this nature, as it occupies and expands the mind, and elevates it to high expectation, is purely sublime, and leads us, by a kind of fascination, to seek even the object from which we appear to shrink.

Emily passed on with faltering steps; and having paused a moment at the door before she attempted to open it, she then hastily entered the chamber, and went towards the picture, which appeared to be enclosed in a frame of uncommon size, that hung in a dark part of the room. She paused again, and then with a timid hand lifted the veil; but instantly let it fall — perceiving that what it had concealed was no picture, and before she could leave the chamber she dropped senseless on the floor.

When she recovered her recollection, the remembrance of what she had seen had nearly deprived her of it a second time. She had scarcely strength to remove from the room, and regain her own; and when arrived there, wanted courage to remain alone. Horror occupied her mind, and excluded for a time all sense of past and dread of future misfortune: she seated herself near the casement because from thence she heard voices, though distant, on the terrace, and might see people pass; and these, trifling as they were, were reviving circumstances. When her spirits had recovered their tone, she considered whether she should mention when she had seen to Madame Montoni; and various and important motives urged her to do so, among which the least was the hope of the relief which an overburdened mind finds in speak-

ing of the subjects of its interest. But she was aware of the terrible consequences which such a communication might lead to; and, dreading the indiscretion of her aunt, at length endeavoured to arm herself with resolution to observe a profound silence on the subject.

[Emily finds herself a prisoner in Udolpho, and a victim of the persecutions of Montoni. After suffering many terrifying experiences both at the hands of her tormentor and because of the mysterious character of the place, she manages, with the help of two servants and of M. Du Pont, also a prisoner, to make her escape and return to France.]

PART II. CHAPTER XXXVI

* * * * *

Blanche¹ soon after went to dress for dinner, at which the whole party met in good spirits and good humour, except the countess, whose vacant mind, overcome by the langour of idleness, would neither suffer her to be happy herself, or to contribute to the happiness of others. Mademoiselle Bearn, attempting to be witty, directed her *badinage* against Henri; who answered because he could not well avoid it, rather than from any inclination to notice her, whose liveliness sometimes amused, but whose conceit and insensibility often disgusted him.

The cheerfulness with which Blanche rejoined the party vanished on her reaching the margin of the sea; she gazed with apprehension upon the vast expanse of waters which, at a distance, she had beheld only with delight and astonishment; and it was by a strong effort that she so far overcame her fears as to follow her father into the boat.

As she silently surveyed the vast horizon bending round the distant verge of the ocean, an emotion of sublimest rapture struggled to overcome a sense of personal danger. A light breeze played on the water and on the silk awning of the boat, and waved the foliage of the receding woods that crowned the cliffs for many miles, and which the count surveyed with the pride of conscious property, as well as with the eye of taste.

¹ Blanche and Henri are the children of Count and Countess de Villefort, gentry of Languedoc. Mlle. Bearn is the companion of the Countess.

At some distance among these woods stood a pavilion, which had once been the scene of social gaiety, and which its situation still made one of romantic beauty. Thither the count had ordered coffee and other refreshments to be carried; and thither the sailors now steered their course, following the windings of the shore round many a woody promontory and circling bay; while the pensive tones of horns and other wind instruments, played by the attendants in a distant boat, echoed among the rocks, and died along the waves. Blanche had now subdued her fears; a delightful tranquillity stole over her mind, and held her in silence; and she was too happy to remember even the convent, or her former sorrows, as subjects of comparison with her present felicity.

The countess felt less unhappy than she had done since the moment of her leaving Paris; for her mind was now under some degree of restraint. She feared to indulge its wayward humours, and even wished to recover the count's good opinion. On his family, and on the surrounding scene, he looked with tempered pleasure and benevolent satisfaction, while his son exhibited the gay spirits of youth, anticipating new delights, and regretless of those that were passed.

After near an hour's rowing, the party landed, and ascended a little path overgrown with vegetation. At a little distance from the point of the eminence, within the shadowy recess of the woods, appeared the pavilion, which Blanche perceived, as she caught a glimpse of its portico between the trees, to be built of variegated marble. As she followed the countess, she often turned her eyes with rapture towards the ocean, seen beneath the dark foliage far below, and from thence upon the deep woods, whose silence and impenetrable gloom awakened emotions more solemn, but scarcely less delightful.

The pavilion had been prepared, as far as was possible on a very short notice, for the reception of its visitors; but the faded colours of its painted walls and ceiling, and the decayed drapery of its once magnificent furniture, declared how long it had been neglected and abandoned to the empire of the changing seasons. While the party partook of a collation of fruit and coffee, the horns, placed in a distant part of the woods where an echo

sweetened and prolonged their melancholy tones, broke softly on the stillness of the scene. . . . One window opened upon a romantic glade, where the eye roved among woody recesses, and the scene was bounded only by a lengthened pomp of groves ; from another the woods receding disclosed the distant summits of the Pyrenees ; a third fronted an avenue, beyond which the gray towers of Chateau-le-Blanc and the picturesque part of its ruin were seen partially among the foliage ; while a fourth gave, between the trees, a glimpse of the green pastures and villages that diversify the banks of the Aude. The Mediterranean, with the bold cliffs that overlooked its shores, were the grand objects of a fifth window ; and the others gave, in different points of view, the wild scenery of the woods.

After wandering for some time in these, the party returned to the shore, and embarked ; and, the beauty of the evening tempting them to extend their excursion, they proceeded further up the bay. A dead calm had succeeded the light breeze that wafted them hither, and the men took to their oars. Around, the waters were spread into one vast expanse of polished mirror, reflecting the gray cliffs and feathery woods that overhung its surface, the glow of the western horizon, and the dark clouds that came slowly from the east. Blanche loved to see the dipping oars imprint the water, and to watch the spreading circles they left, which gave a tremulous motion to the reflected landscape, without destroying the harmony of its features.

Above the darkness of the woods, her eye now caught a cluster of high towers touched with the splendour of the setting rays ; and soon after, the horns being then silent, she heard the faint swell of choral voices from a distance,

‘What voices are those upon the air ?’ said the count, looking round and listening ; — but the strain had ceased. ‘It seemed to be a vesper hymn which I have often heard in my convent,’ said Blanche.

‘We are near the monastery, then,’ observed the count ; and the boat soon after doubling a lofty headland, the monastery of St. Claire appeared, seated near the margin of the sea ; where the cliffs suddenly sinking formed a low shore within a small bay almost encircled with woods, among which partial features of

the edifice were seen — the great gate and Gothic window of the hall, the cloisters, and the side of a chapel more remote ; while a venerable arch, which had once led to a part of the fabric now demolished, stood a majestic ruin, detached from the main building, beyond which appeared a grand perspective of the woods. On the grey walls the moss had fastened, and round the pointed windows of the chapel the ivy and the briony hung in many a fantastic wreath.

All without was silent and forsaken : but while Blanche gazed with admiration on this venerable pile, whose effect was heightened by the strong lights and shadows thrown athwart it by a cloudy sunset, a sound of many voices, slowly chanting, arose from within. The count bade his men rest on their oars. The monks were singing the hymn of vespers, and some female voices mingled with the strain ; which rose, by soft degrees, till the high organ and the choral sounds swelled into full and solemn harmony. The strain soon after dropped into sudden silence, and was renewed in a low and still more solemn key ; till at length the holy chorus died away, and was heard no more. — Blanche sighed ; tears trembled in her eyes ; and her thoughts seemed wafted with the sounds to heaven. While a rapt stillness prevailed in the boat, a train of friars, and then of nuns veiled in white, issued from the cloisters, and passed under the shade of the woods to the main body of the edifice.

The countess was the first of her party to awaken from this pause of silence.

‘These dismal hymns and friars make one quite melancholy,’ said she ; ‘twilight is coming on : pray let us return, or it will be dark before we get home.’

The count, looking up, now perceived that the twilight of evening was anticipated by an approaching storm. In the east a tempest was collecting : a heavy gloom came on, opposing and contrasting the glowing splendour of the setting sun : the clamorous sea-fowl skimmed in fleet circles upon the surface of the sea, dipping their light pinions in the wave, as they fled away in search of shelter. The boatmen pulled hard at their oars. But the thunder that now muttered at a distance, and the heavy drops that began to dimple the water, made the count determine to

put back to the monastery for shelter; and the course of the boat was immediately changed. As the clouds approached the west, their lurid darkness changed to a deep ruddy glow, which, by reflection, seemed to fire the tops of the woods and the shattered towers of the monastery.

The appearance of the heavens alarmed the countess and Mademoiselle Bearn; whose expressions of apprehension distressed the count, and perplexed his men; while Blanche continued silent — now agitated with fear, and now with admiration, as she viewed the grandeur of the clouds, and their effect on the scenery, and listened to the long, long peals of thunder that rolled through the air.

The boat having reached the lawn before the monastery, the count sent a servant to announce his arrival, and to entreat shelter of the superior; who soon after appeared at the great gate attended by several monks. The party immediately disembarked; and having hastily crossed the lawn — for the shower was now heavy — were received at the gate by the superior; who, as they entered, stretched forth his hand and gave his blessing; and they passed into the great hall, where the lady-abbess waited, attended by several nuns clothed, like herself, in black, and veiled in white. The veil of the abbess was, however, thrown half back, and discovered a countenance whose chaste dignity was sweetened by the smile of welcome with which she addressed the countess; whom she led with Blanche and Mademoiselle Bearn into the convent parlour, while the count and Henri were conducted by the superior to the refectory.

While the lady-abbess ordered refreshment, and conversed with the countess, Blanche withdrew to a window; the lower panes of which being without painting, allowed her to observe the progress of the storm over the Mediterranean; whose dark waves, that had so lately slept, now came boldly swelling in long succession to the shore, where they burst in white foam, and threw up a high spray over the rocks. A red sulphureous tint overspread the long line of clouds that hung above the western horizon; beneath whose dark skirts the sun looking out illumined the distant shores of Languedoc, as well as the

tufted summits of the nearer woods, and shed a partial gleam on the western waves. The rest of the scene was in deep gloom, except where a sunbeam, darting between the clouds, glanced on the white wings of the sea-fowl that circled high among them, or touched the swelling sail of a vessel which was seen labouring in the storm. Blanche for some time anxiously watched the progress of the bark as it threw the waves in foam around it; and, as the lightnings flashed, looked to the opening heavens with many a sigh for the fate of the poor mariners.

The sun at length set, and the heavy clouds which had long impended, dropped over the splendour of his course; the vessel, however, was yet dimly seen; and Blanche continued to observe it, till the quick succession of flashes, lighting up the gloom of the whole horizon, warned her to retire from the window, and she joined the abbess; who, having exhausted all her topics of conversation with the countess, had now leisure to notice her.

But their discourse was interrupted by tremendous peals of thunder; and the bell of the monastery soon after ringing out, summoned the inhabitants to prayer. As Blanche passed the windows she gave another look to the ocean; where, by the momentary flash that illumined the vast body of the waters, she distinguished the vessel she had observed before, amidst a sea of foam, breaking the billows — the mast now bowing to the waves and then rising high in air.

She sighed fervently as she gazed, and then followed the lady-abbess and the countess to the chapel. Meanwhile some of the count's servants, having gone by land to the chateau for carriages, returned soon after vespers had concluded; when, the storm being somewhat abated, the count and his family returned home. Blanche was surprised to discover how much the windings of the shore had deceived her concerning the distance of the chateau from the monastery; whose vesper bell she had heard on the preceding evening from the windows of the west saloon, and whose towers she would also have seen from thence, had not twilight veiled them.

On their arrival at the chateau, the countess, affecting more fatigue than she really felt, withdrew to her apartment, and the count, with his daughter and Henri, went to the supper-room;

where they had not been long when they heard, in a pause of the gust, a firing of guns; which the count understanding to be signals of distress from some vessel in the storm, went to a window that opened towards the Mediterranean, to observe further; but the sea was now involved in utter darkness, and the loud howlings of the tempest had again overcome every other sound. Blanche, remembering the bark which she had before seen, now joined her father with trembling anxiety. In a few moments the report of guns was again borne along the wind, and as suddenly wafted away; a tremendous burst of thunder followed; and in the flash that had preceded it, and which seemed to quiver over the whole surface of the waters, a vessel was discovered, tossing amidst the white foam of the waves, at some distance from the shore. Impenetrable darkness again involved the scene; but soon a second flash showed the bark, with one sail unfurled, driving towards the coast. Blanche hung upon her father's arm with looks full of the agony of united terror and pity; which were unnecessary to awaken the heart of the count, who gazed upon the sea with a piteous expression, and, perceiving that no boat could live in the storm, forbore to send one; but he gave orders to his people to carry torches out upon the cliff — hoping they might prove a kind of beacon to the vessel, or at least warn the crew of the rocks they were approaching. While Henri went out to direct on what part of the cliffs the lights should appear, Blanche remained with her father at the window, catching every now and then, as the lightnings flashed, a glimpse of the vessel: and she soon saw with reviving hope the torches flaming on the blackness of night, and, as they waved over the cliffs, casting a red gleam on the gasping billows. When the firing of guns was repeated, the torches were tossed high in the air, as if answering the signal, and the firing was then redoubled; but though the wind bore the sound away, she fancied, as the lightnings glanced, that the vessel was much nearer the shore.

The count's servants were now seen running to and fro on the rocks: some venturing almost to the points of the crags, and bending over, held out their torches fastened to long poles: while others, whose steps could be traced only by the course of

the lights, descended the steep and dangerous path that wound to the margin of the sea, and with loud halloos hailed the mariners; whose shrill whistle, and then feeble voices, were heard at intervals mingling with the storm. Sudden shouts from the people on the rocks increased the anxiety of Blanche to an almost intolerable degree; but her suspense concerning the fate of the mariners was soon over, when Henri, running breathless into the room, told that the vessel was anchored in the bay below, but in so shattered a condition, that it was feared she would part before the crew could disembark. The count immediately gave orders for his own boats to assist in bringing them to shore, and that such of these unfortunate strangers as could not be accommodated in the adjacent hamlet, should be entertained at the chateau. Among the latter were Emily St. Aubert, Monsieur du Pont, Ludovico, and Annette; who, having embarked at Leghorn, and reached Marseilles, were from thence crossing the Gulf of Lyons when this storm overtook them. They were received by the count with his usual benignity; who, though Emily wished to have proceeded immediately to the monastery of St. Claire, would not allow her to leave the chateau that night; and, indeed, the terror and fatigue she had suffered would scarcely have permitted her to go farther.

In Monsieur du Pont the count discovered an old acquaintance, and much joy and congratulation passed between them; after which Emily was introduced by name to the count's family, whose hospitable benevolence dissipated the little embarrassment which her situation had occasioned her; and the party were soon seated at the supper-table. The unaffected kindness of Blanche, and the lively joy she expressed on the escape of the strangers, for whom her pity had been so much interested, gradually revived Emily's languid spirits; and Du Pont, relieved from his terrors for her and for himself, felt the full contrast between his late situation on a dark and tremendous ocean, and his present one in a cheerful mansion, where he was surrounded with plenty, elegance, and smiles of welcome.

Annette, meanwhile, in the servants' hall was telling of all the dangers she had encountered, and congratulating herself so

heartily upon her own and Ludovico's escape, and on her present comforts, that she often made all that part of the chateau ring with merriment and laughter. Ludovico's spirits were as gay as her own; but he had discretion enough to restrain them, and tried to check hers, though in vain; till her laughter at length ascended to *my lady's* chamber; who sent to inquire what occasioned so much uproar in the chateau, and to command silence.

Emily withdrew early to seek the repose she so much required; but her pillow was long a sleepless one. On this her return to her native country, many interesting remembrances were awakened; all the events and sufferings she had experienced since she quitted it, came in long succession to her fancy, and were chased only by the image of Valancourt; with whom to believe herself once more in the same land, after they had been so long and so distantly separated, gave her emotions of indescribable joy; but which afterwards yielded to anxiety and apprehension, when she considered the long period that had elapsed since any letter had passed between them, and how much might have happened in this interval to affect her future peace. But the thought that Valancourt might be now no more, or, if living, might have forgotten her, was so very terrible to her heart, that she would scarcely suffer herself to pause upon the possibility. She determined to inform him on the following day of her arrival in France; which it was scarcely possible he could know but by a letter from herself: and after soothing her spirits with the hope of soon hearing that he was well and unchanged in his affections, she at length sunk to repose.

CHAPTER XLII

ON the next night, about the same hour as before, Dorothee¹ came to Emily's chamber with the keys of that suite of rooms which had been particularly appropriated to the late marchioness. These extended along the north side of the chateau, forming part of the old building; and as Emily's room was in the south, they had to pass over a great extent of the castle, and by the chambers of several of the family, whose observation Dorothee

¹ An old servant on the estate who has interested Emily in the story of the Villeroi family, former possessors of the castle.

was anxious to avoid, since it might excite inquiry and raise reports, such as would displease the count. She therefore requested that Emily would wait half an hour before they ventured forth, that they might be certain all the servants were gone to bed. It was nearly one before the chateau was perfectly still, or Dorothee thought it prudent to leave the chamber. In this interval, her spirits seemed to be greatly affected by the remembrance of past events, and by the prospect of entering again upon places where these had occurred, and in which she had not been for so many years. Emily too was affected; but her feelings had more of solemnity, and less of fear. From the silence into which reflection and expectation had thrown them, they at length roused themselves, and left the chamber. Dorothee at first carried the lamp, but her hand trembled so much with infirmity and alarm, that Emily took it from her, and offered her arm to support her feeble steps.

They had to descend the great staircase, and, after passing over a wide extent of the chateau, to ascend another, which led to the suite of rooms they were in quest of. They stepped cautiously along the open corridor that ran round the great hall, and into which the chambers of the count, countess, and the Lady Blanche, opened; and from thence, descending the chief staircase, they crossed the hall itself. Proceeding through the servants' hall, where the dying embers of a wood fire still glimmered on the hearth, and the supper-table was surrounded by chairs that obstructed their passage, they came to the foot of the back staircase. Old Dorothee here paused, and looked around: 'Let us listen,' said she, 'if anything is stirring; ma'amselle, do you hear any voice?' — 'None,' said Emily, 'there certainly is no person up in the chateau, besides ourselves.' — 'No, ma'amselle,' said Dorothee, 'but I have never been here at this hour before, and, after what I know, my fears are not wonderful.' — 'What do you know?' said Emily. — 'O ma'amselle, we have no time for talking now; let us go on. That door on the left is the one we must open.'

They proceeded; and having reached the top of the staircase, Dorothee applied the key to the lock. 'Ah,' said she, as she endeavoured to turn it, 'so many years have passed since this

covered by verses in the Provençal tongue, wrought underneath each scene, that it exhibited stories from some of the most celebrated ancient romances.

Dorothee's spirits being now more composed, she rose, and unlocked the door that led into the late marchioness's apartment, and Emily passed into a lofty chamber hung round with dark arras, and so spacious, that the lamp she held up did not show its extent; while Dorothee, when she entered, had dropped into a chair, where sighing deeply, she scarcely trusted herself with the view of a scene so affecting to her. It was some time before Emily perceived through the dusk the bed on which the marchioness was said to have died: when, advancing to the upper end of the room, she discovered the high canopied tester of dark green damask, with the curtains descending to the floor in the fashion of a tent, half drawn, and remaining apparently as they had been left twenty years before; and over the whole bedding was thrown a counterpane, or pall, of black velvet, that hung down to the floor. Emily shuddered as she held the lamp over it, and looked within the dark curtains, where she almost expected to have seen a human face; and, suddenly remembering the horror she had suffered upon discovering the dying Madame Montoni in the turret chamber of Udolpho, her spirits fainted; and she was turning from the bed, when Dorothee, who had now reached it, exclaimed, 'Holy Virgin! methinks I see my lady stretched upon that pall — as when last I saw her!'

Emily, shocked by this exclamation, looked involuntarily again within the curtains, but the blackness of the pall only appeared; while Dorothee was compelled to support herself upon the side of the bed, and presently tears brought her some relief.

'Ah!' said she, after she had wept awhile, 'it was here I sat on that terrible night, and held my lady's hand, and heard her last words, and saw all her sufferings — *here* she died in my arms!'

'Do not indulge these painful recollections,' said Emily; 'let us go. Show me the picture you mentioned, if it will not too much affect you.'

'It hangs in the oriel,' rising and going towards a small door

near the bed's head, which she opened ; and Emily followed with the light into the closet of the late marchioness.

'Alas ! there she is, ma'amselle,' said Dorothee, pointing to the portrait of a lady ; 'there is her very self ! just as she looked when she came first to the chateau. You see, madam, she was all-blooming like you, then — and so soon to be cut off !'

While Dorothee spoke, Emily was attentively examining the picture, which bore a strong resemblance to the miniature, though the expression of the countenance in each was somewhat different ; but still she thought she perceived something of that pensive melancholy in the portrait, which so strongly characterised the miniature.

'Pray, ma'amselle, stand beside the picture, that I may look at you together,' said Dorothee ; who, when the request was complied with, exclaimed again at the resemblance. Emily also, as she gazed upon it, thought that she had somewhere seen a person very like it, though she could not now recollect who this was.

In this closet were many memorials of the departed marchioness ; a robe and several articles of her dress were scattered upon the chairs, as if they had just been thrown off. On the floor were a pair of black satin slippers ; and on the dressing-table a pair of gloves, and a long black veil, which, as Emily took it up to examine, she perceived was dropping to pieces with age.

'Ah !' said Dorothee, observing the veil, 'my lady's hand laid it there ; it has never been moved since !'

Emily, shuddering, immediately laid it down again. 'I well remember seeing her take it off,' continued Dorothee ; 'it was on the night before her death, when she had returned from a little walk I had persuaded her to take in the gardens, and she seemed refreshed by it. I told her how much better she looked, and I remember what a languid smile she gave me ; but, alas ! she little thought, or I either, that she was to die that night.'

Dorothee wept again, and then, taking up the veil, threw it suddenly over Emily, who shuddered to find it wrapped round her, descending even to her feet ; and as she endeavoured to throw it off, Dorothee entreated that she would keep it on for one moment. 'I thought,' added she, 'how like you would look to

my dear mistress, in that veil; — may your life, ma'amselle, be a happier one than hers !'

Emily, having disengaged herself from the veil, laid it again on the dressing-table, and surveyed the closet, where every object on which her eye fixed seemed to speak of the marchioness. In a large oriel window of painted glass stood a table with a silver crucifix, and a prayer-book open; and Emily remembered with emotion what Dorothee had mentioned concerning her custom of playing on her lute in this window, before she observed the lute itself lying on a corner of the table, as if it had been carelessly placed there by the hand that had so often awakened it.

'This is a sad, forlorn place !' said Dorothee; 'for when my dear lady died, I had no heart to put it to rights, or the chamber either; and my lord never came into the rooms after; so they remain just as they did when my lady was removed for interment.'

While Dorothee spoke, Emily was still looking on the lute, which was a Spanish one, and remarkably large; and then, with a hesitating hand, she took it up and passed her fingers over the chords. They were out of tune, but uttered a deep and full sound. Dorothee started at their well-known tones, and seeing the lute in Emily's hand, said, 'This is the lute my lady marchioness loved so ! I remember when last she played upon it — it was on the night that she died. I came as usual to undress her; and, as I entered the bed-chamber, I heard the sound of music from the oriel, and perceiving it was my lady's, who was sitting there, I stepped softly to the door, which stood a little open, to listen; for the music — though it was mournful — was so sweet ! There I saw her, with the lute in her hand, looking upwards; and the tears fell upon her cheeks, while she sung a vesper hymn, so soft, and so solemn ! and her voice trembled, as it were: and then she would stop for a moment, and wipe away her tears, and go on again, lower than before. O ! I had often listened to my lady, but never heard any thing so sweet as this; it made me cry almost to hear it. She had been at prayers, I fancy, for there was the book open on the table beside her — aye, and there it lies open still ! Pray let us leave the oriel, ma'amselle,' added Dorothee, 'this is a heart-breaking place.'

Having returned into the chamber, she desired to look once more upon the bed; when, as they came opposite to the open door leading to the saloon, Emily, in the partial gleam which the lamp threw into it, thought she saw something glide along into the obscurer part of the room. Her spirits had been much affected by the surrounding scene, or it is probable this circumstance, whether real or imaginary, would not have affected her in the degree it did; but she endeavoured to conceal her emotion from Dorothee, who, however, observing her countenance changed, inquired if she was ill.

‘Let us go,’ said Emily faintly; ‘the air of these rooms is unwholesome:’ but when she attempted to do so, considering that she must pass through the apartment where the phantom of her terror had appeared, this terror increased; and, too faint to support herself, she sat down on the side of the bed.

Dorothee, believing that she was only affected by a consideration of the melancholy catastrophe which had happened on this spot, endeavoured to cheer her; and then, as they sat together on the bed, she began to relate other particulars concerning it, and this without reflecting that it might increase Emily’s emotion, but because they were particularly interesting to herself. ‘A little before my lady’s death,’ said she, ‘when the pains were gone off, she called me to her; and stretching out her hand to me, I sat down just there — where the curtain falls upon the bed. How well I remember her look at the time — death was in it! — I can almost fancy I see her now. There she lay, *ma’amselle* — her face was upon the pillow there! This black counterpane was not upon the bed then; it was laid on after her death, and she was laid out upon it.’

Emily turned to look within the dusky curtains, as if she could have seen the countenance of which Dorothee spoke. The edge of the white pillow only appeared above the blackness of the pall; but, as her eyes wandered over the pall itself, she fancied she saw it move. Without speaking, she caught Dorothee’s arm, who, surprised by the action, and by the look of terror which accompanied it, turned her eyes from Emily to the bed, where, in the next moment, she too saw the pall slowly lifted and fall again.

Emily attempted to go, but Dorothee stood fixed, and gazed upon the bed; and at length said — ‘It is only the wind that waves it, ma’amselle! we have left all the doors open; see how the air waves the lamp too — it is only the wind.’

She had scarcely uttered these words, when the pall was more violently agitated than before; but Emily, somewhat ashamed of her terrors, stepped back to the bed, willing to be convinced that the wind only had occasioned her alarm; when, as she gazed within the curtains, the pall moved again, and in the next moment the apparition of a human countenance rose above it.

Screaming with terror, they both fled, and got out of the chamber as fast as their trembling limbs would bear them, leaving open the doors of all the rooms through which they passed. When they reached the staircase, Dorothee threw open a chamber-door, where some of the female servants slept, and sunk breathless on the bed; while Emily, deprived of all presence of mind, made only a feeble attempt to conceal the occasion of her terror from the astonished servants: and though Dorothee, when she could speak, endeavoured to laugh at her own fright, and was joined by Emily, no remonstrances could prevail with the servants, who had quickly taken the alarm, to pass even the remainder of the night in a room near to these terrific chambers.

* * * * *

From this night the terror of the servants increased to such an excess, that several of them determined to leave the chateau, and requested their discharge of the count, who, if he had any faith in the subjects of their alarm, thought proper to dissemble it, and, anxious to avoid the inconvenience that threatened him, employed ridicule, and then argument, to convince them they had nothing to apprehend from supernatural agency. But fear had rendered their minds inaccessible to reason; and it was now that Ludovico proved at once his courage and his gratitude for the kindness he had received from the count, by offering to watch, during a night, in the suite of rooms reputed to be haunted. ‘He feared,’ he said, ‘no spirits; and if anything of human form appeared — he would prove that he dreaded that as little.’

The count paused upon the offer; while the servants, who heard it, looked upon one another in doubt and amazement: and

Annette, terrified for the safety of Ludovico, employed tears and entreaties to dissuade him from his purpose.

'You are a bold fellow,' said the count, smiling; 'think well of what you are going to encounter before you finally determine upon it. However, if you persevere in your resolution, I will accept your offer, and your intrepidity shall not go unrewarded.'

'I desire no reward, your *Excellenza*,' replied Ludovico, 'but your approbation. Your *Excellenza* has been sufficiently good to me already; but I wish to have arms, that I may be equal to my enemy, if he should appear.'

'Your sword cannot defend you against a ghost,' replied the count, throwing a glance of irony upon the other servants: 'neither can bars nor bolts; for a spirit, you know, can glide through a key-hole as easily as through a door.'

'Give me a sword, my lord count,' said Ludovico, 'and I will lay all the spirits that shall attack me in the Red Sea.'

'Well,' said the count, 'you shall have a sword, and good cheer too; and your brave comrades here will, perhaps, have courage enough to remain another night in the chateau, since your boldness will certainly, for this night at least, confine all the malice of the spectre to yourself.'

Curiosity now struggled with fear in the minds of several of his fellow-servants, and at length they resolved to await the event of Ludovico's rashness.

Emily was surprised and concerned when she heard of his intention, and was frequently inclined to mention what she had witnessed in the north apartments to the count; for she could not entirely divest herself of fears for Ludovico's safety, though her reason represented these to be absurd. The necessity, however, of concealing the secret with which Dorothee had intrusted her, and which must have been mentioned with the late occurrence, in excuse for her having so privately visited the north apartments, kept her entirely silent on the subject of her apprehension; and she tried only to soothe Annette, who held that Ludovico was certainly to be destroyed; and who was much less affected by Emily's consoling efforts than by the manner of old Dorothee, who often, as she exclaimed 'Ludovico,' sighed, and threw up her eyes to Heaven.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE count gave orders for the north apartments to be opened and prepared for the reception of Ludovico; but Dorothee, remembering what she had lately witnessed there, feared to obey; and not one of the other servants daring to venture thither the rooms remained shut up till the time when Ludovico was to retire thither for the night, an hour for which the whole household waited with impatience.

After supper, Ludovico, by the order of the count, attended him in his closet, where they remained for near half an hour; and on leaving which, his lord delivered to him a sword.

'It has seen service in mortal quarrels,' said the count jocosely; 'you will use it honourably, no doubt, in a spiritual one. Tomorrow let me hear that there is not one ghost remaining in the chateau.'

Ludovico received it with a respectful bow. 'You shall be obeyed, my lord,' said he; 'I will engage that no spectre shall disturb the peace of the chateau after this night.'

They now returned to the supper-room, where the count's guests awaited to accompany him and Ludovico to the door of the north apartments; and Dorothee, being summoned for the keys, delivered them to Ludovico, who then led the way, followed by most of the inhabitants of the chateau. Having reached the back staircase, several of the servants shrunk back, and refused to go further; but the rest followed him to the top of the staircase, where a broad landing-place allowed them to flock round him, while he applied the key to the door, during which they watched him with as much eager curiosity as if he had been performing some magical rite.

Ludovico, unaccustomed to the lock, could not turn it; and Dorothee, who had lingered far behind, was called forward, under whose hand the door opened slowly; and, her eye glancing within the dusky chamber, she uttered a sudden shriek, and retreated. At this signal of alarm the greater part of the crowd hurried down the stairs; and the count, Henri, and Ludovico were left alone to pursue the inquiry, who instantly rushed into the apartment — Ludovico with a drawn sword, which he had

just time to draw from the scabbard; the count with the lamp in his hand; and Henri carrying a basket containing provision for the courageous adventurer.

Having looked hastily round the first room, where nothing appeared to justify alarm, they passed on to the second; and here too all being quiet, they proceeded to a third with a more tempered step. The count had now leisure to smile at the discomposure into which he had been surprised, and to ask Ludovico in which room he designed to pass the night.

'There are several chambers beyond these, your *Excellenza*,' said Ludovico, pointing to a door, 'and in one of them is a bed, they say. I will pass the night there; and when I am weary of watching, I can lie down.'

'Good,' said the count; 'let us go on. You see these rooms show nothing but damp walls and decaying furniture. I have been so much engaged since I came to the chateau, that I have not looked into them till now. Remember, Ludovico, to tell the housekeeper to-morrow, to throw open these windows. The damask hangings are dropping to pieces: I will have them taken down, and this antique furniture removed.'

'Dear sir!' said Henri, 'here is an arm-chair so massy with gilding, that it resembles one of the state chairs at the Louvre, more than anything else.'

'Yes,' said the count, stopping a moment to survey it, 'there is a history belonging to that chair, but I have not time to tell it — let us pass on. This suite runs to a greater extent than I had imagined: it is many years since I was in them. But where is the bed-room you speak of, Ludovico? — these are only ante-chambers to the great drawing-room. I remember them in their splendour.'

'The bed, my lord,' replied Ludovico, 'they told me was in a room that opens beyond the saloon, and terminates the suite.'

'O, here is the saloon,' said the count, as they entered the spacious apartment in which Emily and Dorothee had rested. He here stood for a moment, surveying the relics of faded grandeur which it exhibited — the sumptuous tapestry — the long and low sofas of velvet, with frames heavily carved and gilded — the floor inlaid with small squares of fine marble, and

covered in the centre with a piece of very rich tapestry work — the casements of painted glass — and the large Venetian mirrors, of a size and quality such as at that period France could not make, which reflected on every side the spacious apartment. These had formerly also reflected a gay and brilliant scene, for this had been the state-room of the chateau, and here the marchioness had held the assemblies that made part of the festivities of her nuptials. If the wand of a magician could have recalled the vanished groups — many of them vanished even from the earth — that once had passed over these polished mirrors, what a varied and contrasted picture would they have exhibited with the present! Now, instead of a blaze of lights, and a splendid and busy crowd, they reflected only the rays of the one glimmering lamp, which the count held up, and which scarcely served to show the three forlorn figures that stood surveying the room, and the spacious and dusky walls around them.

‘Ah!’ said the count to Henri, awaking from his deep reverie, ‘how the scene is changed since last I saw it! I was a young man then; and the marchioness was alive and in her bloom; many other persons were here, too, who are now no more! There stood the orchestra; here we tripped in many a sprightly maze — the walls echoing to the dance! Now, they resound only one feeble voice — and even that will, ere long, be heard no more! My son, remember that I was once as young as yourself, and that you must pass away like those who have preceded you — like those who, as they sung and danced in this once gay apartment, forgot that years are made up of moments, and that every step they took carried them nearer to their graves. But such reflections are useless, I had almost said criminal, unless they teach us to prepare for eternity; since otherwise they cloud our present happiness, without guiding us to a future one. But enough of this — let us go on.’

Ludovico now opened the door of the bedroom, and the count, as he entered, was struck with the funereal appearance which the dark arras gave to it. He approached the bed with an emotion of solemnity, and, perceiving it to be covered with the pall of black velvet, paused: ‘What can this mean?’ said he, as he gazed upon it.

'I have heard, my lord,' said Ludovico, as he stood at the feet looking within the canopied curtains, 'that the Lady Marchioness de Villeroi died in this chamber, and remained here till she was removed to be buried; and this perhaps, signor, may account for the pall.'

The count made no reply, but stood for a few moments engaged in thought, and evidently much affected. Then, turning to Ludovico, he asked him with a serious air whether he thought his courage would support him through the night? 'If you doubt this,' added the count, 'do not be ashamed to own it; I will release you from your engagement, without exposing you to the triumphs of your fellow-servants.'

Ludovico paused; pride, and something very like fear, seemed struggling in his breast: pride, however, was victorious; — he blushed, and his hesitation ceased.

'No, my lord,' said he, 'I will go through with what I have begun; and I am grateful for your consideration. On that hearth I will make a fire, and, with the good cheer in this basket, I doubt not I shall do well.'

'Be it so,' said the count; 'but how will you beguile the tediousness of the night, if you do not sleep?'

'When I am weary, my lord,' replied Ludovico, 'I shall not fear to sleep; in the meanwhile I have a book that will entertain me.'

'Well,' said the count, 'I hope nothing will disturb you; but if you should be seriously alarmed in the night, come to my apartment. I have too much confidence in your good sense and courage to believe you will be alarmed on slight grounds, or suffer the gloom of this chamber, or its remote situation, to overcome you with ideal terrors. To-morrow I shall have to thank you for an important service; these rooms shall then be thrown open, and my people will be convinced of their error. Good night, Ludovico; let me see you early in the morning, and remember what I lately said to you.'

'I will, my lord; good night to your *Excellenza*, — let me attend you with the light.'

He lighted the count and Henri through the chambers to the outer door. On the landing-place stood a lamp, which one of

the affrighted servants had left; and Henri, as he took it up, again bade Ludovico good night, who having respectfully returned the wish, closed the door upon them, and fastened it. Then, as he retired to the bed-chamber, he examined the rooms through which he passed, with more minuteness than he had done before, for he apprehended that some person might have concealed himself in them, for the purpose of frightening him. No one, however, but himself was in these chambers; and leaving open the doors through which he passed, he came again to the great drawing-room, whose spaciousness and silent gloom somewhat awed him. For a moment he stood, looking back through the long suite of rooms he had quitted; and as he turned, perceiving a light and his own figure reflected in one of the large mirrors, he started. Other objects too were seen obscurely on its dark surface; but he paused not to examine them, and returned hastily into the bed-room, as he surveyed which, he observed the door of the oriel, and opened it. All within was still. On looking round, his eye was arrested by the portrait of the deceased marchioness, upon which he gazed for a considerable time with great attention and some surprise; and then, having examined the closet, he returned into the bed-room, where he kindled a wood fire, the bright blaze of which revived his spirits, which had begun to yield to the gloom and silence of the place, for gusts of wind alone broke at intervals this silence. He now drew a small table and a chair near the fire, took a bottle of wine and some cold provision out of his basket, and regaled himself. When he had finished his repast, he laid his sword upon the table, and, not feeling disposed to sleep, drew from his pocket the book he had spoken of. — It was a volume of old Provençal tales. — Having stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, trimmed his lamp, and drawn his chair upon the hearth, he began to read, and his attention was soon wholly occupied by the scenes which the page disclosed.

The count, meanwhile, had returned to the supper-room, whither those of the party who had attended him to the north apartment had retreated, upon hearing Dorothee's scream, and who were now earnest in their inquiries concerning those chambers. The count rallied his guests on their precipitate

retreat, and on the superstitious inclination which had occasioned it; and this led to the question, Whether the spirit, after it has quitted the body, is ever permitted to revisit the earth; and if it is, whether it was possible for spirits to become visible to the sense? The baron was of opinion that the first was probable, and the last was possible; and he endeavoured to justify this opinion by respectable authorities, both ancient and modern, which he quoted. The count, however, was decidedly against him; and a long conversation ensued, in which the usual arguments on these subjects were on both sides brought forward with skill, and discussed with candour, but without converting either party to the opinion of his opponent. The effect of their conversation on their auditors was various. Though the count had much the superiority of the baron in point of argument, he had considerably fewer adherents; for that love, so natural to the human mind, of whatever is able to distend its faculties with wonder and astonishment, attached the majority of the company to the side of the baron; and though many of the count's propositions were unanswerable, his opponents were inclined to believe this the consequence of their own want of knowledge on so abstracted a subject, rather than that arguments did not exist which were forcible enough to conquer his.

Blanche was pale with attention, till the ridicule in her father's glance called a blush upon her countenance, and she then endeavoured to forget the superstitious tales she had been told in her convent. Meanwhile, Emily had been listening with deep attention to the discussion of what was to her a very interesting question; and remembering the appearance she had witnessed in the apartment of the late marchioness, she was frequently chilled with awe. Several times she was on the point of mentioning what she had seen; but the fear of giving pain to the count, and the dread of his ridicule, restrained her; and awaiting in anxious expectation the event of Ludovico's intrepidity, she determined that her future silence should depend upon it.

When the party had separated for the night, and the count retired to his dressing-room, the remembrance of the desolate scenes he had lately witnessed in his own mansion deeply affected him, but at length he was aroused from his reverie and

his silence. 'What music is that I hear?' said he suddenly to his valet; 'Who plays at this late hour!'

The man made no reply; and the count continued to listen, and then added, 'That is no common musician; he touches the instrument with a delicate hand — who is it, Pierre?'

'My lord!' said the man hesitatingly.

'Who plays that instrument?' repeated the count.

'Does not your lordship know, then?' said the valet.

'What mean you?' said the count, somewhat sternly.

'Nothing, my lord, I meant nothing,' rejoined the man submissively — 'only — that music — goes about the house at midnight often, and I thought your lordship might have heard it before.'

'Music goes about the house at midnight! Poor fellow! — does nobody dance to the music, too?'

'It is not in the chateau, I believe, my lord; the sounds come from the woods, they say, though they seem so near; — but then a spirit can do anything.'

'Ah, poor fellow!' said the count, 'I perceive you are as silly as the rest of them; to-morrow you will be convinced of your ridiculous error. But hark! — what voice is that?'

'Oh, my lord! that is the voice we often hear with the music.'

'Often!' said the count: 'How often, pray? It is a very fine one.'

'Why, my lord, I myself have not heard it more than two or three times; but there are those who have lived here longer, that have heard it often enough.'

'What a swell was that!' exclaimed the count, as he still listened — 'and now what a dying cadence! This is surely something more than mortal!'

'That is what they say, my lord,' said the valet; 'they say it is nothing mortal that utters it; and if I might say my thoughts —'

'Peace!' said the count, and he listened till the strain died away.

'This is strange!' said he, as he turned from the window — 'Close the casements, Pierre.'

Pierre obeyed, and the count soon after dismissed him; but

did not so soon lose the remembrance of the music, which long vibrated in his fancy in tones of melting sweetness, while surprise and perplexity engaged his thoughts.

Ludovico, meanwhile, in his remote chamber, heard now and then the faint echo of a closing door as the family retired to rest, and then the hall clock at a great distance strike twelve. 'It is midnight,' said he, — and he looked suspiciously round the spacious chamber. The fire on the hearth was now nearly expiring; for, his attention having been engaged by the book before him, he had forgotten everything besides; but he soon added fresh wood, not because he was cold, though the night was stormy, but because he was cheerless; and having again trimmed his lamp, he poured out a glass of wine, drew his chair nearer to the crackling blaze, tried to be deaf to the wind that howled mournfully at the casements, endeavoured to abstract his mind from the melancholy that was stealing upon him, and again took up his book. It had been lent to him by Dorothee, who had formerly picked it up in an obscure corner of the marquis's library, and who, having opened it and perceived some of the marvels it related, had carefully preserved it for her own entertainment, its condition giving her some excuse for detaining it from its proper station. The damp corner into which it had fallen had caused the cover to be disfigured and mouldy, and the leaves to be so discoloured with spots, that it was not without difficulty the letters could be traced. Some of the tales in the book now before Ludovico were of simple structure, and exhibited nothing of the magnificent machinery and heroic manners which usually characterised the fables of the twelfth century, and of this description was the one he now happened to open.

* * * * *

Ludovico, having finished this story, laid aside the book, for he felt drowsy; and after putting more wood on the fire, and taking another glass of wine, he reposed himself in the arm-chair on the hearth. In his dream he still beheld the chamber where he really was, and once or twice started from imperfect slumbers, imagining he saw a man's face looking over the high back of his arm-chair. This idea had so strongly impressed him, that when

he raised his eyes he almost expected to meet other eyes fixed upon his own; and he quitted his seat, and looked behind the chair, before he felt perfectly convinced that no person was there.

Thus closed the hour.

CHAPTER XLV

THE count, who had slept little during the night, rose early, and anxious to speak with Ludovico, went to the north apartment; but the outer door having been fastened on the preceding night, he was obliged to knock loudly for admittance. Neither the knocking nor his voice was heard; but considering the distance of this door from the bedroom, and that Ludovico, wearied with watching, had probably fallen into a deep sleep, the count was not surprised on receiving no answer; and leaving the door, he went down to walk in his grounds.

It was a grey autumnal morning. The sun, rising over Provence, gave only a feeble light, as his rays struggled through the vapours that ascended from the sea, and floated heavily over the woodtops, which were now varied with many a mellow tint of autumn. The storm was passed, but the waves yet violently agitated, and their course was traced by long lines of foam, while not a breeze fluttered in the sails of the vessels near the shore that were weighing anchor to depart. The still gloom of the hour was pleasing to the count, and he pursued his way through the woods sunk in deep thought.

Emily also rose at an early hour, and took her customary walk along the brow of the promontory that overhung the Mediterranean. Her mind was not now occupied with the occurrences of the chateau, and Valancourt was the subject of her mournful thoughts; whom she had not yet taught herself to consider with indifference, though her judgment constantly reproached her for the affection that lingered in her heart, after her esteem for him was departed.¹

As these reflections passed rapidly over the mind of Emily,

¹ Certain follies of which Valancourt had been guilty in Paris had been greatly exaggerated to Emily by Count de Villefort, who had misjudged him.

they called up a variety of contending emotions, that almost overcame her spirits: but her first impulse was to avoid him, and immediately leaving the tower, she returned with hasty steps towards the chateau. As she passed along, she remembered the music she had lately heard near the tower, with the figure which had appeared; and in this moment of agitation she was inclined to believe that she had then heard and seen Valancourt; but other recollections soon convinced her of her error. On turning into a thicker part of the woods, she perceived a person walking slowly in the gloom at some little distance; and, her mind engaged by the idea of him, she started and paused, imagining this to be Valancourt. The person advanced with quicker steps; and before she could recover recollection enough to avoid him, he spoke, and she then knew the voice of the count, who expressed some surprise on finding her walking at so early an hour, and made a feeble effort to rally her on her love of solitude. But he soon perceived this to be more a subject of concern than of light laughter, and changing his manner, affectionately expostulated with Emily on thus indulging unavailing regret, who, though she acknowledged the justness of all he said, could not restrain her tears while she did so, and he presently quitted the topic.

When they returned to the chateau, Emily retired to her apartment, and Count de Villefort to the door of the north chambers. This was still fastened; but being now determined to arouse Ludovico, he renewed his calls more loudly than before; after which a total silence ensued; and the count, finding all his efforts to be heard ineffectual, at length began to fear that some accident had befallen Ludovico, whom terror of an imaginary being might have deprived of his senses. He therefore left the door with an intention of summoning his servants to force it open, some of whom he now heard moving in the lower part of the chateau.

To the count's inquiries, whether they had seen or heard Ludovico, they replied, in affright, that not one of them had ventured on the north side of the chateau since the preceding night.

'He sleeps soundly then,' said the count, 'and is at such a distance from the outer door, which is fastened, that to gain admit-

tance to the chambers it will be necessary to force it. Bring an instrument and follow me.'

The servant stood mute and dejected; and it was not till nearly all the household were assembled, that the count's orders were obeyed. In the meantime, Dorothee was telling of a door that opened from a gallery leading from the great staircase into the last ante-room of the saloon; and this being much nearer to the bed-chamber, it appeared probable that Ludovico might be easily awakened by an attempt to open it. Thither, therefore, the count went: but his voice was as ineffectual at this door as it had proved at the remoter one: and now, seriously interested for Ludovico, he was himself going to strike upon the door with the instrument, when he observed its singular beauty, and withheld the blow. It appeared on the first glance to be of ebony, so dark and close was its grain, and so high its polish; but it proved to be only of larch wood, of the growth of Provence, then famous for its forests of larch. The beauty of its polished hue, and of its delicate carvings, determined the count to spare this door, and he returned to that leading from the back staircase; which, being at length forced, he entered the first ante-room, followed by Henri and a few of the most courageous of his servants, the rest awaiting the event of the inquiry on the stairs and landing-place.

All was silent in the chambers through which the count passed; and, having reached the saloon, he called loudly upon Ludovico; after which, still receiving no answer, he threw open the door of the bed-room and entered.

The profound stillness within confirmed his apprehensions for Ludovico, for not even the breathings of a person in sleep was heard; and his uncertainty was soon terminated, since, the shutters being all closed, the chamber was too dark for any object to be distinguished in it.

The count bade a servant open them, who, as he crossed the room to do so, stumbled over something and fell to the floor; when his cry occasioned such panic among the few of his fellows who had ventured thus far, that they instantly fled, and the count and Henri were left to finish the adventure.

Henri then sprung across the room, and opening a window-

shutter, they perceived that the man had fallen over a chair near the hearth in which Ludovico had been sitting; for he sat there no longer, nor could he any where be seen by the imperfect light that was admitted into the apartment. The count, seriously alarmed, now opened other shutters, that he might be enabled to examine further; and Ludovico, not yet appearing, he stood for a moment suspended in astonishment, and scarcely trusting his senses, till his eyes glancing on the bed, he advanced to examine whether he was there asleep. No person, however, was in it; and he proceeded to the oriel, where everything remained as on the preceding night, but Ludovico was no where to be found.

The count now checked his amazement, considering that Ludovico might have left the chambers during the night, overcome by the terrors which their lonely desolation and the recollected reports concerning them had inspired. Yet, if this had been the fact, the man would naturally have sought society, and his fellow-servants had all declared they had not seen him; the door of the outer room also had been found fastened with the key on the inside. It was impossible, therefore, for him to have passed through that; and all the outer doors of this suite were found, on examination, to be bolted and locked, with the keys also within them. The count, being then compelled to believe that the lad had escaped through the casements, next examined them; but such as opened wide enough to admit the body of a man were found to be carefully secured either by iron bars or by shutters, and no vestige appeared of any person having attempted to pass them; neither was it probable that Ludovico would have incurred the risk of breaking his neck by leaping from a window, when he might have walked safely through a door.

The count's amazement did not admit of words; but he returned once more to examine the bed-room, where was no appearance of disorder, except that occasioned by the late overthrow of the chair, near which had stood a small table; and on this Ludovico's sword, his lamp, the book he had been reading, and the remnant of his flask of wine, still remained. At the foot of the table, too, was the basket with some fragments of provision and wood.

Henri and the servant now uttered their astonishment without

reserve; and though the count said little, there was a seriousness in his manner that expressed much. It appeared that Ludovico must have quitted these rooms by some concealed passage, for the count could not believe that any supernatural means had occasioned this event; yet, if there was any such passage, it seemed inexplicable why he should retreat through it; and it was equally surprising, that not even the smallest vestige should appear, by which his progress could be traced. In the rooms everything remained as much in order as if he had just walked out by the common way.

The count himself assisted in lifting the arras with which the bed-chamber, saloon, and one of the ante-rooms were hung, that he might discover if any door had been concealed behind it; but, after a laborious search, none was found: and he at length quitted the apartments, having secured the door of the last ante-chamber, the key of which he took into his own possession. He then gave orders that strict search should be made for Ludovico, not only in the chateau, but in the neighbourhood; and retiring with Henri to his closet, they remained there in conversation for a considerable time; and, whatever was the subject of it, Henri from this hour lost much of his vivacity, and his manners were particularly grave and reserved whenever the topic which now agitated the count's family with wonder and alarm was introduced.

On the disappearing of Ludovico, Baron St. Foix seemed strengthened in all his former opinions concerning the probability of apparitions, though it was difficult to discover what connexion there could possibly be between the two subjects, or to account for this effect, otherwise than by supposing that the mystery attending Ludovico, by exciting awe and curiosity, reduced the mind to a state of sensibility which rendered it more liable to the influence of superstition in general. It is however certain, that from this period the baron and his adherents became more bigoted in their own systems than before, while the terrors of the count's servants increased to an excess that occasioned many of them to quit the mansion immediately, and the rest remained only till others could be procured to supply their places.

The most strenuous search after Ludovico proved unsuc-

cessful; and after several days of indefatigable inquiry, poor Annette gave herself up to despair, and the other inhabitants of the chateau to amazement.

Emily, whose mind had been deeply affected by the disastrous fate of the late marchioness, and with the mysterious connexion which she fancied had existed between her and St. Aubert, was particularly impressed by the late extraordinary event, and much concerned for the loss of Ludovico, whose integrity and faithful services claimed both her esteem and gratitude. She was now very desirous to return to the quiet retirement of her convent; but every hint of this was received with real sorrow by Lady Blanche, and affectionately set aside by the count, for whom she felt much of the respectful love and admiration of a daughter, and to whom, by Dorothee's consent, she at length mentioned the appearance which they had witnessed in the chamber of the deceased marchioness. At any other period he would have smiled at such a relation, and have believed that its object had existed only in the distempered fancy of the relater; but he now attended to Emily with seriousness; and, when she concluded, requested of her a promise that this occurrence should rest in silence. 'Whatever may be the cause and the import of these extraordinary occurrences,' added the count, 'time only can explain them. I shall keep a wary eye upon all that passes in the chateau, and shall pursue every possible means of discovering the fate of Ludovico. Meanwhile, we must be prudent and silent. I will myself watch in the north chambers; but of this we will say nothing till the night arrives when I purpose doing so.'

The count then sent for Dorothee, and required of her also a promise of silence concerning what she had already, or might in future witness of an extraordinary nature: and this ancient servant now related to him the particulars of the Marchioness de Villeroi's death, with some of which he appeared to be already acquainted, while by others he was evidently surprised and agitated. After listening to this narrative, the count retired to his closet, where he remained alone for several hours; and when he again appeared, the solemnity of his manner surprised and alarmed Emily, but she gave no utterance to her thoughts.

CHAPTER L

* * * * *

ST. FOIX stopped to observe the picture which the party¹ in the cave presented, where the elegant form of Blanche was finely contrasted by the majestic figure of the count, who was seated by her on a rude stone; and each was rendered more impressive by the grotesque habits and strong features of the guides and other attendants, who were in the background of the piece. The effect of the light, too, was interesting: on the surrounding figures it threw a strong though pale gleam, and glittered on their bright arms; while upon the foliage of a gigantic larch, that impended its shade over the cliff above, appeared a red, dusky tint, deepening almost imperceptibly into the blackness of night.

While St. Foix contemplated the scene, the moon, broad and yellow, rose over the eastern summits, from among embattled clouds, and showed dimly the grandeur of the heavens, the mass of vapours that rolled half-way down the precipice beneath, and the doubtful mountains.

From this romantic reverie he was awakened by the voices of the guides repeating his name, which was reverberated from cliff to cliff, till a hundred tongues seemed to call him; when he soon quieted the fears of the count and the Lady Blanche by returning to the cave. As the storm, however, seemed approaching, they did not quit their place of shelter; and the count, seated between his daughter and St. Foix, endeavoured to divert the fears of the former, and conversed on subjects relating to the natural history of the scenes among which they wandered.

As Blanche sat attentive to the narrative that rendered the scenes doubly interesting, and resigned to solemn emotion, while she considered that she was on the very ground once polluted by these events, her reverie was suddenly interrupted by a sound that came on the wind — it was the distant bark of a watch-dog. The travellers listened with eager hope, and, as the wind blew stronger, fancied that the sound came from no great distance;

¹ Count de Villefort and his daughter Blanche are returning home after a visit to the Chateau de St. Foix, accompanied by the Chevalier de St. Foix, Blanche's betrothed.

and the guides having little doubt but that it proceeded from the inn they were in search of, the count determined to pursue his way. The moon now afforded a stronger though still an uncertain light, as she moved among broken clouds; and the travellers, led by the sound, re-commenced their journey along the brow of the precipice, preceded by a single torch that now contended with the moonlight; for the guides, believing they should reach the inn soon after sunset, had neglected to provide more. In silent caution they followed the sound, which was heard but at intervals, and which, after some time, entirely ceased. The guides endeavoured, however, to point their course to the quarter whence it had issued; but the deep roaring of a torrent soon seized their attention, and presently they came to a tremendous chasm of the mountain, which seemed to forbid all further progress. Blanche alighted from her mule, as did the count and St. Foix, while the guides traversed the edge in search of a bridge, which, however rude, might convey them to the opposite side; and they at length confessed, what the count had begun to suspect, that they had been for some time doubtful of their way, and were now certain only that they had lost it.

At a little distance was discovered a rude and dangerous passage, formed by an enormous pine, which, thrown across the chasm, united the opposite precipices, and which had been felled probably by the hunter to facilitate his chase of the izard or the wolf. The whole party, the guides excepted, shuddered at the prospect of crossing this Alpine bridge, whose sides afforded no kind of defence, and from which to fall was to die. The guides, however, prepared to lead over the mules, while Blanche stood trembling on the brink and listening to the roar of the waters, which were seen descending from rocks above overhung with lofty pines, and thence precipitating themselves into the deep abyss, where their white surges gleamed faintly in the moonlight. The poor animals proceeded over this perilous bridge with instinctive caution, neither frightened by the noise of the cataract, nor deceived by the gloom which the impending foliage threw athwart their way. It was now that the solitary torch, which had been hitherto of little service, was found to be an inestimable treasure; and Blanche, terrified, shrinking, but endeavouring

to re-collect all her firmness and presence of mind, preceded by her lover and supported by her father, followed the red gleam of the torch in safety, the opposite cliff.

As they went on, the heights contracted and formed a narrow pass, at the bottom of which the torrent they had just crossed was heard to thunder. But they were again cheered by the bark of a dog keeping watch, perhaps over the flocks of the mountains to protect them from the nightly descent of the wolves. The sound was much nearer than before; and while they rejoiced in the hope of soon reaching a place of repose, a light was seen to glimmer at a distance. It appeared at a height considerably above the level of their path, and was lost and seen again, as if the waving branches of trees sometimes excluded and then admitted its rays. The guides halloed with all their strength, but the sound of no human voice was heard in return; and at length, as a more effectual means of making themselves known, they fired a pistol. But while they listened in anxious expectation, the noise of the explosion was alone heard echoing among the rocks, and it gradually sunk into silence, which no friendly hint of man disturbed. The light, however, that had been seen before, now became plainer, and soon after voices were heard indistinctly on the wind; but upon the guides repeating the call, the voices suddenly ceased, and the light disappeared.

The Lady Blanche was now almost sinking beneath the pressure of anxiety, fatigue, and apprehension; and the united efforts of the count and St. Foix could scarcely support her spirits. As they continued to advance, an object was perceived on a point of rock above, which, the strong rays of the moon then falling on it, appeared to be a watch-tower. The count, from its situation and some other circumstances, had little doubt that it was such; and believing that the light had proceeded from thence, he endeavoured to re-animate his daughter's spirits by the near prospect of shelter and repose, which, however rude the accommodation, a ruined watch-tower might afford.

'Numerous watch-towers have been erected among the Pyrenees,' said the count, anxious only to call Blanche's attention from the subject of her fears; 'and the method by which they give intelligence of the approach of the enemy is, you know,

by fires kindled on the summits of these edifices. Signals have thus sometimes been communicated from post to post along a frontier line of several hundred miles in length. Then, as occasion may require, the lurking armies emerge from their fortresses and the forests, and march forth to defend perhaps the entrance of some grand pass, where, planting themselves on the heights, they assail their astonished enemies, who wind along the glen below, with fragments of the shattered cliff, and pour death and defeat upon them. The ancient forts and watch-towers overlooking the grand passes of the Pyrenees are carefully preserved; but some of those in inferior stations have been suffered to fall into decay, and are now frequently converted into the more peaceful habitation of the hunter or the shepherd, who after a day of toil retires hither, and, with his faithful dogs, forgets, near a cheerful blaze, the labour of the chase, or the anxiety of collecting his wandering flocks, while he is sheltered from the nightly storm.'

'But are they always thus peacefully inhabited?' said the Lady Blanche.

'No,' replied the count; 'they are sometimes the asylum of French and Spanish smugglers, who cross the mountains with contraband goods from their respective countries; and the latter are particularly numerous, against whom strong parties of the king's troops are sometimes sent. But the desperate resolution of these adventurers, — who, knowing that if they are taken they must expiate the breach of the law by the most cruel death, travel in large parties well armed, — often daunts the courage of the soldiers. The smugglers who seek only safety, never engage when they can possibly avoid it; the military also, who know that in these encounters danger is certain, and glory almost unattainable, are equally reluctant to fight; an engagement therefore very seldom happens; but when it does, it never concludes till after the most desperate and bloody conflict. You are inattentive, Blanche,' added the count: 'I have wearied you with a dull subject; but see yonder, in the moonlight, is the edifice we have been in search of, and we are fortunate to be so near it before the storm bursts.'

Blanche, looking up, perceived that they were at the foot of

the cliff, on whose summit the building stood, but no light now issued from it; the barking of the dog too had for some time ceased; and the guides began to doubt whether this was really the object of their search. From the distance at which they surveyed it, shown imperfectly by a cloudy moon, it appeared to be of more extent than a single watch-tower; but the difficulty was how to ascend the height, whose abrupt acclivities seemed to afford no kind of path-way.

While the guides carried forward the torch to examine the cliff, the count, remaining with Blanche and St. Foix at its foot, under the shadow of the woods, endeavoured again to beguile the time by conversation, but again anxiety abstracted the mind of Blanche: and he then consulted apart with St. Foix, whether it would be advisable, should a path be found, to venture to an edifice which might possibly harbour banditti. They considered that their own party was not small, and that several of them were well armed; and after enumerating the dangers to be incurred by passing the night in the open wild, exposed perhaps to the effects of a thunderstorm, there remained not a doubt that they ought to endeavour to obtain admittance to the edifice above, at any hazard respecting the inhabitants it might harbour: but the darkness, and the dead silence that surrounded it, appeared to contradict the probability of its being inhabited at all.

A shout from the guides aroused their attention, after which, in a few minutes, one of the count's servants returned with intelligence that a path was found, and they immediately hastened to join the guides, when they all ascended a little winding way cut in the rock among the thickets of dwarf wood, and after much toil and some danger reached the summit, where several ruined towers surrounded by a massy wall rose to their view, partially illumined by the moonlight. The space around the building was silent, and apparently forsaken: but the count was cautious. 'Step softly,' said he in a low voice, 'while we reconnoitre the edifice.'

Having proceeded silently along for some paces, they stopped at a gate whose portals were terrible even in ruins; and, after a moment's hesitation, passed on to the court of entrance, but paused again at the head of a terrace, which, branching from it,

ran along the brow of a precipice. Over this rose the main body of the edifice, which was now seen to be not a watch-tower, but one of those ancient fortresses that from age and neglect had fallen to decay. Many parts of it, however, appeared to be still entire; it was built of grey stone, in the heavy Saxon-Gothic style, with enormous round towers, buttresses of proportionable strength, and the arch of the large gate which seemed to open into the hall of the fabric was round, as was that of a window above. The air of solemnity which must so strongly have characterised the pile even in the days of its early strength, was now considerably heightened by its shattered battlements and half-demolished walls, and by the huge masses of ruin scattered in its wide area, now silent and grass-grown. In this court of entrance stood the gigantic remains of an oak, that seemed to have flourished and decayed with the building, which it still appeared frowningly to protect by the few remaining branches, leafless and moss-grown, that crowned its trunk, and whose wide extent told how enormous the tree had been in a former age. This fortress was evidently once of great strength, and from its situation on a point of rock impending over a deep glen, had been of great power to annoy as well as to resist: the count, therefore, as he stood surveying it, was somewhat surprised that it had been suffered, ancient as it was, to sink into ruins, and its present lonely and deserted air excited in his breast emotions of melancholy awe. While he indulged for a moment these emotions, he thought he heard a sound of remote voices steal upon the stillness from within the building, the front of which he again surveyed with scrutinizing eyes, but yet no light was visible. He now determined to walk round the fort, to that remote part of it whence he thought the voices had arisen, that he might examine whether any light could be discerned there, before he ventured to knock at the gate: for this purpose he entered upon the terrace, where the remains of cannon were yet apparent in the thick walls: but he had not proceeded many paces when his steps were suddenly arrested by the loud barking of a dog within, and which he fancied to be the same whose voice had been the means of bringing the travellers thither. It now appeared certain that the place was inhabited; and the count returned to consult again

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with St. Foix, whether he should try to obtain admittance, for its wild aspect had somewhat shaken his former resolution: but after a second consultation, he submitted to the considerations which before determined him, and which were strengthened by the discovery of the dog that guarded the fort, as well as by the stillness that pervaded it. He therefore ordered one of his servants to knock at the gate; who was advancing to obey him, when a light appeared through the loop-hole of one of the towers, and the count called loudly: but receiving no answer, he went up to the gate himself, and struck upon it with an iron pointed pole which had assisted him to climb the steep. When the echoes had ceased that this blow had awakened, the renewed barking — and there were now more than one dog — was the only sound that was heard. The count stepped back a few paces to observe whether the light was in the tower; and perceiving that it was gone, he returned to the portal, and had lifted the pole to strike again, when again he fancied he heard the murmur of voices within, and paused to listen. He was confirmed in the supposition, but they were too remote to be heard otherwise than in a murmur, and the count now let the pole fall heavily upon the gate, when almost immediately a profound silence followed. It was apparent that the people within had heard the sound, and their caution in admitting strangers gave him a favourable opinion of them. ‘They are either hunters or shepherds,’ said he, ‘who, like ourselves, have probably sought shelter from the night within these walls, and are fearful of admitting strangers, lest they should prove robbers. I will endeavour to remove their fears.’ So saying, he called aloud, ‘We are friends, who ask shelter from the night.’ In a few moments steps were heard within, which approached, and a voice then inquired — ‘Who calls?’ ‘Friends,’ repeated the count: ‘open the gates, and you shall know more.’ Strong bolts were now heard to be undrawn, and a man armed with a hunting-spear appeared. ‘What is it you want at this hour?’ said he. The count beckoned his attendants, and then answered, that he wished to inquire the way to the nearest cabin. ‘Are you so little acquainted with these mountains,’ said the man, ‘as not to know that there is none within several leagues? I cannot

show you the way; you must seek it — there's a moon.' Saying this, he was closing the gate, and the count was turning away half disappointed and half afraid, when another voice was heard from above; and on looking up, he saw a light and a man's face at the grate of the portal. 'Stay, friend, you have lost your way?' said the voice. 'You are hunters, I suppose, like ourselves? I will be with you presently.' The voice ceased, and the light disappeared. Blanche had been alarmed by the appearance of the man who had opened the gate, and she now entreated her father to quit the place: but the count had observed the hunter's spear which he carried, and the words from the tower encouraged him to await the event. The gate was soon opened: and several men in hunters' habits, who had heard above what had passed below, appeared; and having listened some time to the count, told him he was welcome to rest there for the night. They then pressed him with much courtesy to enter, and to partake of such fare as they were about to sit down to. The count, who had observed them attentively while they spoke, was cautious and somewhat suspicious; but he was also weary, fearful of the approaching storm, and of encountering Alpine heights in the obscurity of night: being likewise somewhat confident in the strength and number of his attendants, he, after some further consideration, determined to accept the invitation. With this resolution he called his servants, who advancing round the tower, behind which some of them had silently listened to this conference, followed their lord, the Lady Blanche, and St. Foix, into the fortress. The strangers led them on to a large and rude hall, partially seen by a fire that blazed at its extremity, round which four men in the hunter's dress were seated, and on the hearth were several dogs stretched in sleep. In the middle of the hall stood a large table, and over the fire some part of an animal was boiling. As the count approached, the men arose: and the dogs, half raising themselves, looked fiercely at the strangers, but on hearing their masters' voices, kept their postures on the hearth.

Blanche looked round this gloomy and spacious hall; then at the men, and to her father, who, smiling cheerfully at her, addressed himself to the hunters. 'This is an hospitable hearth,'

said he: 'the blaze of the fire is reviving after having wandered so long in these dreary wilds. Your dogs are tired; what success have you had?' 'Such as we usually have,' replied one of the men, who had been seated in the hall; 'we kill our game with tolerable certainty.' — 'These are fellow-hunters,' said one of the men who had brought the count hither, 'that have lost their way, and I have told them there is room enough in the fort for us all.' — 'Very true, very true,' replied his companion: 'what luck have you had in the chase, brothers?' 'We have killed two izards, and that you will say is pretty well.' — 'You mistake, friend,' said the count; 'we are not hunters, but travellers; but if you will admit us to hunters' fare we shall be well contented, and will repay your kindness.' — 'Sit down then, brother,' said one of the men: 'Jacques, lay more fuel on the fire, the kid will soon be ready; bring a seat for the lady too. Ma'mselle, will you taste our brandy? it is true Barcelona, and as bright as ever flowed from a keg.' Blanche timidly smiled, and was going to refuse, when her father prevented her, by taking, with a good-humoured air, the glass offered to his daughter; and Monsieur St. Foix, who was seated next her, pressed her hand, and gave her an encouraging look; but her attention was engaged by a man who sat silently by the fire, observing St. Foix with a steady and earnest eye.

'You lead a jolly life here,' said the count. 'The life of a hunter is a pleasant and a healthy one; and the repose is sweet which succeeds to your labour.'

'Yes,' replied one of the hosts, 'our life is pleasant enough. We live here only during the summer and autumnal months; in winter the place is dreary, and the swollen torrents that descend from the heights put a stop to the chase.'

'Tis a life of liberty and enjoyment,' said the count: 'I should like to pass a month in your way very well.'

'We find employment for our guns too,' said a man who stood behind the count: 'here are plenty of birds of delicious flavour, that feed upon the wild thyme and herbs that grow in the valleys. Now I think of it, there is a brace of birds hung up in the stone gallery; go fetch them, Jacques; we will have them dressed.'

The count now made inquiry concerning the method of pur-

suings the chase among the rocks and precipices of these romantic regions, and was listening to a curious detail, when a horn was sounded at the gate. Blanche looked timidly at her father, who continued to converse on the subject of the chase, but whose countenance was somewhat expressive of anxiety, and who often turned his eyes towards that part of the hall nearest the gate. The horn sounded again, and a loud halloo succeeded. 'There are some of our companions returned from their day's labour,' said a man, going lazily from his seat towards the gate; and in a few minutes two men appeared, each with a gun over his shoulder and pistols in his belt. 'What cheer, my lads? what cheer?' said they, as they approached. 'What luck?' returned their companions: 'have you brought home your supper? You shall have none else.'

'Hah! who the devil have you brought home?' said they in bad Spanish, on perceiving the count's party; 'are they from France, or Spain? — where did you meet with them?'

'They met with us; and a merry meeting too,' replied his companion aloud in good French. 'This chevalier and his party had lost their way, and asked a night's lodging in the fort.' The others made no reply, but threw down a kind of knapsack, and drew forth several brace of birds. The bag sounded heavily as it fell to the ground, and the glitter of some bright metal within glanced on the eye of the count, who now surveyed with a more inquiring look the man that held the knapsack. He was a tall, robust figure, of a hard countenance, and had short black hair curling on his neck. Instead of the hunter's dress, he wore a faded military uniform: sandals were laced on his broad legs: and a kind of short trowsers hung from his waist. On his head he wore a leather cap, somewhat resembling in shape an ancient Roman helmet; but the brows that scowled beneath it would have characterised those of the barbarians who conquered Rome, rather than those of a Roman soldier. The count at length turned away his eyes, and remained silent and thoughtful, till, again raising them, he perceived a figure standing in an obscure part of the hall, fixed in attentive gaze on St. Foix, who was conversing with Blanche, and did not observe this; but the count soon after saw the same man looking over the shoulder

of the soldier as attentively at himself. He withdrew his eye when that of the count met it, who felt mistrust gathering fast upon his mind, but feared to betray it in his countenance, and, forcing his features to assume a smile, addressed Blanche on some indifferent subject. When he again looked round, he perceived that the soldier and his companion were gone.

The man who was called Jacques now returned from the stone gallery. 'A fire is lighted there,' said he, 'and the birds are dressing; the table, too, is spread there, for that place is warmer than this.'

His companions approved of the removal, and invited their guests to follow to the gallery; of whom Blanche appeared distressed and remained silent, and St. Foix looked at the count, who said he preferred the comfortable blaze of the fire he was then near. The hunters, however, commended the warmth of the other apartment, and pressed his removal with such seeming courtesy, that the count, half doubting and half fearful of betraying his doubts, consented to go. The long and ruinous passages through which they went, somewhat daunted him; but the thunder, which now burst in loud peals above, made it dangerous to quit this place of shelter, and he forebore to provoke his conductors by showing that he distrusted them. The hunters led the way with a lamp: the count and St. Foix, who wished to please their hosts by some instances of familiarity, carried each a seat, and Blanche followed with faltering steps. As she passed on, part of her dress caught on a nail in the wall; and while she stopped, somewhat too scrupulously, to disengage it, the count, who was talking to St. Foix, and neither of whom observed the circumstance, followed their conductor round an abrupt angle of the passage, and Blanche was left behind in darkness. The thunder prevented them from hearing her call; but, having disengaged her dress, she quickly followed, as she thought, the way they had taken. A light that glimmered at a distance confirmed this belief; and she proceeded towards an open door whence it issued, conjecturing the room beyond to be the stone gallery the men had spoken of. Hearing voices as she advanced, she paused within a few paces of the chamber, that she might be certain whether she was right;

and from thence, by the light of a lamp that hung from the ceiling, observed four men seated round a table, over which they leaned in apparent consultation. In one of them she distinguished the features of him whom she had observed gazing at St. Foix with such deep attention; and who was now speaking in an earnest, though restrained voice, till one of his companions seeming to oppose him, they spoke together in a loud and harsher tone. Blanche, alarmed by perceiving that neither her father nor St. Foix was there, and terrified at the fierce countenances and manners of these men, was turning hastily from the chamber to pursue her search of the gallery, when she heard one of the men say :

‘Let all dispute end here. Who talks of danger? Follow my advice, and there will be none — secure *them*, and the rest are an easy prey.’ Blanche, struck with these words, paused a moment to hear more. ‘There is nothing to be got by the rest,’ said one of his companions; ‘I am never for blood when I can help it — dispatch the two others, and our business is done: the rest may go.’

‘May they so!’ exclaimed the first ruffian with a tremendous oath—‘What! to tell how we have disposed of their master, and to send the king’s troops to drag us to the wheel! You was always a choice adviser — I warrant we have not yet forgot St. Thomas’s eve, last year.’

Blanche’s heart now sunk with horror. Her first impulse was to retreat from the door; but when she would have gone, her trembling frame refused to support her, and having tottered a few paces to a more obscure part of the passage, she was compelled to listen to the dreadful counsels of those who, she was no longer suffered to doubt, were banditti. In the next moment she heard the following words: ‘Why, you would not murder the whole *gang*?’

‘I warrant our lives are as good as theirs,’ replied his comrade. ‘If we don’t kill them, they will hang us: better they should die than we be hanged.’

‘Better, better,’ cried his comrades.

‘To commit murder is a hopeful way of escaping the gal-lows!’ said the first ruffian — ‘many an honest fellow has run

his head into the noose that way, though.' There was a pause for some moments, during which they appeared to be considering.

'Confound those fellows,' exclaimed one of the robbers impatiently, 'they ought to have been here by this time; they will come back presently with the old story, and no booty; if they were here, our business would be plain and easy. I see we shall not be able to do business to-night, for our numbers are not equal to the enemy; and in the morning they will be for marching off, and how can we detain them without force?'

'I have been thinking of a scheme that will do,' said one of his comrades; 'if we can dispatch the two chevaliers silently, it will be easy to master the rest.'

'That's a plausible scheme, in good faith!' said another with a smile of scorn — 'If I can eat my way through the prison-wall, I shall be at liberty! — How can we dispatch them *silently*?'

'By poison,' replied his companions.

'Well said! that will do,' said the second ruffian; 'that will give a lingering death too, and satisfy my revenge. These barons shall take care how they again tempt our vengeance.'

'I knew the son the moment I saw him,' said the man whom Blanche had observed gazing on St. Foix, 'though he does not know me; the father I had almost forgotten.'

'Well, you may say what you will,' said the third ruffian, 'but I don't believe he is the baron; and I am as likely to know as any of you, for I was one of them that attacked him with our brave lads that suffered.'

'And was not I another?' said the first ruffian. 'I tell you he is the baron; but what does it signify whether he is or not? — shall we let all this booty go out of our hands? It is not often we have such luck as this. While we run the chance of the wheel for smuggling a few pounds of tobacco, to cheat the king's manufactory, and of breaking our necks down the precipices in chase of our food; and now and then rob a brother smuggler, or a straggling pilgrim, of what scarcely repays us the powder we fire at them; shall we let such a prize as this go? Why, they have enough about them to keep us for ——'

'I am not for that, I am not for that,' replied the third robber; 'let us make the most of them. Only, if this is the baron, I

should like to have a flash the more at him, for the sake of our brave comrades that he brought to the gallows.'

'Aye, aye, flash as much as you will,' rejoined the first man, 'but I tell you the baron is a taller man.'

'Confound your quibbling,' said the second ruffian. 'Shall we let them go or not? If we stay here much longer they will take the hint, and march off without our leave. Let them be who they will, they are rich, or why all those servants? Did you see the ring he whom you call the baron had on his finger? — it was a diamond; but he has not got it on now: he saw me looking at it, I warrant, and took it off.'

'Aye, and then there is the picture; did you see that? She has not taken that off,' observed the first ruffian, 'it hangs at her neck; if it had not sparkled so, I should not have found it out, for it was almost hid by her dress: those are diamonds too, and a rare many of them there must be to go round such a large picture.'

'But how are we to manage this business?' said the second ruffian, 'let us talk of that; there is no fear of there being booty enough, but how are we to secure it?'

'Aye, aye,' said his comrades; 'let us talk of that, and remember no time is to be lost.'

'I am still for poison,' observed the third: 'but consider their number; why there are nine or ten of them, and armed too; when I saw so many at the gate, I was for not letting them in, you know, nor you either.'

'I thought they might be some of our enemies,' replied the second; 'I did not so much mind numbers.'

'But you must mind them now,' rejoined his comrade, 'or it will be worse for you. We are not more than six, and how can we master ten by open force? I tell you we must give some of them a dose, and the rest may then be managed.'

'I'll tell you a better way,' rejoined the other impatiently; 'draw closer.'

Blanche, who had listened to this conversation in an agony which it would be impossible to describe, could no longer distinguish what was said, for the ruffians now spoke in lowered voices; but the hope that she might save her friends from the plot, if

she could find her way quickly to them, suddenly re-animated her spirits, and lent her strength enough to turn her steps in search of the gallery. Terror, however, and darkness conspired against her; and having moved a few yards, the feeble light that issued from the chamber no longer even contended with the gloom, and her foot stumbling over a step that crossed the passage, she fell to the ground.

The noise startled the banditti, who became suddenly silent, and then all rushed to the passage, to examine whether any person was there who might have overheard their counsels. Blanche saw them approaching, and perceived their fierce and eager looks; but before she could raise herself, they discovered and seized her; and as they dragged her towards the chamber they had quitted, her screams drew from them horrible threatenings.

Having reached the room, they began to consult what they should do with her. 'Let us first know what she has heard,' said the chief robber. 'How long have you been in the passage, lady, and what brought you there?'

'Let us first secure that picture,' said one of his comrades, approaching the trembling Blanche. 'Fair lady, by your leave, that picture; come, surrender it, or I shall seize it.'

Blanche, entreating their mercy, immediately gave up the miniature, while another of the ruffians fiercely interrogated her concerning what she had overheard of their conversation; when her confusion and terror too plainly telling what her tongue feared to confess, the ruffians looked expressively upon one another, and two of them withdrew to a remote part of the room, as if to consult further.

'These are diamonds by St. Peter!' exclaimed the fellow who had been examining the miniature, 'and here is a very pretty picture too,' faith; as handsome a young chevalier as you would wish to see by a summer's sun. Lady, this is your spouse, I warrant, for it is the spark that was in your company just now.'

Blanche, sinking with terror, conjured him to have pity on her, and, delivering him her purse, promised to say nothing of what had passed if he would suffer her to return to her friends.

He smiled ironically, and was going to reply, when his atten-

tion was called off by a distant noise; and while he listened, he grasped the arm of Blanche more firmly, as if he feared she would escape from him, and she again shrieked for help.

The approaching sounds called the ruffians from the other part of the chamber. 'We are betrayed,' said they; 'but let us listen a moment, perhaps it is only our comrades come in from the mountains, and if so, our work is sure — listen!'

A distant discharge of shot confirmed this supposition for a moment: but in the next, the former sounds drawing nearer, the clashing of swords, mingled with the voices of loud contention and with heavy groans, was distinguished in the avenue leading to the chamber. While the ruffians prepared their arms, they heard themselves called by some of their comrades afar off, and then a shrill horn was sounded without the fortress, a signal, it appeared, they too well understood; for three of them, leaving the Lady Blanche to the care of the fourth, instantly rushed from the chamber.

While Blanche, trembling and nearly fainting, was supplicating for release, she heard amid the tumult that approached, the voice of St. Foix; and she had scarcely renewed her shriek, when the door of the room was thrown open, and he appeared much disfigured with blood, and pursued by several ruffians. Blanche neither saw nor heard any more; her head swam, her sight failed, and she became senseless in the arms of the robber who had detained her.

When she recovered, she perceived, by the gloomy light that trembled round her, that she was in the same chamber; but neither the count, St. Foix, nor any other person appeared, and she continued for some time entirely still, and nearly in a state of stupefaction. But the dreadful images of the past returning, she endeavoured to raise herself, that she might seek her friends; when a sullen groan at a little distance reminded her of St. Foix, and of the condition in which she had seen him enter this room; then, starting from the floor by a sudden effort of horror, she advanced to the place whence the sound had proceeded, where a body was lying stretched upon the pavement, and where, by the glimmering light of a lamp, she discovered the pale and disfigured countenance of St. Foix. Her horrors at that moment

may be easily imagined. He was speechless; his eyes were half closed; and on the hand which she grasped in the agony of despair cold damps had settled. While she vainly repeated his name, and called for assistance, steps approached, and a person entered the chamber, who, she soon perceived, was not the count her father; but what was her astonishment, when, supplicating him to give his assistance to St. Foix, she discovered Ludovico! He scarcely paused to recognise her, but immediately bound up the wounds of the chevalier, and perceiving that he had fainted probably from loss of blood, ran for water; but he had been absent only a few moments, when Blanche heard other steps approaching; and while she was almost frantic with apprehension of the ruffians, the light of a torch flashed upon the walls, and then Count de Villefort appeared with an affrighted countenance, and breathless with impatience, calling upon his daughter. At the sound of his voice she rose, and ran to his arms, while he, letting fall the bloody sword he held, pressed her to his bosom in a transport of gratitude and joy, and then hastily inquired for St. Foix, who now gave some signs of life. Ludovico soon after returning with water and brandy, the former was applied to his lips, and the latter to his temples and hands, and Blanche, at length, saw him unclothe his eyes, and then heard him inquire for her: but the joy she felt on this occasion was interrupted by new alarms, when Ludovico said it would be necessary to remove Mons. St. Foix immediately, and added, 'The banditti that are out, my lord, were expected home an hour ago, and they will certainly find us if we delay. That shrill horn, they know, is never sounded by their comrades but on most desperate occasions, and it echoes among the mountains for many leagues round. I have known them brought home by its sound even from the Pied de Melicant. Is any one standing watch at the great gate, my lord?'

'Nobody,' replied the count; 'the rest of my people are now scattered about, I scarcely know where. Go, Ludovico, collect them together, and look out yourself, and listen if you hear the feet of mules.'

Ludovico then hurried away, and the count consulted as to the means of removing St. Foix, who could not have borne the

motion of a mule, even if his strength would have supported him in the saddle.

While the count was telling that the banditti, whom they had found in the fort, were secured in the dungeon, Blanche observed that he was himself wounded, and that his left arm was entirely useless; but he smiled at her anxiety, assuring her the wound was trifling.

The count's servants, except two who kept watch at the gate, now appeared, and soon after Ludovico. 'I think I hear mules coming along the glen, my lord,' said he, 'but the roaring of the torrent below will not let me be certain: however, I have brought what will serve the chevalier,' he added, showing a bear's skin fastened to a couple of long poles, which had been adapted for the purpose of bringing home such of the banditti as happened to be wounded in their encounters. Ludovico spread it on the ground, and, placing the skins of several goats upon it, made a kind of bed, into which the chevalier, who was however now much revived, was gently lifted; and the poles being raised upon the shoulders of the guides, whose footing among these steepes could best be depended upon, he was borne along with an easy motion. Some of the count's servants were also wounded, but not materially; and their wounds being bound up, they now followed to the great gate. As they passed along the hall, a loud tumult was heard at some distance, and Blanche was terrified. 'It is only those villains in the dungeon, my lady,' said Ludovico. 'They seem to be bursting it open,' said the count. 'No, my lord,' replied Ludovico, 'it has an iron door; we have nothing to fear from them; but let me go first, and look out from the rampart.'

They quickly followed him, and found their mules browsing before the gates, where the party listened anxiously, but heard no sound, except that of the torrent below, and of the early breeze sighing among the branches of the old oak that grew in the court; and they were now glad to perceive the first tints of dawn over the mountain-tops. When they had mounted their mules, Ludovico, undertaking to be their guide, led them by an easier path than that by which they had formerly ascended into the glen. 'We must avoid that valley to the east, my lord,'

said he, 'or we may meet the banditti; they went out that way in the morning.'

The travellers, soon after, quitted this glen, and found themselves in a narrow valley that stretched towards the north-west. The morning-light upon the mountains now strengthened fast, and gradually discovered the green hillocks that skirted the winding feet of the cliffs, tufted with cork-tree and evergreen oak. The thunder-clouds, being dispersed, had left the sky perfectly serene, and Blanche was revived by the fresh breeze and by the view of verdure which the late rain had brightened. Soon after, the sun arose, when the dripping rocks, with the shrubs that fringed their summits, and many a turfy slope below, sparkled in his rays. A wreath of mist was seen floating along the extremity of the valley; but the gale bore it before the travellers, and the sunbeams gradually drew it up towards the summit of the mountains. They had proceeded about a league, when St. Foix having complained of extreme faintness, they stopped to give him refreshment, and that the men who bore him might rest. Ludovico had brought from the fort some flasks of rich Spanish wine, which now proved a reviving cordial not only to St. Foix but to the whole party; though to him it gave only a temporary relief, for it fed the fever that burned in his veins, and he could neither disguise in his countenance the anguish he suffered, nor suppress the wish that he was arrived at the inn where they had designed to pass the preceding night.

While they thus reposed themselves under the shade of the dark green pines, the count desired Ludovico to explain shortly by what means he had disappeared from the north apartment, how he came into the hands of the banditti, and how he had contributed so essentially to serve him and his family, for to him he justly attributed their present deliverance. Ludovico was going to obey him, when suddenly they heard the echo of a pistol-shot from the way they had passed, and they rose in alarm hastily to pursue their route.¹

¹ They reach home safely. Ludovico explains that his mysterious disappearance from the north chamber was due to his seizure by these bandits from whom the party has escaped. The bandits used to conceal their spoils in the castle vaults; to avoid detection they spread the report that the castle was haunted.

CHAPTER LV

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[THE MYSTERY OF THE VEILED PORTRAIT SOLVED]

It may be remembered that in a chamber of Udolpho hung a black veil, whose singular situation had excited Emily's curiosity, and which afterwards disclosed an object that had overwhelmed her with horror; for, on lifting it, there appeared, instead of the picture she had expected, within a recess of the wall, a human figure, of ghastly paleness, stretched at its length, and dressed in the habiliments of the grave. What added to the horror of the spectacle, was, that the face appeared partly decayed and disfigured by worms, which were visible on the features and hands. On such an object it will be readily believed that no person could endure to look twice. Emily, it may be recollected, had, after the first glance, let the veil drop, and her terror had prevented her from ever after provoking a renewal of such suffering as she had then experienced. Had she dared to look again, her delusion and her fears would have vanished together, and she would have perceived that the figure before her was not human, but formed of wax. The history of it is somewhat extraordinary, though not without example in the records of that fierce severity which monkish superstition has sometimes inflicted on mankind. A member of the house of Udolpho having committed some offence against the prerogative of the church, had been condemned to the penance of contemplating, during certain hours of the day, a waxen image, made to resemble a human body in the state to which it is reduced after death. This penance, serving as a memento of the condition at which he must himself arrive, had been designed to reprove the pride of the Marquis of Udolpho, which had formerly so much exasperated that of the Romish church; and he had not only superstitiously observed this penance himself, which he had believed was to obtain a pardon for all his sins, but had made it a condition in his will, that his descendants should preserve the image on pain of forfeiting to the church a certain part of his domain, that they also might profit by the humiliating moral it con-

veyed. The figure, therefore, had been suffered to retain its station in the wall of the chamber; but his descendants excused themselves from observing the penance to which he had been enjoined.

This image was so horribly natural, that it is not surprising that Emily should have mistaken it for the object it resembled; nor, since she had heard such an extraordinary account concerning the disappearing of the late lady of the castle, and had such experience of the character of Montoni, that she should have believed this to be the murdered body of the Lady Laurentini, and that he had been the contriver of her death.

The situation in which she had discovered it occasioned her at first much surprise and perplexity; but the vigilance with which the doors of the chamber where it was deposited were afterwards secured, had compelled her to believe that Montoni, not daring to confide the secret of her death to any person, had suffered her remains to decay in this obscure chamber. The ceremony of the veil, however, and the circumstance of the doors having been left open even for a moment, had occasioned her much wonder and some doubts; but these were not sufficient to overcome her suspicion of Montoni; and it was the dread of his terrible vengeance that had sealed her lips in silence concerning what she had seen in the west chamber.

Emily, in discovering the Marchioness de Villeroi to have been the sister of Mons. St. Aubert, was variously affected; but, amidst the sorrow which she suffered for her untimely death, she was released from an anxious and painful conjecture, occasioned by the rash assertion of Signora Laurentini,¹ concerning her birth and the honour of her parents. Her faith in St. Aubert's principles would scarcely allow her to suspect that he had acted dishonourably; and she felt such reluctance to believe herself the daughter of any other than her whom she had always considered and loved as a mother, that she would hardly admit such a circumstance to be possible: yet the likeness which it had frequently been affirmed she bore to the late marchioness,

¹ This unprincipled woman whose history had been curiously interwoven with that of Emily's family had, because of the resemblance between Emily and the portrait of the Marchioness de Villeroi, tried to convince her that she was the marchioness' daughter.

the former behaviour of Dorothee the old housekeeper, the assertion of Laurentini, and the mysterious attachment which St. Aubert had discovered, awakened doubts as to his connection with the marchioness, which her reason could neither vanquish nor confirm. From these, however, she was now relieved, and all the circumstances of her father's conduct were fully explained.

CHAPTER LVI

AFTER the late discoveries, Emily was distinguished at the chateau by the count and his family as a relative of the house of Villeroi, and received, if possible, more friendly attention than had yet been shown her.

Count de Villefort's surprise at the delay of an answer to his letter, which had been directed to Valancourt at Estuviere, was mingled with satisfaction for the prudence which had saved Emily from a share of the anxiety he now suffered; though, when he saw her still drooping under the effect of his former error, all his resolution was necessary to restrain him from relating the truth, that would afford her a momentary relief. The approaching nuptials of the Lady Blanche now divided his attention with this subject of his anxiety; for the inhabitants of the chateau were already busied in preparations for that event, and the arrival of Mons. St. Foix was daily expected. In the gaiety which surrounded her, Emily vainly tried to participate, her spirits being depressed by the late discoveries, and by the anxiety concerning the fate of Valancourt, that had been occasioned by the description of his manner when he had delivered the ring.¹ She seemed to perceive in it the gloomy wildness of despair; and when she considered to what that despair might have urged him, her heart sunk with terror and grief. The state of suspense, as to his safety, to which she believed herself condemned till she should return to La Vallée, appeared insupportable; and, in such moments, she could not even struggle to assume the composure that had left her mind, but would often abruptly quit the company she was with, and endeavour

¹ After a painful meeting with Valancourt Emily had received from him a ring as a sign of his unalterable affection.

to soothe her spirits in the deep solitudes of the woods that overbrowed the shore. Here the faint roar of foaming waves that beat below, and the sullen murmur of the wind among the branches around, were circumstances in unison with the temper of her mind; and she would sit on a cliff, or on the broken steps of her favourite watch-tower, observing the changing colours of the evening clouds, and the gloom of twilight draw over the sea, till the white tops of billows, riding towards the shore, could scarcely be discerned amidst the darkened waters. The lines engraved by Valancourt on this tower, she frequently repeated with melancholy enthusiasm, and then would endeavour to check the recollection and the grief they occasioned, and to turn her thoughts to indifferent subjects.

One evening, having wandered with her lute to this her favourite spot, she entered the ruined tower, and ascended a winding staircase that led to a small chamber which was less decayed than the rest of the building, and whence she had often gazed with admiration on the wide prospect of sea and land that extended below. The sun was now setting on that tract of the Pyrenees which divides Languedoc from Roussillon; and placing herself opposite to a small grated window, which, like the wood-tops beneath, and the waves lower still, gleamed with the red glow of the west, she touched the chords of her lute in solemn symphony, and then accompanied it with her voice in one of the simple and affecting airs to which, in happier days, Valancourt had often listened in rapture.

The soft tranquillity of the scene below, where the evening breeze scarcely curled the water, or swelled the passing sail that caught the last gleam of the sun, and where, now and then, a dipping oar was all that disturbed the trembling radiance, conspired with the tender melody of her lute to lull her mind into a state of gentle sadness; and she sung the mournful songs of past times, till the remembrances they awakened were too powerful for her heart, her tears fell upon the lute, over which she drooped, and her voice trembled, and was unable to proceed.

Though the sun had now sunk behind the mountains, and even his reflected light was fading from their highest points, Emily did not leave the watch-tower, but continued to indulge her

melancholy reverie, till a footstep at a little distance startled her, and on looking through the grate she observed a person walking below, whom, however, soon perceiving to be Mons. Bonnac, she returned to the quiet thoughtfulness his step had interrupted. After some time she again struck her lute, and sung her favourite air; but again a step disturbed her, and, as she paused to listen, she heard it ascending the staircase of the tower. The gloom of the hour, perhaps, made her sensible to some degree of fear, which she might not otherwise have felt; for only a few minutes before she had seen Mons. Bonnac pass. The steps were quick and bounding, and in the next moment the door of the chamber opened, and a person entered whose features were veiled in the obscurity of twilight; but his voice could not be concealed, for it was the voice of Valancourt! At the sound, never heard by Emily without emotion, she started in terror, astonishment, and doubtful pleasure; and had scarcely beheld him at her feet, when she sunk into a seat, overcome by the various emotions that contended at her heart, and almost insensible to that voice whose earnest and trembling calls seemed as if endeavouring to save her. Valancourt, as he hung over Emily, deplored his own rash impatience in having thus surprised her: for when he arrived at the chateau, too anxious to await the return of the count, who, he understood, was in the grounds, he went himself to seek him, when, as he passed the tower, he was struck by the sound of Emily's voice, and immediately ascended.

It was a considerable time before she revived; but when her recollection returned, she repulsed his attentions with 'an air of reserve, and inquired, with as much displeasure as it was possible she could feel in these first moments of his appearance, the occasion of his visit.

'Ah, Emily!' said Valancourt, 'that air, those words — alas! I have, then, little to hope — when you ceased to esteem me, you ceased also to love me!'

'Most true, sir,' replied Emily, endeavouring to command her trembling voice; 'and if you had valued my esteem, you would not have given me this new occasion for uneasiness.'

Valancourt's countenance changed suddenly from the anxieties

of doubt to an expression of surprise and dismay; he was silent a moment, and then said, 'I had been taught to hope for a very different reception! Is it then true, Emily, that I have lost your regard for ever? Am I to believe that though your esteem for me may return — your affection never can? Can the count have meditated the cruelty which now tortures me with a second death?'

The voice in which he spoke this alarmed Emily as much as his words surprised her, and with trembling impatience she begged that he would explain them.

'Can any explanation be necessary?' said Valancourt: 'do you not know how cruelly my conduct has been misrepresented? that the actions of which you once believed me guilty (and, O Emily! how could you so degrade me in your opinion, even for a moment?) — those actions I hold in as much contempt and abhorrence as yourself? Are you, indeed, ignorant that Count de Villefort has detected the slanders that have robbed me of all I hold dear on earth, and has invited me hither to justify to you my former conduct? It is surely impossible you can be uninformed of these circumstances, and I am again torturing myself with a false hope!'

The silence of Emily confirmed this supposition; for the deep twilight would not allow Valancourt to distinguish the astonishment and doubting joy that fixed her features. For a moment she continued unable to speak; then a profound sigh seemed to give some relief to her spirits, and she said,

'Valancourt! I was till this moment ignorant of all the circumstances you have mentioned; the emotion I now suffer may assure you of the truth of this, and that though I had ceased to esteem, I had not taught myself entirely to forget you.'

'This moment!' said Valancourt in a low voice, and leaning for support against the window — 'this moment brings with it a conviction that overpowers me! — I am dear to you, then — still dear to you, my Emily!'

'Is it necessary that I should tell you so?' she replied: 'is it necessary that I should say — these are the first moments of joy I have known since your departure, and that they repay me for all those of pain I have suffered in the interval?'

Valancourt sighed deeply, and was unable to reply; but as he pressed her hand to his lips, the tears that fell over it spoke a language which could not be mistaken, and to which words were inadequate.

Emily, somewhat tranquillized, proposed returning to the chateau; and then, for the first time, recollected that the count had invited Valancourt thither to explain his conduct, and that no explanation had yet been given. But while she acknowledged this, her heart would not allow her to dwell for a moment on the possibility of his unworthiness: his look, his voice, his manner, all spoke the noble sincerity which had formerly distinguished him; and she again permitted herself to indulge the emotions of a joy more surprising and powerful than she had ever before experienced.

Neither Emily nor Valancourt were conscious how they reached the chateau, whether they might have been transferred by the spell of a fairy, for anything they could remember; and it was not till they had reached the great hall that either of them recollected there were other persons in the world besides themselves.

The count then came forth with surprise and with the joyfulness of pure benevolence to welcome Valancourt, and to entreat his forgiveness of the injustice he had done him; soon after which Mons. Bonnac¹ joined this happy group, in which he and Valancourt were mutually rejoiced to meet.

When the first congratulations were over, and the general joy became somewhat more tranquil, the count withdrew with Valancourt to the library, where a long conversation passed between them; in which the latter so clearly justified himself of the criminal parts of the conduct imputed to him, and so candidly confessed and so feelingly lamented the follies which he had committed, that the count was confirmed in his belief of all he had hoped; and while he perceived so many noble virtues in Valancourt, and that experience had taught him to detest the follies which before he had only not admired, he did not scruple to believe that he would pass through life with the dignity of a wise and good man, or to intrust to his care the future happiness

¹ A friend of Valancourt's who has succeeded in clearing the latter's character.

of Emily St. Aubert, for whom he felt the solicitude of a parent. Of this he soon informed her, in a short conversation, when Valancourt had left him. While Emily listened to a relation of the services that Valancourt had rendered Mons. Bonnac, her eyes overflowed with tears of pleasure; and the further conversation of Count de Villefort perfectly dissipated every doubt, as to the past and future conduct of him, to whom she now restored, without fear, the esteem and affection with which she had formerly received him.

* * * * *

THE MAN OF FEELING

HENRY MACKENZIE

INTRODUCTION

My dog had made a point on a piece of fallow-ground, and led the curate and me two or three hundred yards over that and some stubble adjoining, in a breathless state of expectation, on a burning first of September.

It was a false point, and our labour was vain: yet, to do Rover justice (for he's an excellent dog, though I have lost his pedigree), the fault was none of his, the birds were gone: the curate showed me the spot where they had lain basking, at the root of an old hedge.

I stopped and cried Hem! The curate is fatter than I; he wiped the sweat from his brow.

There is no state where one is apter to pause and look round one, than after such a disappointment. It is even so in life. When we have been hurrying on, impelled by some warm wish or other, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left — we find of a sudden that all our gay hopes are flown; and the only slender consolation that some friend can give us, is to point where they were once to be found. And if we are not of that combustible race, who will rather beat their heads in spite, than wipe their brows with the curate, we look round and say, with the nauseated listlessness of the king of Israel, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

I looked round with some such grave apophthegm in my mind when I discovered, for the first time, a venerable pile, to which the enclosure belonged. An air of melancholy hung about it. There was a languid stillness in the day, and a single crow, that perched on an old tree by the side of the gate, seemed to delight in the echo of its own croaking.

I leaned on my gun and looked ; but I had not breath enough to ask the curate a question. I observed carving on the bark of some of the trees : 'twas indeed the only mark of human art about the place, except that some branches appeared to have been lopped, to give a view of the cascade, which was formed by a little rill at some distance.

Just at that instant I saw pass between the trees a young lady with a book in her hand. I stood upon a stone to observe her ; but the curate sat him down on the grass, and leaning his back where I stood, told me, "That was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman of the name of WALTON, whom he had seen walking there more than once.

"Some time ago," he said, "one HARLEY lived there, a whimsical sort of a man I am told, but I was not then in the cure ; though, if I had a turn for such things, I might know a good deal of his history, for the greatest part of it is still in my possession."

"His history !" said I. "Nay, you may call it what you please," said the curate ; "for indeed it is no more a history than it is a sermon. The way I came by it was this : some time ago, a grave, oddish kind of a man boarded at a farmer's in this parish : the country people called him The Ghost ; and he was known by the slouch in his gait, and the length of his stride. I was but little acquainted with him, for he never frequented any of the clubs hereabouts. Yet for all he used to walk a-nights, he was as gentle as a lamb at times ; for I have seen him playing at teetotum with the children, on the great stone at the door of our churchyard.

"Soon after I was made curate, he left the parish, and went nobody knows whither ; and in his room was found a bundle of papers, which was brought to me by his landlord. I began to read them, but I soon grew weary of the task ; for, besides that the hand is intolerably bad, I could never find the author in one strain for two chapters together ; and I don't believe there's a single syllogism from beginning to end."

"I should be glad to see this medley," said I. "You shall see it now," answered the curate, "for I always take it along with me a-shooting." "How came it so torn ?" "'Tis excellent wadding," said the curate.—This was a plea of expediency

I was not in a condition to answer; for I had actually in my pocket great part of an edition of one of the German *Illustrissimi*, for the very same purpose. We exchanged books; and by that means (for the curate is a strenuous logician) we probably saved both.

When I returned to town, I had leisure to peruse the acquisition I had made: I found it a bundle of little episodes, put together without art, and of no importance on the whole, with something of nature, and little else in them. I was a good deal affected with some very trifling passages in it; and had the name of Marmontel, or a Richardson, been on the title-page — 'tis odds that I should have wept: But

One is ashamed to be pleased with the works of one knows not whom.

CHAPTER XI¹

OF BASHFULNESS—A CHARACTER—HIS OPINION ON THAT SUBJECT

THERE is some rust about every man at the beginning; though in some nations (among the French for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust therefore will wear off sooner: but in Britain it often goes with a man to his grave, nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet* to speak out for him after his death.

"Let them rub it off by travel," said the baronet's brother, who was a striking instance of excellent metal, shamefully rusted. I had drawn my chair near his. Let me paint the honest old man: 'tis but one passing sentence to preserve his image in my mind.

He sat in his usual attitude, with his elbow rested on his knee, and his fingers pressed to his cheek. His face was shaded by his hand; yet it was a face that might once have been well accounted handsome; its features were manly and striking, and

¹ The reader will remember that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters and fragments of chapters; the curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it. [Author's note.]

a certain dignity resided on his eye-brows, which were the largest I remember to have seen. His person was tall and well-made; but the indolence of his nature had now inclined it to corpulency.

His remarks were few, and made only to his familiar friends; but they were such as the world might have heard with veneration: and his heart, uncorrupted by its ways, was ever warm in the cause of virtue and his friends.

He is now forgotten and gone! The last time I was at Silton Hall, I saw his chair stand in its corner by the fire-side; there was an additional cushion on it, and it was occupied by my young lady's favourite lap-dog. I drew near unperceived, and pinched its ears in the bitterness of my soul; the creature howled, and ran to its mistress. She did not suspect the author of its misfortune, but she bewailed it in the most pathetic terms; and kissing its lips, laid it gently on her lap, and covered it with a cambric handkerchief. I sat in my old friend's seat; I heard the roar of mirth and gaiety around me: poor Ben Silton! I gave thee a tear then: accept of one cordial drop that falls to thy memory now.

"Let them rub it off by travel." — Why, it is true, said I, that will go far; but then it will often happen, that in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent, that not only the rust, but the metal too, will be lost in the progress.

"Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor," said Mr. Silton, "this covering of which you complain, is not always rust which is produced by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an encrustation, which nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom."

"You are right," I returned; "and sometimes, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy."

"Nay, farther," continued Mr. Silton, "there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most

delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove."

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine it will be concluded that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals; at least, if Mr. Silton's principle be just, it may be argued on this side; for the gradation of the first mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modelled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare £250 a year, entitled its representative to approach: these indeed were not many; great part of the property in his neighbourhood being in the hands of merchants, who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home: persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands (whose degrees of precedence are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's Best Pocket Companion) that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MAN OF FEELING IN LOVE

THE day before that on which he set out,¹ he went to take leave of Mr. Walton. — We would conceal nothing; — there was another person of the family to whom also the visit was intended, on whose account, perhaps, there were some tenderer feelings in the bosom of Harley than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr. Walton had a daughter; and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by and by.

Harley's notions of the *καλον*, or beautiful, were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them. A blush, a phrase of

¹ We are told in Chapter XII that Harley, upon the advice of friends, decides to go up to London to seek his fortune.

affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the Cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the above-mentioned Cestus, are perhaps still more powerful when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called, it happened, that, from this cause, they had more than usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those sprightlinesses with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world at three-score. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect of St. James's) at seventeen, her father being then in parliament, and living in London: at seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four-and-twenty, was only drank by those who knew her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least Harley used to say so, with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of that gentle hazel colour which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good-humour, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and were as sure of commanding respect as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was, according to that incomparable simile of Otway's,

————— "like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him."

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and ascribed it to powers, which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty; and without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her beneficence was unbounded; indeed the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued, by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect, for her humanity was a feeling,

not a principle: but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had for some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion of others conferred upon her: from this cause, perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation; but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who, by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it: it was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this; for though he was a child in the drama of the world, yet was it not altogether owing to a want of knowledge on his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it: this raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the laboured definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy gradation from esteem to love: in the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common complexion. In times not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all; it were sufficient to describe its effects; but they were sometimes so ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations

which produced them to describe. They were treated indeed as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties, which should have prevented them, were entirely occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy, Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination: it was improved of course, and esteem was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAPTER XIV

HE SETS OUT ON HIS JOURNEY — THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG

HE had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was next morning when Harley came downstairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives, for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly: Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprang hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place." He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard: — but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting, but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills: they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe." The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too: — it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley "that if he wanted to have his fortune told" — Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a

child, but there is no doing with it in this world ; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession, but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

"I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by indeed: for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley."

"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."

"Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of: how should I tell fortunes else?"

"True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade, but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found

by much the better way : folks will always listen when the tale is their own, and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance ; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours ; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose : they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe, and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and church-yards, with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment (and by the way, he can steal too upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest ; yet people are not much cheated neither who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir, for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army : a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket ; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm ; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him : his fingers lost their compression, nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up, and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

CHAPTER XX

HE VISITS BEDLAM — THE DISTRESSES OF A DAUGHTER

OF those things called Sightings in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see, with the painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies); and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return; he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others: who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent-looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite

labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-sea annuities, India-stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman well known in Change Alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realise his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden wall, and so returned to town, to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day that against the next payment of differences he should be some hundreds above a plum."

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, "whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

"But delusive ideas, sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse." "It is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects.

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was, indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions: that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it." — "Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. — "Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper who accompanied them observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her;

and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she; "do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" — She drew nearer to Harley. — "Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven." — "Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? — Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing: — You shall hear me — hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she. "I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met! —

"'Twas when the seas were roaring — I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him." — She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. — "Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but there is another, look here, which I plated to-day of some gold-thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!" She pressed his hand to her bosom, then

holding her head in the attitude of listening — “Hark ! one, two, three ! be quiet, thou little trembler ; my Billy is cold ! — but I had forgotten the ring.” — She put it on his finger. — “Farewell ! I must leave you now.” — She would have withdrawn her hand ; Harley held it to his lips. — “I dare not stay longer ; my head throbs sadly : farewell !” — She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity ; his friend gave money to the keeper. — Harley looked on his ring. — He put a couple of guineas into the man’s hand : “Be kind to that unfortunate” — He burst into tears, and left them.

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CHAPTER XXXV

HE MISSES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE. — AN ADVENTURE CONSEQUENT UPON IT

WHEN they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked steadfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the roadside. “Oh, heavens !” he cried, “what do I see : silent, unroofed, and desolate ! Are all the gay tenants gone ? do I hear their hum no more ? Edwards, look there, look there ! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships laid waste and ruinous ! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill ; ’tis but a twelve-month since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with little cherubs : that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported ; see it now ploughed up ! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough.”

“Dear sir,” replied Edwards, “perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good.”

“They cannot,” said Harley, “they cannot ; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents : I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear : I have sat on the sods within it,

when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blessed — Oh ! Edwards, infinitely more blessed, than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all, but Edwards, civilly accosting her, desired to know if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it.

"Alack a day !" said she, "it was the school-house indeed ; but to be sure, sir, the squire has pulled it down because it stood in the way of his prospects."

"What ! how ! prospects ! pulled down !" cried Harley.

"Yes, to be sure, sir ; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."

"Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred ! Heaven blast the wretch !

"And from his derogate body never spring
A babe to honour him !" —

But I need not, Edwards, I need not" (recovering himself a little), "he is cursed enough already : to him the noblest source of happiness is denied, and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children !"

"If you want anything with the school-mistress, sir," said the woman, "I can show you the way to her house."

He followed her without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands.

"There, sir, is the school-mistress."

"Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago ?"

"Yes, sir, he was, poor man ; the loss of his former school-

house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down, and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the meantime."

"And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?"

"Ay, sir; they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish, and more promising children I never saw."

"Orphans?" said Harley.

"Yes, sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish, and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations at a time when they have most need to remember them."

"Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations."

He kissed the children.

"Their father, sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck, and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses."

"What Edwardses?" cried the old soldier hastily.

"The Edwardses of South-hill, and a worthy family they were."

"South-hill!" said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms,

"Oh! my children, my children," he cried, "have I found you thus? My poor Jack, art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's grey hairs to the grave! and these little ones" — his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

"My dear old man," said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me if I can be the means of assisting you."

"Yes, indeed, sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was

a-dying, bade God bless us, and prayed that if grandfather lived he might send him to support us."

"Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards.

"In the Old Churchyard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."

"I will show it you," answered the boy, "for I have wept over it many a time when first I came among strange folks."

He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the churchyard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half-covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered R. E. plainer than the rest; it was the tomb they sought.

"Here it is, grandfather," said the boy.

Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright; her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing.

"I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig, we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither."

The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

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CHAPTER LV

HE SEES MISS WALTON, AND IS HAPPY

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not therefore but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude

of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem ; there was now something more — a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, "I am foolish enough," said he, "to rely but little, in this instance, upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

"There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time, when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. — It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exercise in my favour. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children." He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. — His eye began to moisten too — we sat for some time silent. — At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, "There are some remembrances," said Harley, "which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more sus-

ceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; — they are called, — perhaps they are — weaknesses here; — but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.” He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. “My dear,” says she, “here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.” I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat — “If to know Miss Walton’s goodness,” said he, “be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.” She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs. Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. “I believe,” said he, “from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.” — She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. “I know,” said he, “that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few. — I would endeavour to make it mine; — nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now: — It is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.” “Those sentiments,” answered Miss Walton, “are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value. — As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. — To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.”

The subject began to overpower her. — Harley lifted his eyes from the ground — “There are,” said he, in a very low voice, “there are attachments, Miss Walton” — His glance met hers. — They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. — He paused some moments — “I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it — It is perhaps

the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections" — He paused again — "Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy — It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. — To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; — if to declare it is one — the expiation will be made." — Her tears were now flowing without control. — "Let me intreat you," said she, "to have better hopes — Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it — I will not pretend to misunderstand you — I know your worth — I have known it long — I have esteemed it — What would you have me say? — I have loved it as it deserved." — He seized her hand — a languid colour reddened his cheek — a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed — He sighed and fell back on his seat — Miss Walton screamed at the sight — His aunt and the servants rushed into the room — They found them lying motionless together. — His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them — With Miss Walton they succeeded — But Harley was gone for ever.

THE CONCLUSION

HE had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness; but it is universally incident to humanity: 'tis at least a memorial for those who survive: for some indeed a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the church-yard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it that bent towards us waving in the wind; he waved his hand as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his

look ! perhaps it is foolish to remark it ; but there are times and places when I am a child at those things.

I sometimes visit his grave ; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies ; every noble feeling rises within me ! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue ! — but it will make you hate the world — No : there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing ; but, as to the world — I pity the men of it.

THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON

THOMAS DAY

IN the western part of England lived a gentleman of great fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a large estate in the Island of Jamaica, where he had passed the greater part of his life, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one son, of whom he was excessively fond; and to educate this child properly, was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton, who at the time he came from Jamaica, was only six years old, was naturally a very good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica, he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden upon any account to contradict him. If he walked, there always went two negroes with him; one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage, which was borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his play-fellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him, that she gave him every thing he cried for, and would never let him learn to read because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had every thing he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the house, he had always to be helped first, and to have the most delicate part of

the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise as disturbed the whole company. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea-table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently upset the tea-cups. By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to every body else, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently did he cut himself with knives, at other times throw heavy things upon his head, and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that he was perpetually ill; the least wind or rain gave him cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came over to England, he could neither write nor read, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but he was very proud, fretful and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain honest farmer, whose name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry. Harry, as he had always been accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-coloured. He was neither so fair, nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton; but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made every body love him; was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging every body. If little Harry saw a poor wretch who wanted victuals, while he was eating his dinner, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole; nay, so very good-natured was he to every thing, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones nor practise any other kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread:

but then this was through ignorance, and want of thought; for as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more than he would do, were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy liberty and the fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry was so careful and considerate, that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighbourhood. He used to stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs; if he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him, that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin-red-breasts: even toads and frogs, and spiders, and such kind of disagreeable animals, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry; he used to say, they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjust to kill creatures only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made little Harry a great favorite with every body; particularly with the Clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow shewed so particular an affection for him; for besides learning, with the greatest readiness, every thing that was taught him, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble, whatever he was desired to do. And then you might believe Harry in every thing he said; for though he could have gained a plum-cake by telling an untruth, and was sure that speaking the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happiness in eating: for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

With this little boy did Master Merton become acquainted in the following manner. — As he and the maid were once walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake, on a sudden, started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself around little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in at this accident; the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, who was in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened: and instantly seizing the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him to a great distance off.

Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt? — 'No,' said Tommy, 'indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off.' 'And who are you, my dear,' said she, 'to whom we are all so obliged?' 'Harry Sandford, madam.' 'Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us.' 'No, thank you, madam; my father will want me.' 'And who is your father, my sweet boy?' 'Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill.' 'Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth; will you?' 'If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too.'

Mrs. Merton instantly dispatched a servant to the Farmer's; and, taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion-house, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through

costly apartments, where every thing that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat, with the most endearing kindness; — but, to the astonishment of every body, he neither appeared pleased nor surprised at any thing he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been used to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon every body else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of? and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would, with great pleasure, give it to his little friend. 'Yes, that I will,' says Tommy; 'for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver.' 'Thank you with all my heart,' said little Harry; 'but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home.' 'How!' said Mrs. Merton, 'does your father eat and drink out of silver?' 'I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads.' 'The child is a simpleton, I think,' said Mrs. Merton; 'and why is that better than silver ones?' 'Because,' said Harry, 'they never make us uneasy.' 'Make you uneasy, my child!' said Mrs. Merton, 'what do you mean?' 'Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as if you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home, are thrown about by all the family, and no body minds it.' 'I protest,' said Mrs. Merton, to her husband, 'I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations.'

The fact was, that, during dinner, one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a very severe talk for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass of wine, and, giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not dry. 'But my dear,' said she, 'this is very sweet and pleasant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it up.' 'Ay! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry, and that we must only eat and drink such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the Apostles did, who were all very good men.'

Mr. Merton laughed at this. 'And pray, said he, 'little man, do you know who the Apostles were?' 'Oh! yes, to be sure I do.' 'And who were they?' 'Why, sir, there was a time when people were grown so very wicked, that they did not care what they did and the great folks were all proud, and minded nothing but eating and drinking, and sleeping, and amusing themselves; and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to hinder a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them any thing that was good; and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed. And then there came a very good man indeed, whose name was Christ; and he went about doing good to every body, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do; and he chose out twelve other very good men, and called them Apostles: and these Apostles went about the world doing as he did, and teaching people as he taught them. And they never minded what they did eat or drink, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when any body offered them money, they would not take it, but told them to be good, and give it to the poor and sick; and so they made the world a great deal better. And therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get, and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water; and yet they are strong, and active, and healthy.'

'Upon my word,' said Mr. Merton, 'this little man is a great philosopher; and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he

would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?' 'Indeed papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king, because he's finer and richer than any body else, and has nothing to do, and every body waits upon him, and is afraid of him.' 'Well said, my dear,' replied Mrs. Merton; and rose and kissed him; 'and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should you not like to be a king too, little Harry?'

Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and to get my own living: and then I shall want nobody to wait on me.'

What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!' whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry. 'I am not sure,' said Mr. Merton, 'that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son:—But should you not like to be rich, my dear?' 'said he turning to Harry. 'No, indeed, sir.' 'No, simpleton!' said Mrs. Merton; 'and why not?' 'Because the only rich man I ever saw, is Squire Chase, who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich, but every body hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face:—and I would not be hated for any thing in the world.' 'But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?' 'As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep me warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them.' Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.

In the evening, little Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there? 'Why,' replied Harry, 'they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them: but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a

dinner. There was one man to take away my plate and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself, and then there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over : and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like Squire Chase.'

But at the mansion house, much of the conversation, in the mean time, was employed in examining the merits of little Harry. Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper ; she was also struck with the general good-nature and benevolence of his character, but she contended that he had a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas, which distinguish the children of the lower and middling classes of people from those of persons of fashion. Mr. Merton on the contrary, maintained, that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and disposition would do so much honour even to the most elevated situations. Nothing he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners, and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes pride themselves as their greatest, or even as their only accomplishment : ' nay so easily are they picked up ' said he ' that we frequently see them descend with the cast clothes to maids and valets ; between whom and their masters and mistresses there is little other difference than what results from the former wearing soiled clothes and healthier countenances. Indeed, the real seat of all superiority, even of manners, must be placed in the mind : dignified sentiments, superior courage, accompanied with genuine and universal courtesy, are always necessary to constitute the real gentleman ; and where these are wanting, it is the greatest absurdity to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant and unnatural modes of dress ; which far from becoming the real test of gentility, have in general no other origin than the caprice of barbers, tailors, actors, opera dancers, milliners, fiddlers, and French servants of both sexes. ' I cannot help, therefore, asserting,' said he, very seriously, ' that this little peasant has

within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and though I shall also wish that our son may possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than a certainty that he would never in any respect fall below the son of farmer Sandford.'

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to these observations of her husband, I cannot decide; but, without waiting to hear her particular sentiments, he thus went on:— 'Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am too sensible that our mutual fondness has hitherto treated him with rather too much indulgence. While we have been over-solicitous to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful: our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations has made us gratify even his caprices and humours; and, while we have been too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been ourselves the cause that he has not acquired even the common attainments of his age and situation. All this I have long observed in silence; but have hitherto concealed, both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of offending you: but at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, — that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he would take the care of him: and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly the age and size of our Tommy. I will therefore propose to the Farmer, that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son.'

As Mr. Merton said this with a certain degree of firmness and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary, Mrs. Merton did not make any objection to it, but consented, although very reluctantly, to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that, though

there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself as the obliged party.

To this, Mr. Barlow, after thanking Mr. Merton for the confidence and liberality with which he treated him, answered in the following manner; — ‘I should be little worthy of the distinguished regard with which you treat me, did I not with the greatest sincerity assure you, that I feel myself totally unqualified for such a task. I am, Sir, a minister of the gospel, and I would not exchange that character, and the severe duties it enjoins, for any other situation in life. But you must be sensible, that the retired manner of life which I have led for these twenty years, in consequence of my profession, at a distance from the gaieties of the capital, and the refinements of polite life, is little adapted to form such a tutor as the manners and opinions of the world require for your son. Gentlemen in your situation of life are accustomed to divide the world into two general classes; those that are persons of fashion, and those that are not. The first class contains every thing that is valuable in life; and therefore their manners, their prejudices, their very vices, must be inculcated upon the minds of children, from the earliest period of infancy; the second comprehends the great body of mankind who, under the general name of the vulgar, are represented as being only objects of contempt and disgust, and scarcely worthy to be put on a footing with the very beasts that contribute to the pleasures and conveniences of their superiors.’

Mr. Merton could not help interrupting Mr. Barlow here, to assure him, that, though there was too much truth in the observation, yet he must not think that either he, or Mrs. Merton, carried things to that extravagant length; and that, although they wished their son to have the manners of a man of fashion, they thought his morals and religion of infinitely more consequence.

‘If you think so, Sir,’ said Mr. Barlow, ‘it is more than a noble lord did, whose written opinions are now considered as the oracles of polite life, and more than, I believe, most of his admirers do at this time. But if you allow what I have just mentioned to be

the common distinctions of genteel people, you must at one glance perceive how little I must be qualified to educate a young gentleman intended to move in that sphere; I, whose temper, reason, and religion, equally combine to make me reject the principles upon which those distinctions are founded. The Christian religion, though not exclusively, is, emphatically speaking, the religion of the poor. Its first ministers were taken from the lower orders of mankind, and to the lower orders of mankind was it first proposed; and in this, instead of feeling myself mortified or ashamed, I am the more inclined to adore the wisdom and benevolence of that Power by whose command it was first promulgated.'

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'Nothing,' said Mr. Merton, 'can be more rational or moderate than these sentiments; why then do you persist in pleading your incapacity for an employment which you can so well discharge?'

'Because,' said Mr. Barlow, 'he that undertakes the education of a child, undertakes the most important duty in society, and is severally answerable for every voluntary omission. The same mode of reasoning, which I have just been using, is not applicable here. It is out of the power of any individual, however strenuous may be his endeavours, to prevent the mass of mankind from acquiring prejudices and corruptions: and, when he finds them in that state, he certainly may use all the wisdom he possesses for their reformation. But this rule will never justify him, for an instant, in giving false impressions where he is at liberty to instil truth, and in losing the only opportunity which he perhaps may ever possess, of teaching pure morality and religion. — How will such a man, if he has the least feeling, bear to see his pupil become a slave, perhaps to the grossest vices; and to reflect, with a great degree of probability, that this catastrophe has been owing to his own inactivity and improper indulgence? May not all human characters frequently be traced back to impressions made at so early a period, that none but discerning eyes would ever suspect their existence? Yet nothing is more certain; what we are at twenty depends upon

what we were at fifteen; what we are at fifteen upon what we were at ten: where shall we then place the beginning of the series? — Besides, sir, the very prejudices and manners of society, which seem to be an excuse for the present negligence in the early education of children, act upon my mind with a contrary effect. Need we fear that, after every possible precaution has been taken, our pupil should not give a sufficient loose to his passions, or should be in danger of being too severely virtuous? How glorious would be such a distinction, how much to be wished for, and yet now little to be expected by any one who is moderately acquainted with the world! The instant he makes his entrance there, he will find a universal relaxation and indifference to every thing that is serious; every thing will conspire to represent pleasure and sensuality as the only business of human beings, and to throw a ridicule upon every pretence to principle or restraint. This will be the doctrine that he will learn at theatres, from his companions, from the polite circles into which he is introduced. The ladies too will have their share in the improvement of his character: they will criticize the colour of his clothes, his method of making a bow, and of entering a room. They will teach him that the great object of human life is to please the fair; and that the only method of doing it, is to acquire the graces. Need we fear that, thus beset on every side, he should not attach a sufficient importance to trifles, or grow fashionably languid in the discharge of all his duties? — Alas! sir, it seems to me that this will unavoidably happen in spite of all our endeavours. Let us then not lose the important moment of human life, when it is possible to flatter ourselves with some hopes of success in giving good impressions: they may succeed: they may either preserve a young man from gross immorality, or have a tendency to reform him, when the first ardour of youth is passed. If we neglect this awful moment, which can never return, with the view, which, I must confess, I have of modern manners, it appears to me, like launching a vessel in the midst of a storm, without a compass and without a pilot.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Merton, 'I will make no other answer to what you have now been saying, than to tell you, it adds, if possible, to my esteem of your character; and that I will deliver my son

into your hands, upon your own conditions. And as to the terms —'

'Pardon me,' replied Mr. Barlow, 'if I interrupt you here, and give you another specimen of the singularity of my opinions. I am contented to take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour by every means within my power to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensable, that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the mean time, as there are, I fear, some little circumstances which have grown up, by too much tenderness and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority, if I, for the present appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend, than that of a schoolmaster.'

However disagreeable this proposal was to the generosity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to consent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage, which was at the distance of about two miles from his father's house.

The day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, as soon as breakfast was over, he took him and Harry into the garden: when he was there, he took a spade into his own hand, and giving Harry a hoe, they both began to work with great eagerness. 'Every body that eats,' says Mr. Barlow, 'ought to assist in procuring food; and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work. This is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day, and he that raises the most out of it will deserve to fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own.' — 'No, indeed,' said Tommy, very sulkily, 'I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a ploughboy.' 'Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman,' said Mr. Barlow; 'but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work.'

In about two hours, Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off; and, taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down; and Mr. Barlow, taking

out a plate of very fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself.

Tommy, who had followed, and expected his share when he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying. — 'What is the matter?' said Mr. Barlow very coolly to him. Tommy looked upon him very sulkily, but returned no answer. 'Oh! Sir, if you don't choose to give me an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here.' Tommy became still more disconcerted at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden, equally surprised and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or the contrary.

When all the cherries were eat, little Harry said — 'You promised to be so good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and if it is agreeable to you, I will now read the story of the Flies and the Ants.' 'With all my heart,' said Mr. Barlow: 'remember to read it slowly and distinctly, without hesitating or pronouncing the words wrong; and be sure to read it in such a manner as to show that you understand it.'

Harry then took up the book, and read as follows:—

* * * * *

As they were returning home, Harry saw a very large bird called a Kite, upon the ground, who seemed to have something in his claws, which he was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew him to be one of those ravenous creatures which prey upon others, ran up to him, shouting as loud as he could; and the bird, being frightened, flew away, and left a chicken behind him, very much hurt indeed, but still alive. 'Look, sir,' said Harry, 'if that cruel creature has not almost killed this poor chicken! see how he bleeds, and hangs his wings! I will put him into my bosom to recover him, and carry him home; and he shall have part of my dinner every day till he is well and able to shift for himself.'

As soon as they came home, the first care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket with some fresh straw,

some water, and some bread. After that, Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner.

In the meantime, Tommy who had been skulking about all day, very much mortified and uneasy, came in, and, being very hungry, was going to sit down to the table with the rest ; but Mr. Barlow stopped him, and said, 'No, sir, as you are too much of a gentleman to work, we, who are not so, do not choose to work for the idle.' Upon this Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill temper.

But little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up half crying into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, 'Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my share of the dinner?' 'Yes, to be sure, child.' 'Why, then,' said he, getting up, 'I will give it all to poor Tommy, who wants it more than I do.' Saying this, he gave it to him as he sat in the corner ; and Tommy took it, and thanked him, without ever turning his eyes from off the ground. 'I see,' said Mr. Barlow, 'that though gentlemen are above being any use themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for.' At this, Tommy cried still more bitterly than before.

The next day, Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as before ; but they had scarcely begun before Tommy came to them, and desired that he might have a hoe too, which Mr. Barlow gave him ; but as he had never before learned to handle one, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several strokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own spade, and shewed him how to hold and use it, by which means, in a very short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their work was over, they retired all three to the summer-house ; and Tommy felt the greatest joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his share, which seemed to him the most delicious he had ever tasted, because working in the air had given him an appetite.

As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story out of it ? but he, looking a little ashamed said he had never learned to read.

'I am very sorry for it,' said Mr. Barlow, 'because you lose a very great pleasure: then Harry shall read to you.' Harry accordingly took up the book, and read the following story:—

* * * * *

From this time forward, Mr. Barlow and his two little pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning; and, when they were fatigued, they retired to the summer-house, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But, little Harry going home for a week, Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone.

The next day, after they had done work, and were retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him; but, to his great disappointment, found that he was busy and could not. The next day the same accident was renewed, and the day after that. At this Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself, 'Now if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask any body to do it for me, and then I could divert myself: and why (thinks he) may not I do what another has done? To be sure, little Harry is very clever; but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught, I dare say I shall learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it.'

The next day little Harry returned, and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him, 'Pray, Harry,' said Tommy, 'how came you to be able to read?'

Harry. Why, Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling; and then by putting syllables together, I learned to read.—*Tommy.* And could not you show me my letters?—

Harry. Yes, very willingly.

Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was infinitely pleased with this first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr. Barlow, to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more, if he said nothing about the matter till he was

able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr. Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said, that if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. 'Oh! very willingly,' said Mr. Barlow, 'but I should as soon expect you to fly as to read.' Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and taking up the book, read with great fluency.

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'Indeed,' said Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, 'I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power; whether he chooses to read little entertaining stories like what we have heard to-day, or to read the actions of great and good men in history, or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds, which are found in other countries, and have been described in books; in short, I scarcely know of any thing which from this moment will not be in his power; and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others.'

'Yes,' said Tommy, something elated by all this praise, 'I am determined now to make myself as clever as any body; and I don't doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown-up people; and I am sure, though there are no less than six blacks in our house, that there is not one of them who can read a story like me.' Mr. Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden display of vanity; and said rather coolly, 'Pray, who has attempted to teach them any thing?' 'Nobody, I believe,' said Tommy. 'Where is the great wonder then, if they are ignorant?' replied Mr. Barlow; 'you would probably have never known any thing had you not been assisted; and even now, you know very little.'

In this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally very good dispositions, although he had been suffered to acquire many bad habits, that sometimes prevented them from appearing. He was, in particular, very passionate, and thought he had a right to command every body that was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into inconveniences, and once was the occasion of his being severely mortified.

This accident happened in the following manner: — One day as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over a hedge into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which, Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked if he did not hear what was said? 'Yes,' said the boy, 'for the matter of that, I am not deaf.' 'Oh! are you not?' replied Tommy: 'then bring me my ball directly.' 'I don't choose it,' said the boy. 'Sirrah,' said Tommy, 'if I come to you, I shall make you choose it.' 'Perhaps not, my pretty little master,' said the boy. 'You little rascal,' said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, 'if I come over the hedge I will thrash you within an inch of your life.' To this the other made no answer but by a loud laugh; which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water; there poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out; but it was to no purpose, for his feet stuck in the mud or slipped off from the bank: his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings, covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water; and, to add to his distress, he first lost one shoe, and then the other; his laced hat tumbled off from his head, and was completely spoiled. In this distress he must probably have remained a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a dirty plight, that Mr. Barlow, who hap-

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pened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt ; but when he heard the accident which had happened, he could not help smiling, and he advised Tommy to be more careful for the future how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys.

* * * * *

Mr. Barlow then came to call them in to read ; and told Tommy, that as he had been talking so much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. 'That I will,' said Tommy ; 'for I begin to like reading extremely : and I think that I am happier too since I learned it ; for now I can always divert myself.' 'Indeed,' answered Mr. Barlow, 'most people find it so. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burthen to him : and, it is his own fault if he is not constantly amused. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a Gentleman, since you are so fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, because he has so much time at his own disposal ; and it is much better that he should distinguish himself by having more knowledge and improvement than others, than by fine clothes, or any such trifles, which any one may have that can purchase them, as well as himself.'

Tommy then read, with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY

A LITTLE BOY went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a basket, the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him, but at length, remarking how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said, 'This animal is certainly in very great necessity : if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself ; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me.' Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in the basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight.

The little Boy then went on a little farther, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection: when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill: he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. 'I am very much afraid,' said the little Boy, 'if I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return; and I have heard that there are several thieves in the neighbourhood: however, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him; and God Almighty will take care of me.' He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed that, after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing.

The little Boy then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. 'What is the matter, good man,' said the little Boy to him; 'can't you find your way out of this pond?' 'No, God bless you, my worthy master, or miss,' said the man; 'for such I take you to be by your voice; I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned.' 'Well,' said the little Boy, 'though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it.' The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little Boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth; at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope his way home; and the little Boy ran on as hard as he could to prevent being benighted.

But he had not proceeded far, before he saw a poor Sailor, who had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. 'God bless you, my little master!' said the sailor; 'I have fought many a battle with the French, to defend poor

old England : but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished.' The little Boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him ; so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, 'God help you, poor man ! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more.' He then ran along and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home, with all the expedition he was able.

But he had not gone much more than half way, before the night shut in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little Boy used his utmost endeavours to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble, that he could go no farther, but set himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little Boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up ; and on opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little Boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. 'So,' said the little Boy, 'I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper ; and a good turn is never lost, done even to a dog.'

He then once more attempted to escape from the wood ; but it was to no purpose ; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all farther attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and, going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same he had fed in the morning. 'Perhaps,' said the little Boy, 'this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood.' The little Boy then went up to the horse,

speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition ; and then proceeded slowly through the wood grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening, which led to the high road. The little Boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, 'If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have staid here all night ; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost.'

But the poor little Boy had yet a greater danger to undergo ; for, as he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes ; but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little Boy and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard that cried out, 'There the rascals are ; let us knock them down !' which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little Boy then looked up, and saw that it was the Sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. 'There, my little dear,' said the Sailor, 'God be thanked ! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, who, from the description, I concluded must be you : but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back while I showed him the way.'

The little Boy thanked them very sincerely for thus defending him ; and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off ; where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed. The little Boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

'Upon my word,' said Tommy, when he had finished, 'I am vastly pleased with this story ; and I think that it may very likely be true, for I have myself observed that every thing seems to love little Harry here, merely because he is good-natured to it.

I was much surprised to see the great dog, the other day, which I have never dared to touch for fear of being bitten, fawning upon him, and licking him all over : it put me in mind of the story of Androcles and the Lion.' 'That dog,' said Mr. Barlow, 'will be equally fond of you, if you are kind to him : for nothing equals the sagacity and gratitude of a dog. But since you have read a story about a good-natured boy, Harry shall read you another, concerning a boy of a contrary disposition.'

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Mr. Barlow told them they had better leave off [reading] for the present, and go to some other employment. They therefore went into their garden to resume the labour of their house ; but found, to their unspeakable regret, that, during their absence, an accident had happened, which had entirely destroyed all their labours : a violent storm of wind and rain had risen that morning, which, blowing full against the walls of their newly-constructed house, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from crying when he saw the ruins lying around ; but Harry, who bore the loss with more composure, told him not to mind it, for it could be easily repaired, and they would build it stronger the next time.

Harry then went up to the spot, and after examining it some time told Tommy that he believed he had found out the reason of their misfortune. — 'What is it?' said Tommy. — 'Why,' said Harry, 'it is only because we did not drive these stakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our house, far enough into the ground : and, therefore, when the wind blew against the flat side of it with so much violence, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig a considerable way into the ground, to lay the foundation fast : and I should think that, if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from any future storms.'

Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys shewed him their misfortune, and asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes further in would prevent such an accident for the future? Mr. Barlow told them he thought it

would ; and that, as they were too short to reach to the top of the stakes he would assist them. He then went in and brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the tops of the stakes, and drove them so fast into the ground, that there was no longer any danger of their being shaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves with so much assiduity to their work, that they in a very short time had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before.

The next thing that was necessary to be done, was putting on a roof ; for hitherto they had constructed nothing but the walls. For this purpose they took several other long poles, which they had laid across their building where it was most narrow : and upon these they placed straw in considerable quantities, so that they now imagined they had constructed a house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again mistaken ; for a very violent shower of rain coming just as they had finished their building, they took shelter under it, and remarked for some time, with infinite pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them : but at last, the straw that covered it being completely soaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reason of the flatness of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities.

For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconveniency ; but it increased so much, that they were soon obliged to leave it and seek for shelter in the house. When they were thus secured, they began again to consider the affair of the house ; and Tommy said, that it surely must be because they had not put straw enough upon it. 'No,' said Harry ; 'I think that cannot be the reason ; I rather imagine that it must be owing to our roof lying so flat : for I have observed, that all the houses that I have ever seen, have their roofs in a shelving posture, by which means the wet continually runs off from them, and falls to the ground ; whereas ours, being quite flat, detained almost all the rain that fell upon it, which must necessarily soak deeper and deeper into the straw, till it penetrated quite through.'

They therefore agreed to remedy this defect ; and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, the one end of which they fastened to the side of the house, and let the other

two ends meet in the middle ; by which means they formed a roof, exactly like that which we commonly see upon buildings : they also took several poles, which they tied across the others, to keep them firm in their places, and give the roof additional strength : and, lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch, and for fear the thatch should be blown away they stuck several pegs in different places, and put small pieces of stick crosswise from peg to peg, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable house ; only the sides, being formed of brushwood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience, Harry, who was chief architect, procured some clay, and mixing it up with water, to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was excluded, and the house rendered much warmer than before.

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One day ¹ Tommy was surprised by an unexpected visit from his father, who met him with open arms, and told him, that he was now come to take him back to his own house. 'I have heard,' said he, 'such an account of your present behaviour, that the past is entirely forgotten ; and I begin to glory in owning you for a son.' He then embraced him with the transports of an affectionate father who indulges the strongest sentiments of his heart, but sentiments he had long been forced to restrain.

Tommy returned his father's caresses with genuine warmth, but with a degree of respect and humility he had once been little accustomed to use. 'I will accompany you home, sir,' said he, 'with the greatest readiness : for I wish to see my mother, and hope to give her some satisfaction by my future behaviour. You have both had too much to complain of in the past ; and I am unworthy of such affectionate parents.' He then turned his face aside, and shed a tear of real virtue and gratitude, which he instantly wiped away as unworthy the composure and fortitude of his new character.

'But, sir,' added he, 'I hope you will not object to my detaining

¹ This happens after Tommy has been under Mr. Barlow's instruction long enough to have become a credit to the method.

you a little longer, while I return my acknowledgments to all the family, and take my leave of Harry.' — 'Surely,' said Mr. Merton, 'you can entertain no doubt on that subject: and to give you every opportunity of discharging all your duties to a family, to which you owe so much, I intend to take a dinner with Mr. Sandford, whom I now see coming home, and then to return with you in the evening.'

At this instant, farmer Sandford approached, and very respectfully saluting Mr. Merton, invited him to walk in. But Mr. Merton, after returning his civility, drew him aside, as if he had some private business to communicate. When they were alone, he made him every acknowledgment that gratitude could suggest: 'but words,' added Mr. Merton, 'are very insufficient to return the favours I have received: for it is to your excellent family, together with the virtuous Mr. Barlow, that I owe the preservation of my son. Let me, therefore, entreat you to accept of what this pocket-book contains as a slight proof of my sentiments: and lay it out in whatever manner you please, for the advantage of your family.'

Mr. Sandford, who was a man both of sense and humour, took the book, and examining the inside, found that it contained bank notes to the amount of some hundred pounds. He then carefully shut it up again, and returning it to Mr. Merton, told him, 'that he was infinitely obliged to him for the generosity which prompted him to such a princely act; but, as to the present itself he must not be offended if he declined it.' Mr. Merton still more astonished at such disinterestedness, pressed him with every argument he could think of; he desired him to consider the state of his family; his daughters unprovided for; his son himself, with dispositions that might adorn a throne, brought up to labour; and his own advancing age, which demanded ease and respite, and an increase of the conveniences of life.

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And now Mr. Merton, having made the most affectionate acknowledgments to all this worthy and happy family, among whom he did not forget the honest Black¹ whom he promised to

¹ A negro who had rescued Tommy from an angry bull.

provide for, summoned his son to accompany him home. Tommy arose, and with the sincerest gratitude, bade adieu to Harry and all the rest. — ‘I shall not be long without you,’ said he to Harry; ‘to your example I owe most of the little good that I can boast: you have taught me how much better it is to be useful than rich or fine: how much more amiable to be good than to be great. Should I ever be tempted to relapse, even for an instant, into any of my former habits, I will return hither for instruction, and I hope you will again receive me.’ Saying this, he shook his friend Harry affectionately by the hand, and, with watery eyes, accompanied his father home.

NATURE AND ART

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD

CHAPTER I

At a time when the nobility of Britain were said, by the poet laureate, to be the admirers and protectors of the arts, and were acknowledged by the whole nation to be the patrons of music — William and Henry, youths under twenty years of age, brothers, and the sons of a country shopkeeper who had lately died insolvent, set out on foot for London, in the hope of procuring by their industry a scanty subsistence.

As they walked out of their native town, each with a small bundle at his back, each observed the other drop several tears: but, upon the sudden meeting of their eyes, they both smiled with a degree of disdain at the weakness in which they had been caught.

"I am sure," said William (the elder), "I don't know what makes me cry."

"Nor I neither," said Henry; "for though we may never see this town again, yet we leave nothing behind us to give us reason to lament."

"No," replied William, "nor anybody who cares what becomes of us."

"But I was thinking," said Henry, now weeping bitterly, "that, if my poor father were alive, *he* would care what was to become of us: he would not have suffered us to begin this long journey without a few more shillings in our pockets."

At the end of this sentence, William, who had with some effort suppressed his tears while his brother spoke, now uttered, with a voice almost inarticulate, — "Don't say any more; don't talk any more about it. My father used to tell us, that when he was gone we must take care of ourselves: and so we must. I only

wish," continued he, giving way to his grief, "that I had never done anything to offend him while he was living."

"That is what I wish too," cried Henry. "If I had always been dutiful to him while he was alive, I would not shed one tear for him now that he is gone; but I would thank Heaven that he has escaped from his creditors."

In conversation such as this, wherein their sorrow for their deceased parent seemed less for his death than because he had not been so happy when living as they ought to have made him; and wherein their own outcast fortune was less the subject of their grief, than the reflection what their father would have endured could he have beheld them in their present situation; — in conversation such as this, they pursued their journey till they arrived at that metropolis, which has received for centuries past, from the provincial towns, the bold adventurer of every denomination; has stamped his character with experience and example; and, while it has bestowed on some coronets and mitres — on some the lasting fame of genius — to others has dealt beggary, infamy, and untimely death.

CHAPTER II

AFTER three weeks passed in London, a year followed, during which William and Henry never sat down to a dinner, or went into a bed, without hearts glowing with thankfulness to that Providence who had bestowed on them such unexpected blessings; for they no longer presumed to expect (what still they hoped they deserved) a secure pittance in this world of plenty. Their experience, since they came to town, had informed them that to obtain a permanent livelihood is the good fortune but of a part of those who are in want of it: and the precarious earning of half-a-crown, or a shilling, in the neighbourhood where they lodged, by an errand, or some such accidental means, was the sole support which they at present enjoyed.

They had sought for constant employment of various kinds, and even for servants' places; but obstacles had always occurred to prevent their success. If they applied for the situation of a clerk to a man of extensive concerns, their qualifications were

admitted; but there must be security given for their fidelity; — they had friends, who would give them a character, but who would give them nothing else.

If they applied for the place even of a menial servant, they were too clownish and awkward for the presence of the lady of the house; — and once, when William (who had been educated at the free grammar-school of the town in which he was born, and was an excellent scholar), hoping to obtain the good opinion of a young clergyman whom he solicited for the favour of waiting upon him, said submissively, “that he understood Greek and Latin,” he was rejected by the divine, “because he could not dress hair.”

Weary of repeating their mean accomplishments of “honesty, sobriety, humility,” and on the precipice of reprobating such qualities, — which, however beneficial to the soul, gave no hope of preservation to the body, — they were prevented from this profanation by the fortunate remembrance of one qualification, which Henry, the possessor, in all his distress, had never till then called to his recollection; but which, as soon as remembered and made known, changed the whole prospect of wretchedness placed before the two brothers; and they never knew want more.

Reader — Henry could play upon the fiddle.

CHAPTER III

No sooner was it publicly known that Henry could play most enchantingly upon the violin, than he was invited into many companies where no other accomplishment could have introduced him. His performance was so much admired, that he had the honour of being admitted to several tavern feasts, of which he had also the honour to partake without partaking of the expense. He was soon addressed by persons of the very first rank and fashion, and was once seen walking side by side with a peer.

But yet, in the midst of this powerful occasion for rejoicing, Henry, whose heart was particularly affectionate, had one grief which eclipsed all the happiness of his new life; — his brother William could *not* play on the fiddle! consequently, his brother

William, with whom he had shared so much ill, could not share in his good fortune.

One evening, Henry, coming home from a dinner and concert at the Crown and Anchor found William, in a very gloomy and peevish humour, poring over the orations of Cicero. Henry asked him several times "how he did," and similar questions, marks of his kind disposition towards his beloved brother: but all his endeavours, he perceived, could not soothe or soften the sullen mind of William. At length, taking from his pocket a handful of almonds, and some delicious fruit (which he had purloined from the plenteous table, where his brother's wants had never been absent from his thoughts), and laying them down before him, he exclaimed, with a benevolent smile, "Do, William, let me teach you to play upon the violin."

William, full of the great orator whom he was then studying, and still more alive to the impossibility that *his* ear, attuned only to sense, could ever descend from that elevation, to learn mere sounds — William caught up the tempting presents which Henry had ventured his reputation to obtain for him, and threw them all indignantly at the donor's head.

Henry felt too powerfully his own superiority of fortune to resent this ingratitude: he patiently picked up the repast, and laying it again upon the table, placed by its side a bottle of claret, which he held fast by the neck, while he assured his brother that, "although he had taken it while the waiter's back was turned, yet it might be drank with a safe conscience by them; for he had not himself tasted one drop at the feast, on purpose that he might enjoy a glass with his brother at home, and without wronging the company who had invited him."

The affection Henry expressed as he said this, or the force of a bumper of wine, which William had not seen since he left his father's house, had such an effect in calming the displeasure he was cherishing, that, on his brother offering him the glass, he took it; and he deigned even to eat of his present.

Henry, to convince him that he had stinted himself to obtain for him this collation, sat down and partook of it.

After a few glasses, he again ventured to say, "Do, brother William, let me teach you to play on the violin."

Again his offer was refused, though with less vehemence: at length they both agreed that the attempt could not prosper.

"Then," said Henry, "William, go down to Oxford or to Cambridge. There, no doubt, they are as fond of learning as in this gay town they are of music. You know you have as much talent for the one as I for the other: do go to one of our universities, and see what dinners, what suppers, and what friends *you* will find there."

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM *did* go to one of those seats of learning, and¹ would have starved there, but for the affectionate remittances of Henry, who shortly became so great a proficient in the art of music, as to have it in his power not only to live in a very reputable manner himself, but to send such supplies to his brother, as enabled him to pursue his studies.

With some, the progress of fortune is rapid. Such is the case when, either on merit or demerit, great patronage is bestowed. Henry's violin had often charmed, to a welcome forgetfulness of his insignificance, an effeminate lord; or warmed with ideas of honour the head of a duke, whose heart could never be taught to feel its manly glow. Princes had flown to the arms of their favourite fair ones with more rapturous delight, softened by the masterly touches of his art: and these elevated personages, ever grateful to those from whom they receive benefits, were competitors in the desire of heaping favours upon him. But he, in all his advantages, never once lost for a moment the hope of some advantage for his brother William: and when at any time he was pressed by a patron to demand a "token of his regard," he would constantly reply —

"I have a brother, a very learned man, if your lordship (your grace, or your royal highness) would confer some small favour on him ——"

His lordship would reply, "He was so teased and harassed in his youth by learned men, that he had ever since detested the whole fraternity."

His grace would inquire, "if the learned man could play upon any instrument."

And his highness would ask "if he could sing."

Rebuffs such as these poor Henry met with in all his applications for William, till one fortunate evening, at the conclusion of a concert, a great man shook him by the hand, and promised a living of five hundred a year (the incumbent of which was upon his death-bed) to his brother, in return for the entertainment that Henry had just afforded him.

Henry wrote in haste to William, and began his letter thus: "My dear brother, I am not sorry you did not learn to play upon the fiddle."

CHAPTER V

THE incumbent of this living died — William underwent the customary examinations, obtained successively the orders of deacon and priest; then as early as possible came to town to take possession of the gift which his brother's skill had acquired for him.

William had a steady countenance, a stern brow, and a majestic walk; all of which this new accession, this holy calling to religious vows, rather increased than diminished. In the early part of his life, the violin of his brother had rather irritated than soothed the morose disposition of his nature: and though, since their departure from their native habitation, it had frequently calmed the violent ragings of his hunger, it had never been successful in appeasing the disturbed passions of a proud and disdainful mind.

As the painter views with delight and wonder the finished picture, expressive testimony of his taste and genius; as the physician beholds with pride and gladness the recovering invalid, whom his art has snatched from the jaws of death; as the father gazes with rapture on his first child, the creature to whom he has given life; so did Henry survey, with transporting glory, his brother, dressed for the first time in canonicals, to preach at his parish church. He viewed him from head to foot — smiled — viewed again — pulled one side of his gown a little this way, one end of his band a little that way; then stole behind him, pretending to place the curls of his hair, but in reality to indulge and to conceal tears of fraternal pride and joy.

William was not without joy, neither was he wanting in love or gratitude to his brother; but his pride was not completely satisfied.

"I am the elder," thought he to himself, "and a man of literature, and yet am I obliged to my younger brother, an illiterate man." Here he suppressed every thought which could be a reproach to that brother. But there remained an object of his former contempt, now become even detestable to him; ungrateful man. The very agent of his elevation was now so odious to him, that he could not cast his eyes upon the friendly violin without instant emotions of disgust.

In vain would Henry, at times, endeavour to subdue his haughtiness by a tune on this wonderful machine. "You know I have no ear," William would sternly say, in recompense for one of Henry's best solos. Yet was William enraged at Henry's answer, when, after taking him to hear him preach, he asked him, "how he liked his sermon," and Henry modestly replied (in the technical phrase of his profession), "You know, brother, I have no ear."

Henry's renown in his profession daily increased; and, with his fame, his friends. Possessing the virtues of humility and charity far above William, who was the professed teacher of those virtues, his reverend brother's disrespect for his vocation never once made him relax for a moment in his anxiety to gain him advancement in the Church. In the course of a few years, and in consequence of many fortuitous circumstances, he had the gratification of procuring for him the appointment to a deanery; and thus at once placed between them an insurmountable barrier to all friendship, that was not the effect of condescension on the part of the dean.

William would now begin seriously to remonstrate with his brother "upon his useless occupation," and would intimate "the degradation it was to him to hear his frivolous talent spoken of in all companies." Henry believed his brother to be much wiser than himself, and suffered shame that he was not more worthy of such a relation. To console himself for the familiar friend, whom he now perceived he had entirely lost, he searched for one of a softer nature — he married.

CHAPTER VI

As Henry despaired of receiving his brother's approbation of his choice, he never mentioned the event to him. But William, being told of it by a third person, inquired of Henry, who confirmed the truth of the intelligence, and acknowledged, that, in taking a wife, his sole view had been to obtain a kind companion and friend, who would bear with his failings and know how to esteem his few qualifications; therefore, he had chosen one of his own rank in life, and who, having a taste for music, and, as well as himself, an obligation to the art ——

"And is it possible," cried the dean, "that what has been hinted to me is true? Is it possible that you have married a public singer?"

"She is as good as myself," returned Henry. "I did not wish her to be better, for fear she should despise me."

"As to despise," answered the dean, "Heaven forbid that we should despise anyone, that would be acting unlike a Christian; but do you imagine I can ever introduce her to my intended wife, who is a woman of family?"

Henry had received in his life many insults from his brother; but, as he was not a vain man, he generally thought his brother in the right, and consequently submitted with patience; but, though he had little self-love, he had for his wife an unbounded affection. On the present occasion, therefore, he began to raise his voice, and even (in the coarse expression of clownish anger) to lift his hand; but the sudden and affecting recollection of what he had done for the dean — of the pains, the toils, the hopes, and the fears he had experienced when soliciting his preferment — this recollection overpowered his speech, weakened his arm, and deprived him of every active force, but that of flying out of his brother's house (in which they then were) as swift as lightning, while the dean sat proudly contemplating "that he had done his duty."

For several days Henry did not call, as was his custom, to see his brother. William's marriage drew near, and he sent a formal card to invite him on that day; but not having had the condescension to name his sister-in-law in the invitation, Henry

thought proper not to accept it, and the joyful event was celebrated without his presence. But the ardour of the bridegroom was not so vehement as to overcome every other sensation — he missed his brother. That heart-felt cheerfulness with which Henry had ever given him joy upon every happy occasion — even amidst all the politer congratulations of his other friends — seemed to the dean mournfully wanting. This derogation from his felicity he was resolved to resent; and for a whole year these brothers, whom adversity had entwined closely together, prosperity separated.

Though Henry, on his marriage, paid so much attention to his brother's prejudices as to take his wife from her public employment, this had not so entirely removed the scruples of William as to permit him to think her a worthy companion for Lady Clementina, the daughter of a poor Scotch earl, whom he had chosen merely that he might be proud of her family, and, in return, suffer that family to be ashamed of *his*.

If Henry's wife were not fit company for Lady Clementina, it is to be hoped that she was company for angels. She died within the first year of her marriage, a faithful, an affectionate wife, and a mother.

When William heard of her death, he felt a sudden shock, and a kind of fleeting thought glanced across his mind, that

"Had he known she had been so near her dissolution, she might have been introduced to Lady Clementina, and he himself would have called her sister."

That is (if he had defined his fleeting idea), "They would have had no objection to have met this poor woman for the *last time*, and would have descended to the familiarity of kindred, in order to have wished her a good journey to the other world."

Or, is there in death something which so raises the abjectness of the poor, that, on their approach to its sheltering abode, the arrogant believer feels the equality he had before denied, and trembles?

CHAPTER VII

THE wife of Henry had been dead near six weeks before the dean heard the news. A month then elapsed in thoughts by

himself, and consultations with Lady Clementina, how he should conduct himself on this occurrence. Her advice was,

“That, as Henry was the younger, and by their stations, in every sense the dean’s inferior, Henry ought first to make overtures of reconciliation.”

The dean answered, “He had no doubt of his brother’s good will to him, but that he had reason to think, from the knowledge of his temper, he would be more likely to come to him upon an occasion to bestow comfort, than to receive it. For instance, if I had suffered the misfortune of losing your ladyship, my brother, I have no doubt, would have forgotten his resentment, and ——”

She was offended that the loss of the vulgar wife of Henry should be compared to the loss of her — she lamented her indiscretion in forming an alliance with a family of no rank, and implored the dean to wait till his brother should make some concession to him, before he renewed the acquaintance.

Though Lady Clementina had mentioned on this occasion her *indiscretion*, she was of a prudent age — she was near forty — yet, possessing rather a handsome face and person, she would not have impressed the spectator with a supposition that she was near so old had she not constantly attempted to appear much younger. Her dress was fantastically fashionable, her manners affected all the various passions of youth, and her conversation was perpetually embellished with accusations against her own “heedlessness, thoughtlessness, carelessness, and childishness.”

There is, perhaps in each individual, one parent motive to every action, good or bad. Be that as it may, it was evident, that with Lady Clementina, all she said or did, all she thought or looked, had but one foundation — vanity. If she were nice, or if she were negligent, vanity was the cause of both; for she would contemplate with the highest degree of self-complacency, “What such-a-one would say of her elegant preciseness, or what such-a-one would think of her interesting neglect.”

If she complained she was ill, it was with the certainty that her languor would be admired: if she boasted she was well, it was that the spectator might admire her glowing health: if she laughed, it was because she thought it made her look pretty:

if she cried, it was because she thought it made her look prettier still. If she scolded her servants, it was from vanity, to show her knowledge superior to theirs: and she was kind to them from the same motive, that her benevolence might excite their admiration. Forward and impertinent in the company of her equals, from the vanity of supposing herself above them, she was bashful even to shamefacedness in the presence of her superiors, because her vanity told her she engrossed all their observation. Through vanity she had no memory; for she constantly forgot everything she heard others say, from the minute attention which she paid to everything she said herself.

She had become an old maid from vanity, believing no offer she received worthy of her deserts; and when her power of farther conquest began to be doubted, she married from vanity, to repair the character of her fading charms. In a word, her vanity was of that magnitude, that she had no conjecture but that she was humble in her own opinion; and it would have been impossible to have convinced her that she thought well of herself, because she thought *so well*, as to be assured that her own thoughts undervalued her.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT, which in a weak woman is called vanity, in a man of sense is termed pride. Make one a degree stronger, or the other a degree weaker, and the dean and his wife were infected with the self-same folly. Yet, let not the reader suppose that this failing (however despicable) had erased from either bosom all traces of humanity. They are human creatures who are meant to be portrayed in this little book: and where is the human creature who has not some good qualities to soften, if not to counterbalance, his bad ones?

The dean, with all his pride, could not wholly forget his brother, nor eradicate from his remembrance the friend that he had been to him: he resolved, therefore, in spite of his wife's advice, to make him some overture, which he had no doubt Henry's good-nature would instantly accept. The more he became acquainted with all the vain and selfish propensities of Lady Clementina, the

more he felt a returning affection for his brother: but little did he suspect how much he loved him, till (after sending to various places to inquire for him) he learned — that on his wife's decease, unable to support her loss in the surrounding scene, Henry had taken the child she brought him in his arms, shaken hands with all his former friends — passing over his brother in the number — and set sail in a vessel bound for Africa, with a party of Portuguese and some few English adventurers, to people there the uninhabited part of an extensive island.

This was a resolution, in Henry's circumstances, worthy a mind of singular sensibility: but William had not discerned, till then, that every act of Henry's was of the same description; and more than all, his every act towards him. He staggered when he heard the tidings; at first thought them untrue; but quickly recollected, that Henry was capable of surprising deeds! He recollected with a force which gave him torture, the benevolence his brother had ever shown to him — the favours he had heaped upon him — the insults he had patiently endured in requital!

In the first emotion, which this intelligence gave the dean, he forgot the dignity of his walk and gesture: he ran with frantic enthusiasm to every corner of his deanery where the least vestige of what belonged to Henry remained — he pressed close to his breast, with tender agony, a coat of his, which by accident had been left there — he kissed and wept over a walking-stick which Henry once had given him — he even took up with delight a music book of his brother's — nor would his poor violin have then incited anger.

When his grief became more calm, he sat in deep and melancholy meditation, calling to mind when and where he saw his brother last. The recollection gave him fresh cause of regret. He remembered they had parted on his refusing to suffer Lady Clementina to admit the acquaintance of Henry's wife. Both Henry and his wife he now contemplated beyond the reach of his pride; and he felt the meanness of his former and the imbecility of his future haughtiness towards them.

To add to his self-reproaches, his tormented memory presented to him the exact countenance of his brother at their last interview,

as it changed, while he censured his marriage, and treated with disrespect the object of his conjugal affection. He remembered the anger repressed, the tear bursting forth, and the last glimpse he had of him, as he left his presence, most likely for ever.

In vain he now wished that he had followed him to the door — that he had once shaken hands and owned his obligations to him before they had parted. In vain he wished too, that, in this extreme agony of his mind, he had such a friend to comfort him, as Henry had ever proved.

CHAPTER IX

THE avocations of an elevated life erase the deepest impressions. The dean in a few months recovered from those which his brother's departure first made upon him: and he would now at times even condemn, in anger, Henry's having so hastily abandoned him and his native country, in resentment, as he conceived, of a few misfortunes which his usual fortitude should have taught him to have borne. Yet was he still desirous of his return, and wrote two or three letters expressive of his wish, which he anxiously endeavoured should reach him. But many years having elapsed without any intelligence from him, and a report having arrived that he, and all the party with whom he went, were slain by the savage inhabitants of the island, William's despair of seeing his brother again caused the desire to diminish; while attention and affection to a still nearer and dearer relation than Henry had ever been to him, now chiefly engaged his mind.

Lady Clementina had brought him a son, on whom from his infancy, he doated — and the boy, in riper years, possessing a handsome person and evincing a quickness of parts, gratified the father's darling passion, pride, as well as the mother's vanity.

The dean had, beside this child, a domestic comfort highly gratifying to his ambition: the bishop of **** became intimately acquainted with him soon after his marriage, and from his daily visits had become, as it were, a part of the family. This was much honour to the dean, not only as the bishop was his superior in the Church, but was of that part of the bench whose blood

is ennobled by a race of ancestors, and to which all wisdom on the plebeian side crouches in humble respect.

Year after year rolled on in pride and grandeur; the bishop and the dean passing their time in attending levées and in talking politics; Lady Clementina passing hers in attending routs and in talking of *herself*, till the son arrived at the age of thirteen.

Young William passed *his* time, from morning till night, with persons who taught him to walk, to ride, to talk, to think like a man — a foolish man, instead of a wise child, as nature designed him to be.

This unfortunate youth was never permitted to have one conception of his own — all were taught him — he was never once asked, “What he thought;” but men were paid to tell “how to think.” He was taught to revere such and such persons, however unworthy of his reverence; to believe such and such things, however unworthy of his credit: and to act so and so, on such and such occasions, however unworthy of his feelings.

Such were the lessons of the tutors assigned him by his father — those masters whom his mother gave him did him less mischief; for though they distorted his limbs and made his manners effeminate, they did not interfere beyond the body.

Mr. Norwynne (the family name of his father, and though but a school-boy, he was called *Mister*) could talk on history, on politics, and on religion; surprisingly to all who never listened to a parrot or magpie — for he merely repeated what had been told to him without one reflection upon the sense or probability of his report. He had been praised for his memory; and to continue that praise, he was so anxious to retain every sentence he had heard, or he had read, that the poor creature had no time for one native idea, but could only re-deliver his tutors’ lessons to his father, and his father’s to his tutors. But, whatever he said or did, was the admiration of all who came to the house of the dean, and who knew he was an only child. Indeed, considering the labour that was taken to spoil him, he was rather a commendable youth; for, with the pedantic folly of his teachers, the blind affection of his father and mother, the obsequiousness of the servants, and flattery of the visitors, it was some credit to him that he was not an idiot, or a

brute — though when he imitated the manners of a man, he had something of the latter in his appearance; for he would grin and bow to a lady, catch her fan in haste when it fell, and hand her to her coach, as thoroughly void of all the sentiment which gives grace to such tricks, as a monkey.

CHAPTER X

ONE morning in winter, just as the dean, his wife, and darling child, had finished their breakfast at their house in London, a servant brought in a letter to his master, and said "the man waited for an answer."

"Who is the man?" cried the dean, with all that terrifying dignity with which he never failed to address his inferiors, especially such as waited on his person.

The servant replied with a servility of tone equal to the haughty one of his master, "he did not know; but that the man looked like a sailor, and had a boy with him."

"A begging letter, no doubt," cried Lady Clementina.

"Take it back," said the dean, "and bid him send up word who he is, and what is his errand."

The servant went; and returning said, "He comes from on board a ship; his captain sent him, and his errand is, he believes, to leave a boy he has brought with him."

"A boy!" cried the dean: "what have I to do with a boy? I expect no boy. What boy? What age?"

"He looks about twelve or thirteen," replied the servant.

"He is mistaken in the house," said the dean. "Let me look at the letter again."

He did look at it, and saw plainly it was directed to himself. Upon a second glance, he had so perfect a recollection of the hand, as to open it instantaneously; and, after ordering the servant to withdraw, he read the following:—

"ZOCOTORA ISLAND, *April 6.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM, — It is a long time since we have seen one another; but I hope not so long, that you have quite forgotten the many happy days we once passed together.

"I did not take my leave of you when I left England, because it would have been too much for me. I had met with a great many sorrows just at that time; one of which was, the misfortune of losing the use of my right hand by a fall from my horse, which accident robbed me of most of my friends; for I could no longer entertain them with my performance as I used to do, and so I was ashamed to see them or you; and that was the reason I came hither to try my fortune with some other adventurers.

"You have, I suppose, heard that the savages of the island put our whole party to death. But it was my chance to escape their cruelty. I was heart-broken for my comrades; yet upon the whole, I do not know that the savages were much to blame — we had no business to invade their territories! and if they had invaded England, we should have done the same by them. My life was spared, because, having gained some little strength in my hand during the voyage, I pleased their king when I arrived there with playing on my violin.

"They spared my child too, in pity to my lamentations, when they were going to put him to death. Now, dear brother, before I say any more to you concerning my child, I will first ask your pardon for any offence I may have ever given you in all the time we lived so long together. I know you have often found fault with me, and I dare say I have been very often to blame; but I here solemnly declare that I never did anything purposely to offend you, but mostly, all I could to oblige you — and I can safely declare that I never bore you above a quarter of an hour's resentment for anything you might say to me which I thought harsh.

"Now, dear William, after being in this island eleven years, the weakness in my hand has unfortunately returned; and yet there being no appearance of complaint, the uninformed islanders think it is all my obstinacy, and that I *will not* entertain them with my music, which makes me say that I *cannot*; and they have imprisoned me, and threaten to put my son to death if I persist in my stubbornness any longer.

"The anguish I feel in my mind takes away all hope of the recovery of strength in my hand; and I have no doubt but that they intend in a few days to put their horrid threat into execution.

"Therefore, dear brother William, hearing in my prison of a most uncommon circumstance, which is, that an English vessel is lying at a small distance from the island, I have entrusted a faithful negro to take my child to the ship, and deliver him to the captain, with a request that he may be sent (with this letter) to you on the ship's arrival in England.

"Now my dear, dear brother William, in case the poor boy should live to come to you, I have no doubt but you will receive him; yet excuse a poor, fond father, if I say a word or two which I hope may prove in his favour.

"Pray, my dear brother, do not think it the child's fault, but mine, that you will find him so ignorant — he has always shown a quickness and a willingness to learn, and would, I dare say, if he had been brought up under your care, have been by this time a good scholar, but you know I am no scholar myself. Besides, not having any books here, I have only been able to teach my child by talking to him, and in all my conversations with him I have never taken much pains to instruct him in the manners of my own country; thinking, that if ever he went over, he would learn them soon enough; and if he never *did* go over, that it would be as well he knew nothing about them.

"I have kept him also from the knowledge of everything which I have thought pernicious in the conduct of the savages, except that I have now and then pointed out a few of their faults, in order to give him a true conception and a proper horror of them. At the same time I have taught him to love, and to do good to his neighbour, whoever that neighbour may be, and whatever may be his failings. Falsehood of every kind I included in this precept as forbidden, for no one can love his neighbour and deceive him.

"I have instructed him too, to hold in contempt all frivolous vanity, and all those indulgences which he was never likely to obtain. He has learnt all that I have undertaken to teach him; but I am afraid you will yet think he has learned too little.

"Your wife, I fear, will be offended at his want of politeness, and perhaps proper respect for a person of her rank: but indeed he is very tractable, and can, without severity, be amended of all his faults; and though you will find he has many, yet, pray,

my dear brother William, call to mind he has been a dutiful and an affectionate child to me; and that had it pleased Heaven we had lived together for many years to come, I verily believe I should never have experienced one mark of his disobedience.

"Farewell for ever, my dear, dear brother William — and if my poor, kind, affectionate child should live to bring you this letter, sometimes speak to him of me; and let him know, that for twelve years he was my sole comfort; and that, when I sent him from me, in order to save his life, I laid down my head upon the floor of the cell in which I was confined, and prayed that Heaven might end my days before the morning."

* * * * *

This was the conclusion of the letter, except four or five lines which (with his name) were so much blotted, apparently with tears, that they were illegible.

CHAPTER XI

WHILE the dean was reading to himself this letter, his countenance frequently changed, and once or twice the tears streamed from his eyes. When it was finished, he exclaimed,

"My brother has sent his child to me, and I will be a parent to him." He was rushing towards the door, when Lady Clementina stopped him.

"Is it proper, do you think, Mr. Dean, that all the servants in the house should be witnesses to your meeting with your brother and your nephew in the state in which they must be at present? Send for them into a private apartment."

"My brother!" cried the dean; "oh! that it *were* my brother! The man is merely a person from the ship, who has conducted his child hither."

The bell was rung, money was sent to the man, and orders given that the boy should be shown up immediately.

* * * * *

The door opened — and the son of his brother Henry, of his benefactor, entered.

The habit he had on when he left his father, having been of

slight texture, was worn out by the length of the voyage, and he was in the dress of a sailor-boy. Though about the same age with his cousin, he was something taller : and though a strong family resemblance appeared between the two youths, he was handsomer than William ; and from a simplicity spread over his countenance, a quick impatience in his eye — which denoted anxious curiosity, and childish surprise at every new object which presented itself — he appeared younger than his well-informed and well-bred cousin.

He walked into the room, not with a dictated obeisance, but with a hurrying step, a half pleased, yet a half frightened look, an instantaneous survey of every person present ; not as demanding “what they thought of him,” but expressing almost as plainly as in direct words, “what he thought of them.” For all alarm in respect to his safety and reception seemed now wholly forgotten, in the curiosity which the sudden sight of strangers such as he had never seen in his life before, excited : and as to *himself*, he did not appear to know there was such a person existing : his whole faculties were absorbed in *others*.

The dean’s reception of him did honour to his sensibility and his gratitude to his brother. After the first affectionate gaze, he ran to him, took him in his arms, sat down, drew him to him, held him between his knees, and repeatedly exclaimed, “I will repay to you all I owe to your father.”

The boy, in return, hugged the dean round the neck, kissed him, and exclaimed,

“Oh ! you *are* my father — you have just such eyes, and such a forehead — indeed you would be almost the same as he, if it were not for that great white thing which grows upon your head !”

Let the reader understand, that the dean, fondly attached to every ornament of his dignified function, was never seen (unless caught in bed) without an enormous wig. With this young Henry was enormously struck ; having never seen so unbecoming a decoration, either in the savage island from whence he came, or on board the vessel in which he sailed.

“Do you imagine,” cried his uncle, laying his hand gently on the reverend habiliment, “that this grows ?”

"What is on *my* head grows," said young Henry, "and so does that which is upon my father's."

"But now you are come to Europe, Henry, you will see many persons with such things as these, which they put on and take off."

"Why do you wear such things?"

"As a distinction between us and inferior people: they are worn to give an importance to the wearer."

"That's just as the savages do; they hang brass nails, wire, buttons, and entrails of beasts all over them, to give them importance."

The dean now led his nephew to Lady Clementina, and told him, "She was his aunt, to whom he must behave with the utmost respect."

"I will, I will," he replied, "for she, I see, is a person of importance too; she has, very nearly, such a white thing upon her head as you have!"

His aunt had not yet fixed in what manner it would be advisable to behave; whether with intimidating grandeur, or with amiable tenderness. While she was hesitating between both, she felt a kind of jealous apprehension that her son was not so engaging either in his person or address as his cousin; and therefore she said,

"I hope, Dean, the arrival of this child will give you a still higher sense of the happiness we enjoy in our own. What an instructive contrast between the manners of the one and of the other!"

"It is not the child's fault," returned the dean, "that he is not so elegant in his manners as his cousin. Had William been bred in the same place, he would have been as unpolished as this boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said young William with a formal bow and a sarcastic smile, "I assure you, several of my tutors have told me, that I appear to know many things as it were by instinct."

Young Henry fixed his eyes upon his cousin, while, with steady self-complacency, he delivered this speech, and no sooner was it concluded than Henry cried out in a kind of wonder,

"A little man ! as I am alive, a little man ! I did not know there were such little men in this country ! I never saw one in my life before !"

"This is a boy," said the dean ; " a boy not older than yourself."

He put their hands together, and William gravely shook hands with his cousin.

"It is a man," continued young Henry ; then stroked his cousin's chin. "No, no, I do not know whether it is or not."

"I tell you again," said the dean, "he is a boy of your own age ; you and he are cousins, for I am his father."

"How can that be?" said young Henry. "He called you *Sir*."

"In this country," said the dean, "polite children do not call their parents *father* and *mother*."

"Then don't they sometimes forget to love them as such?" asked Henry.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIII

It was to be lamented that when young Henry had been several months in England, had been taught to read, and had, of course, in the society in which he lived, seen much of the enlightened world, yet the natural expectation of his improvement was by no means answered.

Notwithstanding the sensibility, which upon various occasions he manifested in the most captivating degree, notwithstanding the seeming gentleness of his nature upon all occasions, there now appeared, in most of his inquiries and remarks, a something which demonstrated either a stupid or troublesome disposition ; either dulness of conception, or an obstinacy of perseverance in comments and in arguments which were glaringly false.

Observing his uncle one day offended with his coachman, and hearing him say to him in a very angry tone, "You shall never drive me again" —

The moment the man quitted the room, Henry (with his eyes fixed in the deepest contemplation) repeated five or six times, in a half whisper to himself,

"You shall never drive me again."

"You shall never drive me again."

The dean at last called to him, "What do you mean by thus repeating my words?"

"I am trying to find out what *you* meant," said Henry.

"What! don't you know?" cried his enlightened cousin. "Richard is turned away; he is never to get upon our coach-box again, never to drive any of us more."

"And was it pleasure to drive us, cousin? I am sure I have often pitied him. It rained sometimes very hard when he was on the box; and sometimes Lady Clementina has kept him a whole hour at the door all in the cold and snow. Was that pleasure?"

"No," replied young William.

"Was it honour, cousin?"

"No," exclaimed his cousin with a contemptuous smile.

"Then why did my uncle say to him, as a punishment, 'he should never'?" —

"Come hither, child," said the dean, "and let me instruct you; your father's negligence has been inexcusable. There are in society," continued the dean, "rich and poor; the poor are born to serve the rich."

"And what are the rich born for?"

"To be served by the poor."

"But suppose the poor would not serve them?"

"Then they must starve."

"And so poor people are permitted to live only upon condition that they wait upon the rich?"

"Is that a hard condition? or if it were, they will be rewarded in a better world than this."

"Is there a better world than this?"

"Is it possible you do not know there is?"

"I heard my father once say something about a world to come; but he stopped short, and said I was too young to understand what he meant."

"The world to come," returned the dean, "is where we shall go after death; and there no distinction will be made between rich and poor — all persons there will be equal."

"Aye, now I see what makes it a better world than this. But cannot this world try to be as good as that?"

"In respect to placing all persons on a level, it is utterly impossible. God has ordained it otherwise."

"How! has God ordained a distinction to be made, and will not make any Himself?"

The dean did not proceed in his instructions. He now began to think his brother in the right; and that the boy was too young, or too weak, to comprehend the subject.

CHAPTER XIV

IN addition to his ignorant conversation upon many topics, young Henry had an incorrigible misconception and misapplication of many words. His father having had but few opportunities of discoursing with him, upon account of his attendance at the court of the savages, and not having books in the island, he had consequently many words to learn of this country's language when he arrived in England. This task his retentive memory made easy to him; but his childish inattention to their proper signification still made his want of education conspicuous.

He would call *compliments*, *lies*; *reserve*, he would call *pride*; *stateliness*, *affectation*; and for the words *war* and *battle*, he constantly substituted the word *massacre*.

"Sir," said William to his father one morning, as he entered the room, "do you hear how the cannons are firing, and the bells ringing?"

"Then I dare say," cried Henry, "there has been another massacre."

The dean called to him in anger, "Will you never learn the right use of words? You mean to say a battle."

"Then what is a massacre?" cried the frightened, but still curious Henry.

"A massacre," replied his uncle, "is when a number of people are slain ——"

"I thought," returned Henry, "soldiers had been people!"

"You interrupted me," said the dean, "before I finished my

sentence. Certainly, both soldiers and sailors are people, but they engage to die by their own free will and consent."

"What! all of them?"

"Most of them."

"But the rest are massacred?"

The dean answered, "The number who go to battle unwillingly, and by force, are few; and for the others, they have previously sold their lives to the state."

"For what?"

"For soldiers' and sailors' pay."

"My father used to tell me, we must not take away our own lives; but he forgot to tell me we might sell them for others to take away."

"William," said the dean to his son, his patience tired with his nephew's persevering nonsense, "explain to your cousin the difference between a battle and a massacre."

"A massacre," said William, rising from his seat, and fixing his eyes alternately upon his father, his mother, and the bishop (all of whom were present) for their approbation, rather than the person's to whom his instructions were to be addressed — "a massacre," said William, "is when human beings are slain, who have it not in their power to defend themselves."

"Dear cousin William," said Henry, "that must ever be the case with every one who is killed."

After a short hesitation, William replied: "In massacres people are put to death for no crime, but merely because they are objects of suspicion."

"But in battle," said Henry, "the persons put to death are not even suspected."

The bishop now condescended to end this disputation by saying emphatically,

"Consider, young savage, that in battle neither the infant, the aged, the sick, nor infirm are involved, but only those in the full prime of health and vigour."

As this argument came from so great and reverend a man as the bishop, Henry was obliged, by a frown from his uncle, to submit, as one refuted; although he had an answer at the veriest tip of his tongue, which it was torture to him not to utter.

What he wished to say must ever remain a secret. The church has its terrors as well as the law; and Henry was awed by the dean's tremendous wig as much as Paternoster Row is awed by the Attorney-General.

[Young Henry and young William grow up developing the same traits of character which they showed as children: the one retaining his natural simplicity, the other never guilty of a social blunder. William, after some worldly experience, makes a marriage compatible with his position in society; Henry marries a curate's daughter whose tastes are congenial with his own.]

CHAPTER XXXVII

Is there a reader so little experienced in the human heart, so forgetful of his own, as not to feel the possibility of the following fact?

A series of uncommon calamities had been for many years the lot of the elder Henry; a succession of prosperous events had fallen to the share of his brother William. The one was the envy, while the other had the compassion, of all who thought about them. For the last twenty years, William had lived in affluence, bordering upon splendour, his friends, his fame, his fortune, daily increasing, while Henry throughout that very period had, by degrees, lost all he loved on earth, and was now existing apart from civilised society; and yet, during those twenty years, where William knew one happy moment, Henry tasted hundreds.

It was, after an exile of more than twenty-three years, when, on one sultry morning, after pleasant dreams during the night, Henry had waked with more than usual perception of his misery, that, sitting upon the beach, his wishes and his looks all bent on the sea towards his native land, he thought he saw a sail swelling before an unexpected breeze.

"Sure I am dreaming still!" he cried. "This is the very vessel I last night saw in my sleep! Oh! what cruel mockery that my eyes should so deceive me!"

After a few minutes passed in dreadful uncertainty, which enhanced the wished-for happiness, the ship evidently drew near the land; a boat was launched from her, and while Henry, now

upon his knees, wept and prayed fervently for the event, a youth sprang from the barge on the strand, rushed towards him, and falling on his neck, then at his feet, exclaimed, "My father! oh, my father!"

William! dean! bishop! what are your honours, what your riches, what all your possessions, compared to the happiness, the transport bestowed by this one sentence, on your poor brother Henry?

* * * * *

CHAPTER XLIV

It was about five in the afternoon of a summer's day, that Henry and his son left the sign of the Mermaid to pursue their third day's journey: the young man's spirits elated with the prospect of the reception he should meet from Rebecca¹: the elder dejected at not having received a speedy welcome from his brother.

The road which led to Anfield by the shortest course of necessity took our travellers within sight of the bishop's palace. The turrets appeared at a distance; and on the sudden turn round the corner of a large plantation, the whole magnificent structure was at once exhibited before his brother's astonished eyes. He was struck with the grandeur of the habitation; and, totally forgetting all the unkind, the contemptuous treatment he had ever received from its owner, smiled with a kind of transport "that William was so great a man."

After this first joyous sensation was over, "Let us go a little nearer, my son," said he; "no one will see us, I hope; or, if they should, you can run and conceal yourself; and not a creature will know *me*; even my brother would not know me thus altered; and I wish to take a little farther view of his fine house, and all his pleasure grounds."

Young Henry, though impatient to be gone, would not object to his father's desire. They walked forward between a shady grove and a purling rivulet, snuffed in odours from the jessamine banks, and listened to the melody of an adjoining aviary.

¹ Henry's betrothed.

The allurements of the spot seemed to enchain the elder Henry, and he at length sauntered to the very avenue of the dwelling; but, just as he had set his daring yet trembling feet upon the turf which led to the palace gates, he suddenly stopped, on hearing, as he thought, the village clock strike seven, which reminded him that evening drew on, and it was time to go. He listened again, when he and his son, both together, said, "It is the toll of the bell before some funeral."

The signals of death, while they humble the rich, inspire the poor with pride. The passing bell gave Henry a momentary sense of equality; and he courageously stepped forward to the first winding of the avenue.

He started back at the sight which presented itself.

A hearse — mourning coaches — mutes — plumed horses — with every other token of the person's importance who was going to be committed to the earth.

Scarcely had his terrified eyes been thus unexpectedly struck, when a coffin borne by six men issued from the gates, and was deposited in the waiting receptacle; while gentlemen in mourning went into the different coaches.

A standard-bearer now appeared with an escutcheon, on which the keys and mitre were displayed. Young Henry, upon this, pathetically exclaimed, "My uncle! it is my uncle's funeral!"

Henry, his father, burst into tears.

The procession moved along.

The two Henrys, the only real mourners in the train, followed at a little distance — in rags, but in tears.

The elder Henry's heart was nearly bursting; he longed to clasp the dear remains of his brother without the dread of being spurned for his presumption. He now could no longer remember him either as the dean or bishop; but, leaping over that whole interval of pride and arrogance, called only to his memory William, such as he knew him when they lived at home together, together walked to London, and there together almost perished for want.

They arrived at the church; and, while the coffin was placing in the dreary vault, the weeping brother crept slowly after to the hideous spot. His reflections now fixed on a different point.

“Is this possible?” said he to himself. “Is this the dean, whom I ever feared? Is this the bishop, of whom within the present hour I stood in awe? Is this William, whose every glance struck me with his superiority? Alas, my brother! and is this horrid abode the reward for all your aspiring efforts? Are these sepulchral trappings the only testimonies of your greatness which you exhibit to me on my return? Did you foresee an end like this, while you treated me, and many more of your youthful companions, with haughtiness and contempt; while you thought it becoming of your dignity to shun and despise us? Where is the difference now between my departed wife and you? Or, if there be a difference, she, perchance, has the advantage. Ah, my poor brother! for distinction in the other world, I trust, some of your anxious labours have been employed; for you are now of less importance in this than when you and I first left our native town, and hoped for nothing greater than to be suffered to exist.”

On their quitting the church, they inquired of the bystanders the immediate cause of the bishop's death, and heard he had been suddenly carried off by a raging fever.

Young Henry inquired “if Lady Clementina was at the palace, or Mr. Norwynne?”

“The latter is there,” he was answered by a poor woman; “but Lady Clementina has been dead these four years.”

“Dead! dead!” cried young Henry. “That worldly woman! quitted this world for ever!”

“Yes,” answered the stranger; “she caught cold by wearing a new-fashioned dress that did not half cover her, wasted all away, and died the miserablest object you ever heard of.”

The person who gave this melancholy intelligence concluded it with a hearty laugh.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XLVII

By forming a humble scheme for their remaining life, a scheme depending upon their *own* exertions alone, on no light promises of pretended friends, and on no sanguine hopes of certain success, but with prudent apprehension, with fortitude against disap-

pointment, Henry, his son, and Rebecca (now his daughter), found themselves, at the end of one year, in the enjoyment of every comfort which such distinguished minds knew how to taste.

Exempt both from patronage and from control — healthy — alive to every fruition with which Nature blesses the world; dead to all out of their power to attain, the works of art — susceptible of those passions which endear human creatures one to another, insensible to those which separate man from man — they found themselves the thankful inhabitants of a small house, or hut, placed on the borders of the sea.

Each morning wakes the father and the son to cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market town. The evening sends them back to their home in joy: where Rebecca meets them at the door, affectionately boasts of the warm meal that is ready, and heightens the charm of conversation with her taste and judgment.

It was after a supper of roots from their garden, poultry that Rebecca's hand had reared, and a jug brewed by young Henry, that the following discourse took place.

"My son," said the elder Henry, "where under Heaven shall three persons be met together happy as we three are? It is the want of industry, or the want of reflection, which makes the poor dissatisfied. Labour gives a value to rest which the idle can never taste; and reflection gives to the mind a degree of content which the unthinking never can know."

"I once," replied the younger Henry, "considered poverty a curse; but after my thoughts became enlarged, and I had associated for years with the rich, and now mix with the poor, my opinion has undergone a total change; for I have seen, and have enjoyed, more real pleasure at work with my fellow-labourers, and in this cottage, than ever I beheld, or experienced, during my abode at my uncle's; during all my intercourse with the fashionable and the powerful of this world."

"The worst is," said Rebecca, "the poor have not always enough."

"Who has enough?" asked her husband. "Had my uncle? No: he hoped for more; and in all his writings sacrificed his duty to his avarice. Had his son enough, when he yielded

up his honour, his domestic peace, to gratify his ambition? Had Lady Bendham enough, when she staked all she had, in the hope of becoming richer? Were we, my Rebecca, of discontented minds, we have now too little. But conscious, from observation and experience, that the rich are not so happy as ourselves, we rejoice in our lot."

The tear of joy which stole from her eye expressed, more than his words, a state of happiness.

He continued: "I remember, when I first came a boy to England, the poor excited my compassion; but now that my judgment is matured, I pity the rich. I know that in this opulent kingdom there are nearly as many persons perishing through intemperance as starving with hunger; there are as many miserable in the lassitude of having nothing to do as there are of those bowed down to the earth with hard labour; there are more persons who draw upon themselves calamity by following their own will than there are who experience it by obeying the will of another. Add to this, that the rich are so much afraid of dying they have no comfort in living."

"There the poor have another advantage," said Rebecca; "for they may defy not only death, but every loss by sea or land, as they have nothing to lose."

"Besides," added the elder Henry, "there is a certain joy of the most gratifying kind that the human mind is capable of tasting, peculiar to the poor, and of which the rich can but seldom experience the delight."

"What can that be?" cried Rebecca.

"A kind word, a benevolent smile, one token of esteem from the person whom we consider as our superior."

To which Rebecca replied, "And the rarity of obtaining such a token is what increases the honour."

"Certainly," returned young Henry, "and yet those in poverty, ungrateful as they are, murmur against that Government from which they receive the blessing."

"But this is the fault of education, of early prejudice," said the elder Henry. "Our children observe us pay respect, even reverence, to the wealthy, while we slight or despise the poor. The impression thus made on their minds in youth is

indelible during the more advanced periods of life; and they continue to pine after riches, and lament under poverty: nor is the seeming folly wholly destitute of reason; for human beings are not yet so deeply sunk in voluptuous gratification, or childish vanity, as to place delight in any attainment which has not for its end the love or admiration of their fellow-beings."

"Let the poor, then," cried the younger Henry, "no more be their own persecutors — no longer pay homage to wealth — instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease — the idol will be broken!"

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS

WILLIAM GODWIN

MY life has for several years been a theatre of calamity. I have been a mark for the vigilance of tyranny, and I could not escape. My fairest prospects have been blasted. My enemy has shown himself inaccessible to entreaties and untired in persecution. My fame, as well as my happiness, has become his victim. Every one, as far as my story has been known, has refused to assist me in my distress, and execrated my name. I have not deserved this treatment: my own conscience witnesses in behalf of that innocence; my pretensions to which are regarded in the world as incredible. There is now, however, little hope that I shall escape from the toils that universally beset me. I am incited to the penning of these memoirs, only by a desire to divert my mind from the deplorableness of my situation, and a faint idea that posterity may by their means be induced to render me a justice which my contemporaries refuse. My story will at least appear to have that consistency, which is seldom attendant but upon truth.

I was born of humble parents in a remote county of England; their occupations were such as usually fall to the lot of peasants, and they had no portion to give me, but an education free from the usual sources of depravity, and the inheritance, long since lost by their unfortunate progeny! of an honest fame. I was taught the rudiments of no science, except reading, writing, and arithmetic. But I had an inquisitive mind, and neglected no means of information from conversation or books. My improvement was greater than my condition in life afforded room to expect.

There are other circumstances deserving to be mentioned as having influenced the history of my future life. I was somewhat above the middle stature. Without being particularly athletic

in appearance or large in my dimensions, I was uncommonly vigorous and active. My joints were supple, and I was formed to excel in youthful sports. The habits of my mind, however, were to a certain degree at war with the dictates of boyish vanity. I had considerable aversion to the boisterous gaiety of the village gallants, and contrived to satisfy my love of praise with an unfrequent apparition at their amusements. My excellence in these respects, however, gave a turn to my meditations. I delighted to read of feats of activity, and was particularly interested by tales in which corporeal ingenuity or strength are the means resorted to for supplying resources and conquering difficulties. I inured myself to mechanical pursuits, and devoted much of my time to an endeavour after mechanical invention.

The residence of my parents was within the manor of Ferdinando Falkland, a country squire of considerable opulence. At an early age I attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Collins, this gentleman's steward, who used to call in occasionally at my father's. He observed the particulars of my progress with approbation, and made a favourable report to his master of my industry and genius.

In the summer of the year —, Mr. Falkland visited his estate in our country after an absence of several months. This was a period of misfortune to me. I was then eighteen years of age. My father lay dead in our cottage. I had lost my mother some years before. In this forlorn situation I was surprised with a message from the squire, ordering me to repair to the mansion-house the morning after my father's funeral.

Though I was not a stranger to books, I had no practical acquaintance with men. I had never had occasion to address a person of this elevated rank, and I felt no small uneasiness and awe on the present occasion. I found Mr. Falkland a man of small stature, with an extreme delicacy of form and appearance. In place of the hard-favoured and inflexible visages I had been accustomed to observe, every muscle and petty line of his countenance seemed to be in an inconceivable degree pregnant with meaning. His manner was kind, attentive, and humane. His eye was full of animation, but there was a grave and sad solemnity in his air, which for want of experience I imagined

was the inheritance of the great, and the instrument by which the distance between them and their inferiors was maintained. His look bespoke the unquietness of his mind, and frequently wandered with an expression of disconsolateness and anxiety. My reception was as gracious and encouraging as I could possibly desire. Mr. Falkland questioned me respecting my learning, and my conceptions of men and things, and listened to my answers with condescension and approbation. This kindness soon restored to me a considerable part of my self-possession, though I still felt restrained by the graceful, but unaltered dignity of his carriage. I have already said that I was not unacquainted with books. I had not failed to derive advantage from the opportunities which offered themselves, and some of those opportunities were of very fortunate occurrence. But it is not my purpose to draw out this narrative by unnecessary detail; I leave the reader to collect what my acquisitions had been, from the incidents which followed. When Mr. Falkland had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity, he proceeded to inform me that he was in want of a secretary, that I appeared to him sufficiently qualified for that office, and that if, in my present change of situation, occasioned by the death of my father, I approved of the employment, he would take me into his family.

I felt highly flattered by the proposal, and was warm in the expression of my acknowledgments. I set eagerly about the disposal of the little property my father had left, in which I was assisted by Mr. Collins. I had not now a relation in the world, upon whose kindness and interposition I had any direct claim. But, far from regarding this deserted situation with terror, I formed golden visions of the station I was about to occupy. I little suspected, that the gaiety and lightness of heart I had hitherto enjoyed were upon the point of leaving me for ever, and that the rest of my days were devoted to misery and alarm.

My employment was easy and agreeable. It consisted partly of the transcribing and arranging certain papers, and partly in writing from my master's dictation letters of business, as well as sketches of literary composition. Many of these latter consisted of an analytical survey of the plans of different authors, and conjectural speculations upon hints they afforded, tending

either to the detection of their errors or the carrying forward their discoveries. All of them bore powerful marks of a profound and elegant mind, well stored with literature, and possessed of an uncommon share of activity and discrimination.

My station was in that part of the house which was appropriated for the reception of books, it being my duty to perform the functions of librarian as well as secretary. Here my hours would have glided in tranquillity and peace, had not my situation included in it circumstances totally different from those which attended me in my father's cottage. In early life my mind had been much engrossed by reading and reflection. My intercourse with my fellow mortals was occasional and short. But in my new residence I was excited by every motive of interest and novelty to study my master's character, and I found in it an ample field for speculation and conjecture.

His mode of living was in the utmost degree recluse and solitary. He had no inclination to scenes of revelry and mirth. He avoided the busy haunts of men; nor did he seem desirous to compensate for this privation by the confidence of friendship. He appeared a total stranger to everything which usually bears the appellation of pleasure. His features were scarcely ever relaxed into a smile, nor did that air which bespoke the unhappiness of his mind at any time forsake them. Yet his manners were by no means such as denoted moroseness and misanthropy. He was compassionate and considerate for others, though the stateliness of his carriage and the reserve of his temper were at no time interrupted. His appearance and general behaviour might have strongly interested all persons in his favour; but the coldness of his address, and the impenetrableness of his sentiments, seemed to forbid those demonstrations of kindness to which one might otherwise have been prompted.

Such was the general appearance of Mr. Falkland; but his temper was extremely unequal. The distemper which afflicted him with incessant gloom had its paroxysms. Sometimes he was hasty, peevish and tyrannical; but this proceeded rather from the torment of his mind than an unfeeling disposition, and, when reflection recurred, he appeared willing that the weight of his misfortune should fall wholly upon himself. Sometimes he

entirely lost his self-possession, and his behaviour was changed into frenzy. He would strike his forehead, his brows became knit, his features distorted, and his teeth ground one against the other. When he felt the approach of these symptoms, he would suddenly rise, and, leaving the occupation, whatever it was, in which he was engaged, hasten into a solitude upon which no person dared to intrude.

It must not be supposed that the whole of what I am describing was visible to the persons about him: nor, indeed, was I acquainted with it in the extent here stated, but after a considerable time, and in gradual succession. With respect to the domestics in general, they saw but little of their master. None of them, except myself, from the nature of my functions, and Mr. Collins, from the antiquity of his services and the respectableness of his character, approached Mr. Falkland, but at stated seasons and for a very short interval. They knew him only by the benevolence of his actions and the principles of inflexible integrity by which he was ordinarily guided; and though they would sometimes indulge their conjectures respecting his singularities, they regarded him, upon the whole, with veneration, as being of a superior order.

One day, when I had been about three months in the service of my patron, I went to a closet, or small apartment, which was separated from the library by a narrow gallery, that was lighted by a small window near the roof. I had conceived that there was no person in the room, and intended only to put anything in order that I might find out of its place. As I opened the door, I heard at the same instant a deep groan, expressive of intolerable anguish. The sound of the door in opening seemed to alarm the person within; I heard the lid of a trunk hastily shut, and the noise as of fastening a lock. I conceived that Mr. Falkland was there, and was going instantly to retire; but at that moment, a voice that seemed supernaturally tremendous, exclaimed, 'Who is there?' The voice was Mr. Falkland's — the sound of it thrilled my very vitals. I endeavoured to answer, but my speech failed, and being incapable of any other reply, I instinctively advanced within the door into the room. Mr. Falkland was just risen from the floor upon which he had

been sitting or kneeling. His face betrayed strong symptoms of confusion. With a violent effort, however, these symptoms vanished, and instantaneously gave place to a countenance sparkling with rage. 'Villain!' cried he, 'what has brought you here?' I hesitated a confused and irresolute answer. 'Wretch!' interrupted Mr. Falkland, with uncontrollable impatience, 'you want to ruin me. You set yourself as a spy upon my actions; but bitterly shall you repent your insolence. Do you think you shall watch my privacies with impunity? Begone, devil!' rejoined he. 'Quit the room, or I will trample you into atoms.' Saying this he advanced towards me; but I was already sufficiently terrified, and vanished in a moment. I heard the door shut after me with violence, and thus ended this extraordinary scene.

I saw him again in the evening, and he was then tolerably composed. His behaviour, which was always kind, was now doubly attentive and soothing, he seemed to have something of which he wished to disburthen his mind, but to want words in which to convey it. I looked at him with anxiety and affection. He made two unsuccessful efforts, shook his head, and then putting five guineas into my hand, pressed it in a manner that I could feel proceeded from a mind pregnant with various emotions, though I could not interpret them. Having done this, he seemed immediately to recollect himself, and to take refuge in the usual distance and solemnity of his manner.

I easily understood that secrecy was one of the things expected from me, and indeed my mind was too much disposed to meditate on what I had heard and seen, to make it a topic of indiscriminate communication. Mr. Collins, however, and myself happened to sup together that evening, which was but seldom the case, his avocations obliging him to be much abroad. He could not help observing an uncommon dejection and anxiety in my countenance, and affectionately inquired into the reason. I endeavoured to evade his questions, but my youth and ignorance of the world gave me little advantage for that purpose. Beside this, I had been accustomed to view Mr. Collins with considerable attachment, and I conceived, from the nature of his situation, that there could be small impropriety in making

him my confidant in the present instance. I repeated to him minutely everything that had passed, and concluded with a solemn declaration that, though treated with caprice, I was not anxious for myself: no inconvenience or danger should ever lead me to a pusillanimous behaviour; and I felt only for my patron, who, with every advantage for happiness, and being in the highest degree worthy of it, seemed destined to undergo unmerited distress.

In answer to my communication, Mr. Collins informed me that some incidents, of a nature similar to that which I related, had fallen under his own knowledge, and that, from the whole, he could not help concluding that our unfortunate patron was at times disordered in his intellects. 'Alas,' continued he, 'it was not always thus! Ferdinando Falkland was once the gayest of the gay. Not, indeed, of that frothy sort, who excite contempt instead of admiration, and whose levity argues thoughtlessness, rather than felicity. His gaiety was always accompanied with dignity. It was the gaiety of the hero and the scholar. It was chastened with reflection and sensibility, and never lost sight either of good taste or humanity. Such as it was, however, it denoted a genuine hilarity of heart, imparted an inconceivable brilliancy to his company and conversation, and rendered him the perpetual delight of the diversified circles he then willingly frequented. You see nothing of him, my dear Williams, but the ruin of that Falkland who was courted by sages and adored by the fair. His youth, distinguished in its outset by the most unusual promise, is tarnished. His sensibility is shrunk up and withered by events, the most disgusting to his feelings. His mind was fraught with all the rhapsodies of visionary honour; and, in his sense, nothing but the grosser parts, the mere shell of Falkland, was capable of surviving the wound that his pride has sustained.'

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I shall endeavour to state the remainder of this narrative in the words of Mr. Collins. The reader has already had occasion to perceive that Mr. Collins was a man of no vulgar order; and his reflections on this subject were uncommonly judicious.

'This day was the crisis of Mr. Falkland's history. From hence took its beginning that gloomy and unsociable melancholy, of which he has since been the victim. No two characters can be in certain respects more strongly contrasted than the Mr. Falkland of a date prior and subsequent to these events. Hitherto he had been attended by a fortune perpetually prosperous. His mind was sanguine, full of that undoubting confidence in its own powers which prosperity is calculated to produce. Though the habits of his life were those of a serious and sublime visionary, they were nevertheless full of cheerfulness and tranquillity. But from this moment his pride and the lofty adventurousness of his spirit were effectually subdued. From an object of envy he was changed into an object of compassion. Life, which hitherto no one had more exquisitely enjoyed, became a burthen to him. No more self-complacency, no more rapture, no more self-approving and heart-transporting benevolence! He who had lived beyond any man upon the grand and animating reveries of the imagination, seemed now to have no visions but of anguish and despair. His case was peculiarly worthy of sympathy, since, no doubt, if rectitude and purity of disposition could give a title to happiness, few men could exhibit a more consistent and powerful claim than Mr. Falkland.

'He was too deeply pervaded with the idle and groundless romances of chivalry ever to forget the situation, humiliating and dishonourable according to his ideas, in which he had been placed upon this occasion. There is a mysterious sort of divinity annexed to the person of a true knight that makes any species of brute violence committed upon it indelible and immortal. To be knocked down, cuffed, kicked, dragged along the floor! sacred heaven, the memory of such a treatment was intolerable! No future lustration could ever remove the stain: and, what was perhaps still worse in the present case, the offender having ceased to exist, the lustration which the laws of knight errantry prescribe was rendered impossible.

'In some future period of human improvement it is probable that that calamity will be in a manner unintelligible which, in the present instance, contributed to tarnish and wither the excellence of one of the most elevated and amiable of human

minds. If Mr. Falkland had reflected with perfect accuracy upon the case, he would probably have been able to look down with indifference upon a wound which, as it was, pierced his very vitals. How much more dignity than in the modern duellist do we find in Themistocles, the most gallant of the Greeks, who, when Eurybiades, his commander-in-chief, in answer to some of his remonstrances, lifted his cane over him with a menacing air, accosting him in that noble apostrophe, "Strike, but hear?"

'How would a man of true discernment in such a case reply to his brutal assailant? "I make it my boast that I can endure calamity and pain: shall I not be able to endure the trifling inconvenience that your folly can inflict upon me? Perhaps a human being would be more accomplished, if he understood the science of personal defence; but how few would be the occasions upon which he would be called to exert it? How few persons would he encounter so unjust and injurious as you, if his own conduct were directed by the principles of reason and benevolence? Besides, how narrow would be the use of this science when acquired? It will scarcely put the man of delicate make and petty stature upon a level with the athletic pugilist; and if it did in some measure secure me against the malice of a single adversary, still my person and my life, as far as mere force is concerned, would always be at the mercy of two. Further than immediate defence against actual violence, it could never be of use to me. The man who can deliberately meet his adversary for the purpose of exposing the person of one or both of them to injury, tramples upon every principle of reason and equity. Duelling is the vilest of all egotism, treating the public, which has a claim to all my powers and exertions, as if it were nothing, and myself, or rather an unintelligible chimera I annex to myself, as if it were entitled to my exclusive attention. I am unable to cope with you: what then? Can that circumstance dishonour me? No; I can only be dishonoured by perpetrating an unjust action. My honour is in my own keeping, beyond the reach of all mankind. Strike! I am passive. No injury that you can inflict shall provoke me to expose you or myself to unnecessary evil; I refuse that; but I am not, therefore, pusil-

lanimous: when I refuse any danger or suffering by which the general good may be promoted, then brand me for a coward!"

'These reasonings, however simple and irresistible they must be found by a dispassionate inquirer, are little reflected on by the world at large, and were most of all uncongenial to the prejudices of Mr. Falkland.

'But the public disgrace and chastisement that had been imposed upon him, intolerable as they were to be recollected, were not the whole of the mischief that redounded to our unfortunate patron from the transactions of that day. It was presently whispered that he was no other than the murderer of his antagonist. This rumour was of too much importance to the very continuance of his life to be concealed from him. He heard it with inexpressible astonishment and horror; it formed a dreadful addition to the load of intellectual anguish that already oppressed him. No man had ever held his reputation more dear than Mr. Falkland; and now, in one day, he was fallen under the most exquisite calamities, a complicated personal insult, and the imputation of the foulest of crimes. He might have fled; for no one was forward to proceed against a man so adored as Mr. Falkland, or in revenge of one so universally execrated as Mr. Tyrrel. But flight he disdained. In the meantime the affair was of the most serious magnitude, and the rumour unchecked seemed daily to increase in strength. Mr. Falkland appeared sometimes inclined to adopt such steps as might have been best calculated to bring the imputation to a speedy trial. But he probably feared, by too direct an appeal to judicature to render more precise an imputation, the memory of which he deprecated; at the same time that he was sufficiently willing to meet the severest scrutiny, and if he could not hope to have it forgotten that he had ever been accused, to prove in the most satisfactory manner that the accusation was unjust.

'The neighbouring magistrates at length conceived it necessary to take some steps upon the subject. Without causing Mr. Falkland to be apprehended, they sent to desire he would appear before them at one of their meetings. The proceedings being thus opened, Mr. Falkland expressed his hope that, if the business was likely to stop there, their investigation might at least

be rendered as solemn as possible. The meeting was numerous; every person of a respectable class in society was admitted to be an auditor; the whole town, one of the most considerable in the county, was apprised of the nature of the business. Few trials, invested with all the forms of judgment, have excited so general an interest. A trial under the present circumstances was scarcely attainable; and it seemed to be the wish both of principal and umpires to give to this transaction all the momentary notoriety and decisiveness of a trial.

'The magistrates investigated the particulars of the story. Mr. Falkland, it appeared, had left the rooms immediately after his assailant; and though he had been attended by one or two of the gentlemen to the inn, it was proved that he had left them upon some slight occasion as soon as he had reached it, and that, when they inquired for him of the waiters, he had already mounted his horse and rode home.

'By the nature of the case no particular facts could be stated in balance against these. As soon as they had been sufficiently detailed, Mr. Falkland, therefore, proceeded to his defence. Several copies of this defence were made, and Mr. Falkland seemed for a short time to have had the idea of sending it to the press, though for some reason or other he afterwards suppressed it. I have one of the copies in my possession, and I will read it to you.'

Saying this, Mr. Collins rose and took it from a private drawer in his *escritoire*. During this action he appeared to recollect himself. He did not, in the strict sense of the word, hesitate; but he was prompted to make some apology for what he was doing.

'You seem never to have heard of this memorable transaction; and, indeed, that is little to be wondered at, since the good nature of the world is interested in suppressing it, and it is deemed a disgrace to a man to have defended himself from a criminal imputation, though with circumstances the most satisfactory and honourable. It may be supposed that this suppression is particularly acceptable to Mr. Falkland; and I should not have acted in contradiction to his modes of thinking in communicating the story to you had there not been circumstances of peculiar

urgency that seemed to render the communication desirable.' Saying this, he proceeded to read from the paper in his hand : —

“Gentlemen, — I stand here accused of a crime the most black that any human creature is capable of perpetrating. I am innocent. I have no fear that I shall fail to make every person in this company acknowledge my innocence. In the meantime what must be my feelings? Conscious as I am of deserving approbation and not censure, of having passed my life in acts of justice and philanthropy, can anything be more deplorable than for me to answer to a charge of murder? So wretched is my situation, that I cannot accept your gracious acquittal if you should be disposed to bestow it. I must answer to an imputation the very thought of which is ten thousand times worse to me than death. I must exert the whole energy of my mind to prevent my being ranked with the vilest of men.

“Gentlemen, this is a situation in which a man may be allowed to boast. Accursed situation! No man need envy me the vile and polluted triumph I am now to gain! I have called no witnesses to my character. Great God! what sort of character is that which must be supported by witnesses? But, if I must speak, look round the company, ask of every one present, inquire of your hearts! Not one word of reproach was ever whispered against my character. I do not hesitate to call upon those who have known me most to afford me the most honourable testimony.

“My life has been spent in the keenest and most unintermitted sensibility to reputation. I am almost indifferent as to what shall be the event of this day. I would not open my mouth on the occasion if my life were the only thing that was at stake. It is not in the power of your decision to restore to me my unblemished reputation, to obliterate the disgrace I have suffered, or to prevent it from being remembered that I have been brought to examination upon a charge of murder. Your decision can never have the efficacy to prevent the miserable remains of my existence from being the most intolerable of all burthens.

“I am accused of having committed murder upon the body of Barnabas Tyrrel. I would most joyfully have given every

farthing I possess, and devoted myself to perpetual beggary, to have preserved his life. His life was precious to me beyond that of all mankind. In my opinion the greatest injustice committed by his unknown assassin was that of defrauding me of my just revenge. I confess that I would have called him out to the field, and that our encounter should not have terminated but by the death of one or both of us. This would have been a pitiful and inadequate compensation for his unparalleled insult, but it was all that remained.

"I ask for no pity, but I must openly declare that never was any misfortune so horrible as mine. I would willingly have taken refuge from the recollection of that night in a voluntary death. Life was now stripped of all those recommendations for the sake of which it was dear to me. But even this consolation is denied me. I am compelled to drag for ever the intolerable load of existence, upon penalty, if at any period, however remote, I shake it off, of having that impatience regarded as confirming a charge of murder. Gentlemen, if by your decision you could take away my life without that act being connected with my disgrace, I would bless the cord that suspended the breath of my existence for ever.

"You all know how easily I might have fled from this purgation. If I had been guilty, should I not have embraced the opportunity? But, as it was, I could not. Reputation has been the idol, the jewel of my life. I could never have borne to think that a human creature, in the remotest part of the globe, should believe that I was a criminal. Alas! what a deity is that I have chosen for my worship! I have entailed upon myself everlasting agony and despair!

"I have but one word to add. Gentlemen, I charge you to do me the imperfect justice that is in your power! My life is worth nothing. But my honour, the paltry remains of honour, I have now to boast, is in your judgment, and you will each of you, from this day, have imposed upon yourselves the task of its vindicators. It is little that you can do for me, but it is not less your duty to do that little. May that God who is the fountain of honour and good prosper and protect you! The man who now stands before you is devoted to perpetual barrenness

and blast ! He has nothing to hope for beyond the feeble consolation of this day !”

‘You will easily imagine that Mr. Falkland was discharged with every circumstance of honour. Nothing is more to be deplored in human institutions than that the ideas of mankind should have annexed a sentiment of disgrace to a purgation thus satisfactory and decisive. No one entertained the shadow of a doubt upon the subject, and yet a mere concurrence of circumstances made it necessary that the best of men should be publicly put upon his defence, as if really under suspicion of an atrocious crime. It may be granted, indeed, that Mr. Falkland had his faults, but those very faults placed him at a still further distance from the criminality in question. He was the fool of honour and fame ; a man whom in the pursuit of reputation nothing could divert ; who would have purchased the character of a true, gallant and undaunted hero at the expense of worlds, and who thought every calamity nominal but a stain upon his honour. How atrociously absurd to suppose any motive capable of inducing such a man to play the part of a lurking assassin ? How unfeeling to oblige him to defend himself from such an imputation ? Did any man, and least of all a man of the purest honour, ever pass in a moment from a life unstained by a single act of injury to the consummation of human depravity ?

‘When the decision of the magistrates was declared, a general murmur of applause and involuntary transport burst forth from every one present. It was at first low, and gradually became louder. As it was the expression of rapturous delight and an emotion disinterested and divine, so there was an indescribable something in the very sound that carried it home to the heart, and convinced every spectator that there was no merely personal pleasure which ever existed that would not be foolish and feeble in the comparison. Every one strove who should most express his esteem of the amiable accused. Mr. Falkland was no sooner withdrawn than the gentlemen present determined to give a still further sanction to the business by their congratulations. They immediately named a deputation to wait upon him for that purpose. Every one concurred to assist the general sentiment. It was a sort of sympathetic feeling that took hold upon

all ranks and degrees. The multitude received him with huzzas, they took his horses from his carriage, dragged him in triumph, and attended him many miles in his return to his own habitation. It seemed as if a public examination upon a criminal charge, which had hitherto been considered in every event as a brand of disgrace, was converted, in the present instance, into an occasion of enthusiastic adoration and unexampled honour.

‘Nothing could reach the heart of Mr. Falkland. He was not insensible to the general kindness and exertions; but it was too evident that the melancholy that had taken hold of his mind was invincible.

‘It was only a few weeks after this memorable scene that the real murderer was discovered. Every part of this story was extraordinary. The real murderer was Hawkins. He was found with his son under a feigned name at a village about thirty miles distance, in want of all the necessaries of life. He had lived here from the period of his flight in so private a manner, that all the inquiries that had been set on foot by the benevolence of Mr. Falkland or the insatiable malice of Mr. Tyrrel had been insufficient to discover him. The first thing that had led to the detection was a parcel of clothes covered with blood that were found in a ditch, and which, when drawn out, were known by the people of the village to belong to this man. The murder of Mr. Tyrrel was not a circumstance that could be unknown, and suspicion was immediately roused. A diligent search being made, the rusty handle with part of the blade of a knife was found thrown in a corner of his lodging, which, being applied to the piece of the point of a knife that had been broken in the wound, appeared exactly to correspond. Upon further inquiry, two rustics, who had been accidentally on the spot, remembered to have seen Hawkins and his son in the town that very evening, and to have called after them, and received no answer, though they were sure of their persons. Upon this accumulated evidence both Hawkins and his son were tried, condemned, and executed. In the interval between the sentence and execution, Hawkins confessed his guilt, with many marks of compunction, though there are persons by whom this is denied; but I have

taken some pains to inquire into the fact, and am persuaded that their disbelief is precipitate and groundless.

'The cruel injustice that this man had suffered from his village tyrant was not forgotten upon the present occasion. It was by a strange fatality that the barbarous proceedings of Mr. Tyrrel seemed never to fall short of their completion; and even his death served eventually to consummate the ruin of a man he hated, a circumstance which, if it could have come to his knowledge, would perhaps have, in some measure, consoled him for his untimely end. This poor Hawkins was certainly entitled to some pity, since his being finally urged to desperation, and brought, together with his son, to an ignominious fate, was originally owing to the sturdiness of his virtue and independence. But the compassion of the public was, in a great measure, shut against him, as they thought it a piece of barbarous and unpardonable selfishness that he had not rather come boldly forward to meet the consequences of his own conduct than suffer a man of so much public worth as Mr. Falkland, and who had been so desirous of doing him good, to be exposed to the risk of being tried for a murder that he had committed.

'From this time to the present Mr. Falkland has been nearly such as you at present see him. Though it be several years since these transactions, the impression they made is for ever fresh in the mind of our unfortunate patron. From thenceforward his habits became totally different. He had before been fond of public scenes, and acting a part in the midst of the people among whom he immediately resided. He now made himself a rigid recluse. He had no associates, no friends. Inconsolable himself, he yet wished to treat others with kindness. There was a solemn sadness in his manner, attended with the most perfect gentleness and humanity. Everybody respects him, for his benevolence is unalterable; but there is a stately coldness and reserve in his behaviour which makes it difficult for those about him to regard him with the familiarity of affection. These symptoms are uninterrupted, except at certain times when his sufferings become intolerable, and he displays the marks of a furious insanity. At those times his language is fearful and mysterious, and he seems to figure to himself by turns every sort

of persecution and alarm which may be supposed to attend upon such an accusation of murder. But, sensible of his own weakness, he is anxious at such times to withdraw into solitude; and his domestics in general know nothing of him but the uncommunicative and haughty, but mild dejection that accompanies everything he does.'

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The period at which my story is now arrived seemed as if it were the very crisis of the fortune of Mr. Falkland. Incident followed upon incident in a kind of breathless succession. About nine o'clock the next morning an alarm was given that one of the chimneys of the house was on fire. No accident could be apparently more trivial; but presently it blazed with such fury as to make it clear that some beam of the house, which in the first building had been improperly placed, had been reached by the flames. Some danger was apprehended for the whole edifice. The confusion was the greater in consequence of the absence of the master, as well as of Mr. Collins, the steward. While some of the domestics were employed in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, it was thought proper that others should busy themselves in removing the most valuable movables to a lawn in the garden. I took some command in the affair, to which indeed my station in the family seemed to entitle me, and for which I was thought qualified by my understanding and mental resources.

Having given some general directions, I conceived that it was not enough to stand by and superintend, but that I should contribute my personal labour in the public concern. I set out for that purpose, and my steps by some mysterious fatality were directed to the private apartment at the end of the library. Here, as I looked round, my eye was suddenly caught by the trunk mentioned in the first pages of my narrative.

My mind was already raised to its utmost pitch. In a window-seat of the room lay a parcel of chisels and other carpenter's tools. I know not what infatuation instantaneously seized me. The idea was too powerful to be resisted. I forgot the business upon which I came, the employment of the servants and the

urgency of general danger. I should have done the same if the apartment round me had been in flames. I snatched a tool suitable for the purpose, threw myself upon the ground, and applied with eagerness to a magazine which enclosed all for which my heart panted. After two or three efforts, in which the energy of uncontrollable passion was added to my bodily strength, the fastenings gave way, the trunk opened, and all that I sought was at once within my reach.

I was in the act of lifting up the lid, when Mr. Falkland entered, wild, breathless, distraction in his looks! He had been brought home from a considerable distance by the sight of the flames. At the moment of his appearance the lid dropped down from my hand. He no sooner saw me than his eyes emitted sparks of rage. He ran with eagerness to a brace of loaded pistols which hung up in the room, and seizing one, presented it to my head. I saw his design, and sprang to avoid it; but with the same rapidity with which he had formed his resolution he changed it, and instantly went to the window and flung the pistol into the court below. He bade me begone with his usual irresistible energy; and, overcome as I was already by the horror of the detection, I eagerly complied.

A moment after a considerable part of the chimney tumbled with noise into the court below, and a voice exclaimed that the fire was more violent than ever. These circumstances seemed to produce a mechanical effect upon my master, who, having first locked the closet, appeared on the outside of the house, ascended the roof, and was in a moment in every place where his presence was required. The flames were presently extinguished.

The reader can with difficulty form a conception of the state to which I was now reduced. My act was in some sort an act of insanity; but how undescribable are the feelings with which I looked back upon it!

In the high tide of boiling passion I had overlooked all consequences. It now appeared to me like a dream. Is it in man to leap from the high-raised precipice, or rush unconcerned into the midst of flames? Was it possible I could have forgotten for a moment the awe-creating manners of Falkland, and the inexorable fury I should awake in his soul? No thought of future

security had reached my mind. I had acted upon no plan. I had conceived no means of concealing my deed after it had once been effected. But it was over now. One short minute had effected a reverse in my situation, the suddenness of which the history of man perhaps is unable to pass.

I had now everything to fear. And yet what was my fault? It proceeded from none of those errors which are justly held up to the aversion of mankind; my object had been neither wealth, nor the means of indulgence, nor the usurpation of power. No spark of malignity had harboured in my soul. I had always revered the sublime mind of Mr. Falkland; I revered it still. My offence had merely been a mistaken thirst of knowledge. Such, however, it was as to admit neither of forgiveness nor remission. This epoch was the crisis of my fate dividing what may be called the offensive part from the defensive, which was the sole business of my remaining years. Alas! my offence was short, not aggravated by any sinister intention: but the reprisals I was to suffer are long, and can terminate only with my life!

I was still in this situation of mind when Mr. Falkland sent for me.

I found in him every token of extreme distress, except that there was an air of solemn and sad composure that crowned the whole. For the present all appearance of gloom, stateliness, and austerity was gone. As I entered he looked up, and seeing who it was, ordered me to bolt the door. I obeyed. He himself went round the room and examined all its other avenues. He then returned to where I was. I trembled in every joint of my frame.

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'You must swear,' said he. 'You must attest every sacrament, divine and human, never to disclose what I am now to tell you.'—He dictated the oath, and I repeated it with an aching heart. I had no power to offer a word of remark.

'This confidence,' said he, 'is of your seeking, not of mine. It is odious to me, as it is dangerous to you.'

Having thus prefaced the disclosure he had to make he paused.

He seemed to collect himself as for an effort of magnitude. He wiped his face with his handkerchief. The moisture that incommoded him appeared not to be tears, but sweat.

'Look at me. Observe me. Is it not strange that such a one as I should retain lineaments of a human creature? I am the blackest of villains. I am the murderer of Tyrrel. I am the assassin of the Hawkinses.'

I started with terror, but was silent.

'What a story is mine! Insulted, disgraced, polluted in the face of hundreds, I was capable of any act of desperation. I watched my opportunity, followed Mr. Tyrrel from the rooms, seized a sharp-pointed knife that fell in my way, came behind him, and stabbed him to the heart. My gigantic oppressor rolled at my feet.

'All are but links of one chain. A blow! A murder' My next business was to defend myself, to tell so well-digested a lie as that all mankind should believe it true. Never was a task so harrowing and intolerable!

'Well: thus far fortune favoured me. She favoured me beyond my desire. The guilt was removed from me and cast upon another; but this I was to endure. Whence came the circumstantial evidence against him, the broken knife and the blood, I am unable to tell. I suppose by some miraculous accident he was passing by, and endeavoured to assist his oppressor in the agonies of death. You have heard Hawkins's story: you have read one of his letters. But you do not know the thousandth part of the proofs of his simple and unalterable rectitude that I have known. His son suffered with him, that son for the sake of whose happiness and virtue he ruined himself, and would have died a hundred times. — I have had feelings, but I cannot describe them.

'This it is to be a gentleman! a man of honour! I was the fool of fame. My virtue, my honesty, my everlasting peace of mind were cheap sacrifices to be made at the shrine of this divinity. But what is worse, there is nothing that has happened that has in any degree contributed to my cure. I am as much the fool of fame as ever. I cling to it as to my last breath. Though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a

spotless and illustrious name. There is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me. It is no matter that I regard these things at a distance with aversion; — I am sure of it; bring me to the test, and I shall yield. I despise myself; but thus I am; things are gone too far to be recalled.

‘Why is it that I am compelled to this confidence? From the love of fame. I should tremble at the sight of every pistol, or instrument of death that offered itself to my hands: and perhaps my next murder may not be so fortunate as those I have already committed. I had no alternative but to make you my confidant or my victim. It was better to trust you with the whole truth.

* * * * *

‘Do you know what it is you have done? To gratify a foolish inquisitive humour you have sold yourself. You shall continue in my service, but can never share in my affection. I will benefit you in respect of fortune, but I shall always hate you. If ever an unguarded word escape from your lips, if ever you excite my jealousy or suspicion, expect to pay for it by your death or worse. It is a dear bargain you have made. But it is too late to look back. I charge and adjure you, by everything that is sacred and that is tremendous, preserve your faith!’

Such was the story I had been so desirous to know. Though my mind had brooded upon the subject for months, there was not a syllable of it that did not come to my ear with the most perfect sense of novelty. ‘Mr. Falkland is a murderer!’ said I, as I retired from the conference. This dreadful appellative ‘a murderer,’ made my very blood run cold within me. ‘He killed Mr. Tyrrel, for he could not control his resentment and anger: he sacrificed Hawkins the elder and Hawkins the younger, because he could upon no terms endure the public loss of honour: how can I expect that a man thus passionate and unrelenting will not sooner or later make me his victim?’

But though the terrors which had impressed me were considerably alleviated, my situation was notwithstanding sufficiently miserable. The ease and lightheartedness of my youth

were for ever gone. The voice of an irresistible necessity had commanded me to 'sleep no more.' I was tormented with a secret of which I must never disburthen myself; and this consciousness was at my age a source of perpetual melancholy. I had made myself a prisoner, in the most intolerable sense of that term, for years, perhaps for the remainder of my life. Though my prudence and discretion should be invariable, I must remember that I should have an overseer, vigilant from conscious guilt, full of resentment at the unjustifiable means by which I had extorted from him a confession, and whose lightest caprice might at any time decide upon everything that was dear to me. The vigilance even of a public and systematical despotism is poor compared with a vigilance which is thus goaded by the most anxious passions of the soul. Against this species of persecution I knew not how to invent a refuge. I dared neither fly from the observation of Mr. Falkland, nor continue exposed to its operation. I was at first indeed lulled in a certain degree to security upon the verge of the precipice. But it was not long before I found a thousand circumstances perpetually reminding me of my true situation. Those I am now to relate are among the most memorable.

* * * * *

I looked round on the servants who had been the spectators of my examination, but not one of them, either by word or gesture, expressed any compassion for my calamity. The robbery of which I was accused appeared to them atrocious from its magnitude; and whatever sparks of compassion might otherwise have sprung up in their ingenuous and undisciplined minds were totally obliterated by indignation at my supposed profligacy in recriminating upon their worthy and excellent master. My fate being already determined, and one of the servants despatched for the officer, Mr. Forester and Mr. Falkland withdrew, and left me in the custody of two others.

* * * * *

It was not much longer before everything was prepared for my departure, and I was conducted to the same prison which had

so lately enclosed the wretched and innocent Hawkinses. They too had been the victims of Mr. Falkland. He exhibited, upon a contracted scale indeed, but in which the truth of delineation was faithfully sustained, a copy of what monarchs are who reckon among the instruments of their power prisons of state.

For my own part, I had never seen a prison, and like the majority of my brethren had given myself little care to inquire what was the condition of those who committed offence against, or became obnoxious to suspicion from, the community. Oh, how enviable is the most tottering shed under which the labourer retires to rest compared with the residence of these walls !

To me everything was new : the massy doors, the resounding locks, the gloomy passages, the grated windows, and the characteristic looks of the keepers, accustomed to reject every petition, and to steel their hearts against feeling and pity. Curiosity and a sense of my situation induced me to fix my eyes on the faces of these men, but in a few minutes I drew them away with unconquerable loathing. It is impossible to describe the sort of squalidness and filth with which these mansions are distinguished. I have seen dirty faces in dirty apartments which have nevertheless borne the impression of health, and spoke carelessness and levity rather than distress. But the dirt of a prison speaks sadness to the heart, and appears to be already in a state of putridity and infection.

I was detained for more than an hour in the apartment of the keeper, one turnkey after another coming in, that they might make themselves familiar with my person. As I was already considered as guilty of felony to a considerable amount, I underwent a rigorous search, and they took from me a penknife, a pair of scissors, and that part of my money which was in gold. It was debated whether or not these should be sealed up, to be returned to me, as they said, as soon as I should be acquitted ; and had I not displayed an unexpected firmness of manner and vigour of expostulation, such was the conduct that would have been pursued. Having undergone these ceremonies, I was thrust into a day-room, in which all the persons then under confinement for felony were assembled to the number of eleven. Each of them was too much engaged in his own reflections to

take notice of me. Of these two were imprisoned for horse-stealing, and three for having stolen a sheep, one for shop-lifting, one for coining, two for highway-robbery, and two for burglary.

The horse-stealers were engaged in a game at cards, which was presently interrupted by a difference of opinion, attended with great vociferation, they calling upon one and another to decide it to no purpose, one paying no attention to their summons, and another leaving them in the midst of their story, being no longer able to endure his own internal anguish in the midst of their mummery.

It is a custom among thieves to constitute a sort of mock tribunal of their own body, from whose decision every one is informed whether he shall be acquitted, respited, or pardoned, as well as the most skilful way of conducting his defence. One of the house-breakers, who had already passed this ordeal, was stalking up and down the room with a forced bravery, exclaiming to his companion that he was as rich as the Duke of Bedford himself. He had five guineas and a half, which was as much as he could possibly spend in the course of the ensuing month, and what happened after that it was Jack Ketch's business to see to, not his. As he uttered these words he threw himself abruptly upon a bench that was near him, and seemed to be asleep in a moment. But his sleep was uneasy and disturbed, his breathing was hard, and, at intervals, had rather the nature of a groan. A young fellow from the other side of the room came softly to the place where he lay, with a large knife in his hand, and pressed the back of it with such violence upon his neck, the head hanging over the side of the bench, that it was not till after several efforts that he was able to rise. 'Oh, Jack!' cried this manual jester, 'I had almost done your business for you!' The other expressed no marks of resentment, but sullenly answered, 'D——n you, why did not you take the edge? It would have been the best thing you have done this many a day?'¹

The case of one of the persons committed for highway-robbery was not a little singular. He was a common soldier, of a most engaging physiognomy, and two-and-twenty years of age. The

¹ An incident exactly similar to this was witnessed by a friend of the author in a visit to the prison of Newgate. [Author's note.]

prosecutor who had been robbed one evening as he returned from the ale-house of the sum of three shillings, swore positively to his person. The character of the prisoner was such as has seldom been equalled. The meanness of his condition did not preclude him from the pursuit of intellectual cultivation; and he drew his favourite amusement from the works of Virgil and Horace. His integrity had been proverbially great. In one instance he had been employed by a lady to convey a sum of a thousand pounds to a person at some miles' distance; at another he was entrusted by a gentleman, during his absence, with the care of his house and furniture, to the value of at least five times that sum. His habits of thinking were peculiar, full of justice, simplicity, and wisdom. He from time to time earned money of his officers by his peculiar excellence in furbishing arms; but he declined offers that had been made him to become a serjeant or a corporal, saying, that he did not want money, and that, in a new situation, he should have less leisure for study. He was equally constant in refusing presents that were offered him by persons that had been struck with his merit: not that he was under the influence of false delicacy and pride, but that his conscience would not allow him to accept that, the want of which he did not feel to be an evil. This man died while I was in prison. I received his last breath.¹

The whole day I was obliged to spend in the company of these men, some of them having really committed the actions laid to their charge, others whom their ill-fortune had rendered the victims of suspicion. The whole was a scene of misery, such as nothing short of actual observation can suggest to the mind. Some were noisy and obstreperous, endeavouring by a false bravery to keep at bay the remembrance of their condition; while others, incapable even of this effort, had the torment of their thoughts aggravated by the perpetual noise and confusion that prevailed around them. In the faces of those who assumed the most courage you might trace the furrows of anxious care; and in the midst of their laboured hilarity dreadful ideas would ever and anon intrude, convulsing their features and working

¹ A story extremely similar to this is to be found in the *Newgate Calendar*, vol. i., p. 382. [Author's note.]

every line into an expression of the keenest agony. To these men the sun brought no return of joy. Day after day rolled on, but their state was immutable. Existence was to them a theatre of invariable melancholy; every moment was a moment of anguish, yet did they wish to prolong that moment, fearful that the coming period would bring a severer fate. They thought of the past with insupportable repentance, each man contented to give his right hand to have again the choice of that peace and liberty which he had unthinkingly bartered away. We talk of instruments of torture; Englishmen take credit to themselves for having banished the use of them from their happy shores! Alas, he that has observed the secrets of a prison well knows that there is more torture in the lingering existence of a criminal, in the silent, intolerable minutes that he spends than in the tangible misery of whips and racks!

Such were our days. At sunset our jailors appeared, and ordered each man to come away and be locked into his dungeon. It was a bitter aggravation of our fate to be under the arbitrary control of these fellows. They felt no man's sorrow; they were of all men least capable of any sort of feeling. They had a barbarous and sullen pleasure in issuing their detested mandates, and observing the mournful reluctance with which they were obeyed. Whatever they directed, it was in vain to expostulate; fetters and bread and water were the sure consequences of resistance. Their tyranny had no other limit than their own caprice. To whom shall the unfortunate felon appeal? To what purpose complain, when his complaints are sure to be received with incredulity? A tale of mutiny and necessary precaution is the unfailing refuge of the keeper, and this tale is an everlasting bar against redress.

Our dungeons were cells $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $6\frac{1}{2}$, below the surface of the ground, damp, without window, light, or air, except from a few holes worked for that purpose in the door. In some of these miserable receptacles three persons were put to sleep together.¹ I was fortunate enough to have one to myself. It was now the approach of winter. We were not allowed to have candles; and, as I have already said, were thrust in here at sun-

¹ See Howard on Prisons. [Author's note.]

set and not liberated till the returning day. This was our situation for fourteen or fifteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. I had never been accustomed to sleep more than six or seven hours, and my inclination to sleep was now less than ever. Thus was I reduced to spend half my day in this dreary abode, and in complete darkness. This was no trifling aggravation of my lot.

Among my melancholy reflections I tasked my memory and counted over the doors, the locks, the bolts, the chains, the massy walls, and grated windows that were between me and liberty. 'These,' said I, 'are the engines that tyranny sits down in cold and serious meditation to invent. This is the empire that man exercises over man. Thus is a human being, formed to expatiate, to act, to smile and enjoy, restricted and benumbed. How great must be his depravity, or heedlessness, who vindicates this scheme for changing health and gaiety, and serenity, into the wanness of a dungeon, and the deep furrows of agony and despair!'

'Thank God,' exclaims the Englishman, 'we have no Bastille! Thank God, with us no man can be punished without a crime!' Unthinking wretch! is that a country of liberty where thousands languish in dungeons and fetters? Go, go, ignorant fool! and visit the scenes of our prisons! witness their unwholesomeness, their filth, the tyranny of their governors, the misery of their inmates! After that show me the man shameless enough to triumph, and say England has no Bastille! Is there any charge so frivolous upon which men are not consigned to these detested abodes? Is there any villainy that is not practised by justices and prosecutors? But against all this perhaps you have been told there is redress. Yes, a redress that is the consummation of insult so much as to name! Where shall the poor wretch, reduced to the last despair, and to whom acquittal perhaps just comes time enough to save him from perishing, — where shall this man find leisure, and much less money, to fee counsel and officers, and purchase the tedious, dear-bought remedy of the law? No, he is too happy to leave the dungeon and the memory of his dungeon behind him; and the same tyranny and wanton oppression become the inheritance of his successor.

For myself I looked round upon my walls, and forward upon the premature death I had too much reason to expect; I consulted my own heart that whispered nothing but innocence; and I said, 'This is society. This is the object, the distribution of justice, which is the end of human reason. For this sages have toiled, and the midnight oil has been wasted. This!'

The reader will forgive this digression from the immediate subject of my story. If it should be said these are general remarks, let it be remembered that they are the dear-bought result of experience. It is from the fulness of a bursting heart that invective thus flows to my pen. These are not the declamations of a man desirous to be eloquent. I have felt the iron of slavery grating upon my soul.

I believed that misery more pure than that which I now endured had never fallen to the lot of a human being. I recollected with astonishment my puerile eagerness to be brought to the test and have my innocence examined. I execrated it as the vilest and most insufferable pedantry. I exclaimed in the bitterness of my heart, 'Of what value is a fair fame? It is the jewel of men formed to be amused with baubles. Without it I might have had serenity of heart and cheerfulness of occupation, peace, and liberty; why should I confide my happiness to other men's arbitration? But if a fair fame were of the most inexpressible value, is this the method which common sense would prescribe to retrieve it? The language which these institutions hold out to the unfortunate is, "Come, and be shut out from the light of day, be the associate of those whom society has marked out for her abhorrence, be the slave of jailors, be loaded with fetters; thus shall you be cleared of every unworthy aspersion, and restored to reputation and honour!" This is the consolation she affords to those whom malignity or folly, private pique or unfounded positiveness, have without the smallest foundation loaded with calumny.' For myself I felt my own innocence, and I soon found upon inquiry that three-fourths of those who are regularly subjected to a similar treatment are persons whom even with all the superciliousness and precipitation of our courts of justice no evidence can be found sufficient to convict. How slender then must be that man's portion of information and dis-

cernment who is willing to commit his character and welfare to such guardianship !

But my case was even worse than this. I intimately felt that a trial, such as institution is able to make it, is only the worthy sequel of such a beginning. What chance had I, after the purgation I was now suffering, that I should come out acquitted at last ? What probability was there that the trial I had endured in the house of Mr. Falkland was not just as fair as any that might be expected to follow ? No, I already anticipated my own condemnation.

Thus was I cut off for ever from all that existence has to bestow, from all the high hopes I had so often conceived, from all the future excellence my soul so much delighted to imagine, to spend a few weeks in a miserable prison, and then to perish by the hand of the public executioner. No language can do justice to the indignant and soul-sickening loathing that these ideas excited. My resentment was not restricted to my prosecutor, but extended itself to the whole machine of human society. I could never believe that all this was the fair result of institutions inseparable from the general good. I regarded the whole human species as so many hangmen and torturers. I considered them as confederated to tear me to pieces ; and this wide scene of inexorable persecution inflicted upon me inexpressible agony. I looked on this side and on that ; I was innocent ; I had a right to expect assistance ; but every heart was steeled against me ; every hand was ready to lend its force to make my ruin secure. No man that has not felt, in his own most momentous concerns, justice, eternal truth, unalterable equity, engaged in his behalf, and on the other side brute force, impenetrable obstinacy, and unfeeling insolence can imagine the sensations that then passed through my mind. I saw treachery triumphant and enthroned ; I saw the sinews of innocence crumbled into dust by the gripe of mighty guilt.

What relief had I from these sensations ? Was it relief that I spent the day in the midst of profligacy and execrations that I saw reflected from every countenance agonies only inferior to my own ? He that would form a lively idea of the regions of the damned needed only to witness for six hours a scene to which

I was confined for many months. Not for one hour could I withdraw myself from this complexity of horrors, or take refuge in the calmness of meditation. Air, exercise, series, contrast, those grand enliveners of the human frame, I was for ever debarred by the inexorable tyranny under which I was fallen. Nor did I find the solitude of my nightly dungeon less insupportable. Its only furniture was the straw that served me for my repose. It was narrow, damp, and unwholesome. The slumbers of a mind, wearied like mine with the most detestable uniformity, to whom neither amusement nor occupation ever offered themselves to beguile the painful hours, were short, disturbed, and unrefreshing. My sleeping, still more than my waking thoughts, were full of perplexity, deformity, and disorder. To these slumbers succeeded the hours which by the regulations of our prison I was obliged, though awake, to spend in solitary and cheerless darkness. Here I had neither books, nor pens, nor anything upon which to engage my attention; all was sightless blank. How was a mind, active and indefatigable like mine, to endure this misery? I could not sink into lethargy; I could not forget my woes; they haunted me with unmerited and demoniac malice. Cruel, inexorable policy of human affairs that condemns a man to torture like this: that sanctions it, and knows not what is done under its sanction; that is too supine and unfeeling to inquire into these petty details; that calls this the ordeal of innocence and the protector of freedom! A thousand times I could have dashed my brains against the walls of my dungeon; a thousand times I longed for death, and wished with inexpressible ardour for an end to what I suffered; a thousand times I meditated suicide, and ruminated in the bitterness of my soul upon the different means of escaping from the load of existence. What had I to do with life? I had seen enough to make me regard it with detestation. Why should I wait the lingering process of legal despotism, and not dare so much as to die, but when and how its instruments decreed? Still some inexplicable suggestion withheld my hand. I clung with desperate fondness to this shadow of existence, its mysterious attractions, and its hopeless prospects.

Numerous were the precautions exercised by the gang of thieves with whom I now resided¹ to elude the vigilance of the satellites of justice. It was one of their rules to commit no depredations but at a distance from their place of residence; and Gines had transgressed this regulation in the attack to which I was indebted for my present asylum.

One day, while I continued in this situation, a circumstance occurred which involuntarily attracted my attention. Two of our people had been sent to a town at some distance for the purpose of procuring us the things of which we were in want. After having delivered these to our landlady, they retired to one corner of the room, and, one of them pulling a printed paper from his pocket, they mutually occupied themselves in examining its contents. I was sitting in an easy-chair by the fire, being considerably better than I had been, though still in a weak and debilitated state. Having read for a considerable time they looked at me, and then at the paper, and then at me again. They then went out of the room together as if to consult without interruption upon something which that paper suggested to them. Some time after they returned, and my protector, who had been absent upon the former occasion, entered the room at the same instant.

‘Captain!’ said one of them with an air of pleasure, ‘look here! we have found a prize! I believe it is as good as a bank-note of a hundred guineas.’

Mr. Raymond (that was his name) took the paper and read. He paused for a moment. He then crushed the paper in his hand; and, turning to the person from whom he had received it, said with the tone of a man confident in the success of his reasons —

‘What use have you for these hundred guineas? Are you in want? Are you in distress? Can you be contented to purchase them at the price of treachery? of violating the laws of hospitality?’

‘Faith, captain, I do not very well know. After having violated other laws, I do not see why we should be frightened at an old saw. We pretend to judge for ourselves, and ought to be

¹ After his escape from prison.

above shrinking from a bugbear of a proverb. Besides, this is a good deed, and I should think no more harm of being the ruin of such a thief than of getting my dinner.'

'A thief! You talk of thieves!' —

'Not so fast, captain. God defend that I should say a word against thieving as a general occupation! But one man steals in one way, and another in another. For my part I go upon the highway, and take from any stranger I meet what it is a hundred to one he can very well spare. I see nothing to be found fault with in that. But I have as much conscience as another man. Because I laugh at assizes and great wigs and the gallows, and because I will not be frightened from an innocent action when the lawyers say me nay, does it follow that I am to have a fellow feeling for pilferers, and rascally servants, and people that have neither justice nor principle? No: I have too much respect for the trade not to be a foe to interlopers, and people that so much more deserve my hatred, because the world calls them by my name.'

'You are wrong, Larkins! You certainly ought not to employ against people that you hate, supposing your hatred to be reasonable, the instrumentality of that law which in your practice you defy. Be consistent. Either be the friend of law or its adversary. Depend upon it that, wherever there are laws at all, there will be laws against such people as you and me. Either, therefore, we all of us deserve the vengeance of the law, or law is not the proper instrument for correcting the misdeeds of mankind. I tell you this, because I would have you aware that an informer, or a king's evidence, a man who takes advantage of the confidence of another in order to betray him, who sells the life of his neighbour for money, or coward-like, upon any pretence, calls in the law to do that for him which he cannot, or dares not do for himself, is the vilest of rascals. But in the present case, if your reasons were the best in the world, they do not apply.'

While Mr. Raymond was speaking the rest of the gang came into the room. He immediately turned to them and said —

'My friends, here is a piece of intelligence that Larkins has just brought in which, with his leave, I will lay before you.'

Then unfolding the paper he had received he continued : ' This is a description of a felon with the offer of a hundred guineas for his apprehension. Larkins picked it up at —. By the time and other circumstances, but particularly by the minute description of his person, there can be no doubt but the object of it is our young friend, whose life I was, a while ago, the instrument of saving. He is charged here with having taken advantage of the confidence of his patron and benefactor to rob him of property to a large amount. Upon this charge he was committed to the county jail, from whence he made his escape about a fortnight ago without venturing to stand his trial, a circumstance which is stated by the advertiser as tantamount to a confession of guilt.

' My friends, I was acquainted with the particulars of this story some time before. This lad let me into his history, at a time that he could not possibly foresee that he should stand in need of that precaution as an antidote against danger. He is not guilty of what is laid to his charge. Which of you is so ignorant as to suppose that his escape is any confirmation of his guilt? Who ever thinks, when he is apprehended for trial, of his innocence or guilt as being at all material to the issue? Who ever was fool enough to volunteer a trial, where those who are to decide think more of the horror of the thing of which he is accused than whether he were the person that did it; and where the nature of our motives is to be collected from a set of ignorant witnesses, that no wise man would trust for a fair representation of the most indifferent action of his life?

' The poor lad's story is a long one, and I will not trouble you with it now. But from that story it is as clear as the day that, because he wished to leave the service of his master, because he had been, perhaps, a little too inquisitive in his master's concerns, and because, as I suspect, he had been entrusted with some important secrets, his master conceived an antipathy against him. This antipathy gradually proceeded to such a length as to induce the master to forge this vile accusation. He seems willing to hang the lad out of the way rather than suffer him to go where he pleases, or get beyond the reach of his power. Williams has told me the story with such ingenuousness that I am as sure

that he is guiltless of what they lay to his charge as that I am so myself. Nevertheless, the man's servants who were called in to hear the accusation, and his relation, who, as justice of the peace, made out the mittimus, and who had the folly to think he could be impartial, gave it on his side with one voice, and thus afforded Williams a sample of what he had to expect in the sequel.

'Larkins, who, when he received this paper, had no previous knowledge of particulars, was for taking advantage of it for the purpose of earning one hundred guineas. Are you of that mind now you have heard them? Will you, for so paltry a consideration, deliver up the lamb into the jaws of the wolf? Will you abet the purposes of this sanguinary rascal who, not content with driving his late dependent from house and home, depriving him of character and all the ordinary means of subsistence, and leaving him almost without a refuge, still thirsts for his blood? If no other person have the courage to set limits to the tyranny of courts of justice, shall not we? Shall we, who earn our livelihood by generous daring, be indebted for a penny to the vile artifices of the informer? Shall we, against whom the whole species is in arms, refuse our protection to an individual more exposed to, but still less deserving of, their persecution than ourselves?'

The representation of the captain produced an instant effect upon the whole company. They all exclaimed, 'Betray him! No, not for worlds! He is safe. We will protect him at the hazard of our lives. If fidelity and honour be banished from thieves, where shall they find refuge upon the face of the earth?'¹ Larkins, in particular, thanked the captain for his interference, and swore that he would rather part with his right hand than injure so worthy a lad or assist such an unheard-of villainy. Saying this, he took me by the hand and bade me fear nothing. Under their roof no harm should ever befall me: and even if the understrappers of the law should discover my retreat, they would to a man die in my defence rather than a hair of my head should be hurt. I thanked him most sincerely for his good will,

¹ This seems to be the parody of a celebrated saying of John, King of France, who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers. [Author's note.]

but I was principally struck with the fervent benevolence of **my** benefactor. I told them that my enemies were inexorable, **and** would never be appeased but with my blood; and assured **them**, with the most solemn and earnest veracity, that I had done **nothing** to deserve the persecution which was exercised against me.

The spirit and energy of Mr. Raymond had been such as to **leave** no part for me to perform in repelling this unlooked-for **danger**. Nevertheless, it left a very serious impression upon **my** mind. I had always placed some confidence in the returning **equity** of Mr. Falkland. Though he persecuted me with **bitterness**, I could not help believing that he did it unwillingly, and **I** was persuaded it would not be for ever. A man whose original **principles** had been so full of rectitude and honour could not fail **at** some time to recollect the injustice of his conduct and to remit **his** asperity. This idea had been always present to me, and had, **in** no small degree, conspired to instigate my exertions. I said, '**I** will convince my persecutor that I am of more value than **that** I should be sacrificed purely by way of precaution.' These **expectations** on my part had been encouraged by Mr. Falkland's **behaviour** upon the question of my imprisonment, and by various **particulars** which had occurred since.

But this new incident gave the subject a totally different **appearance**. I saw him, not contented with blasting my **reputation**, confining me for a period in jail, and reducing me to the **situation** of a houseless vagabond, still continuing his pursuit **under** these forlorn circumstances with unmitigable cruelty. **Indignation** and resentment seemed now, for the first time, to **penetrate** my mind. I knew his misery so well, I was so fully **acquainted** with its cause, and so strongly impressed with the **idea** of its being unmerited, that, while I suffered so deeply, I **still** continued to pity rather than hate my persecutor. But this **incident** introduced some change into my feelings. I said, '**Surely** he might now believe that he had sufficiently disarmed **me**, and might at length suffer me to be at peace. At least, ought **he** not to be contented to leave me to my fate, the perilous and **uncertain** condition of an escaped felon, instead of thus whetting **the** animosity and vigilance of my countrymen against me? **Were** his interference on my behalf in opposition to the stern

severity of Mr. Forester, and his various acts of kindness since a mere part that he played in order to lull me into patience? Was he perpetually haunted with the fear of an ample retaliation, and for that purpose did he personate remorse at the very moment that he was secretly keeping every engine at play that could secure my destruction?' The very suspicion of such a fact filled me with inexpressible horror, and struck a sudden chill through every fibre of my frame.

My wound was by this time completely healed, and it became absolutely necessary that I should form some determination respecting the future. My habits of thinking were such as gave me an uncontrollable repugnance to the vocation of my hosts. I did not indeed feel that aversion and abhorrence to the men which are commonly entertained. I saw and respected their good qualities and their virtues. I was by no means inclined to believe them worse men, or more inimical in their dispositions to the welfare of their species than the generality of those that look down upon them with most censure. But though I did not cease to love them as individuals, my eyes were perfectly open to their mistakes. If I should otherwise have been in danger of being misled, it was my fortune to have studied felons in a jail before I studied them in their state of comparative prosperity; and this was an infallible antidote to the poison. I saw that in this profession were exerted uncommon energy, ingenuity, and fortitude, and I could not help recollecting how admirably beneficial such qualities might be made in the great theatre of human affairs; while, in their present direction, they were thrown away upon purposes diametrically hostile to the first interests of human society. Nor were their proceedings less injurious to their own interest than incompatible with the general welfare. The man who risks or sacrifices his life for the public cause is rewarded with the testimony of an approving conscience; but persons who wantonly defy the necessary, though atrociously exaggerated, precautions of government in the matter of property, at the same time they commit an alarming hostility against the whole, are, as to their own concerns, scarcely less absurd and self-neglectful than the man who should set himself up as a mark for a file of musqueteers to shoot at.

Viewing the subject in this light, I not only determined that I would have no share in their occupation myself, but I thought I could not do less, in return for the benefits I had received from them, than endeavour to dissuade them from an employment in which they must themselves be the greatest sufferers. My expostulation met with various reception. All the persons to whom it was addressed had been tolerably successful in persuading themselves of the innocence of their calling, and what remained of doubt in their mind was smothered, and, so to speak, laboriously forgotten. Some of them laughed at my arguments as a ridiculous piece of quixotism. Others, and particularly our captain, repelled them with the boldness of a man that knows he has got the strongest side. But this sentiment of ease and self-satisfaction did not long remain. They had been used to arguments derived from religion and the sacredness of law. They had long ago shaken these from them as so many prejudices. But my view of the subject appealed to principles which they could not contest, and had by no means the air of that customary reproof which is for ever dinned in our ears without finding one responsive chord in our hearts. Finding themselves urged with objections unexpected and cogent, some of those to whom I had addressed them began to grow peevish and impatient of the importunate remonstrance. But this was by no means the case with Mr. Raymond. He was possessed of a candour that I have seldom seen equalled. He was surprised to hear objections so powerful to that which, as a matter of speculation, he believed he had examined on all sides. He revolved them with impartiality and care. He admitted them slowly, but he at length fully admitted them. He had now but one rejoinder in reserve.

'Alas, Williams,' said he, 'it would have been fortunate for me if these views had been presented to me previously to my embracing my present profession. It is now too late. Those very laws which, by a perception of their iniquity, drove me to what I am, now preclude my return. God, we are told, judges of men by what they are at the period of judgment, and whatever be their crimes, receives them to favour. But the institutions of countries that profess to worship this God admit no such distinctions. They leave no room for amendment, and seem to have

brutal delight in confounding the demerits of offenders. It signifies not what is the character of the individual at the hour of trial. How changed, how spotless, and how useful, avails him nothing. If they discover, at the distance of fourteen,¹ or forty years,² an action for which the law ordains that his life shall be the forfeit, though the interval should have been spent with the purity of a saint and the devotedness of a patriot, they disdain to inquire into it. What then can I do? Am I not compelled to go on in folly, having once begun?’

I was extremely affected by this plea. I could only answer that Mr. Raymond must himself be the best judge of the course it became him to hold; I trusted the case was not so desperate as he imagined.

[Unremitting persecution follows Williams wherever he goes, depriving him of friends and livelihood. Reduced to desperation, he resolves to turn on his enemy and, at any cost, to find revenge in the revelation of the secret.]

POSTSCRIPT

All is over. I have carried into execution my meditated attempt. My situation is totally changed; I now sit down to give an account of it. For several weeks after the completion of this dreadful business my mind was in too tumultuous a state to permit me to write. I think I shall now be able to arrange my thoughts sufficiently for that purpose. Great God! how wondrous, how terrible, are the events that have intervened since I was last employed in a similar manner! It is no wonder my thoughts were solemn and my mind filled with horrible forebodings!

Having formed my resolution, I set out from Harwich for the metropolitan town of the country in which Mr. Falkland resided. Gines, I well knew, was in my rear. That was of no consequence to me. He might wonder at the direction I pursued, but he could not tell with what purpose I pursued it. My design was a secret, carefully locked up in my own breast. It was not without a sentiment of terror that I entered a town which had been

¹ Eugene Aram. See Annual Register for 1759. [Author's note.]

² William Andrew Horne. Ditto, ditto. [Author's notes.]

the scene of my long imprisonment. I proceeded to the house of the chief magistrate the instant I arrived, that I might give no time to my adversary to counterwork my proceeding.

I told him who I was, and that I was come from a distant part of the kingdom for the purpose of rendering him the medium of a charge of murder against my former patron. My name was already familiar to him. He answered that he could not take cognisance of my deposition, that I was an object of universal execration in that part of the world, and he was determined upon no account to be the vehicle of my depravity.

I warned him to consider well what he was doing. I called upon him for no favour; I only applied to him in the regular exercise of his function. Would he take upon him to say that he had a right at his pleasure to suppress a charge of this complicated nature? I had to accuse Mr. Falkland of repeated murders. The perpetrator knew that I was in possession of the truth upon the subject, and knowing that, I went perpetually in danger of my life from his malice and revenge. I was determined to go through with the business if justice were to be obtained from any court in England. Upon what pretence did he refuse my deposition? I was in every respect a competent witness. I was of age to understand the nature of an oath; I was in my perfect senses; I was untarnished by the verdict of any jury or the sentence of any judge. His private opinion of my character could not alter the law of the land. I demanded to be confronted with Mr. Falkland, and I was well assured I should substantiate the charge to the satisfaction of the whole world. If he did not think proper to apprehend him on my single testimony, I should be satisfied if he only sent him notice of the charge and summoned him to appear.

The magistrate, finding me thus resolute, thought proper a little to lower his tone. He no longer absolutely refused to comply with my requisition, but condescended to expostulate with me. He represented to me Mr. Falkland's health, which had for some years been exceedingly indifferent, his having been once already brought to the most solemn examination on this charge, the diabolical malice in which alone my proceeding must have originated, and the tenfold ruin it would bring down upon

my head. To all these representations my answer was short. 'I was determined to go on, and would abide the consequences.' A summons was at length granted, and notice sent to Mr. Falkland of the charge preferred against him.

Three days elapsed before any further step could be taken in this business. This interval in no degree contributed to tranquillise my mind. The thought of preferring a capital accusation against, and hastening the death of, such a man as Mr. Falkland was by no means an opiate to reflection. At one time I commended the action, either as just revenge (for the benevolence of my nature was in a great degree turned to gall) or as necessary self-defence, or as that which, in an impartial and philanthropical estimate, included the smallest evil. But in spite of these variations of sentiment I uniformly determined to persist! I felt as if impelled by a tide of unconquerable impulse. The consequences were such as might well appal the stoutest heart. Either the ignominious execution of a man whom I had once so deeply venerated, and whom now I sometimes suspected not to be without his claims to veneration, or a confirmation, perhaps an increase, of the calamities I had so long endured. Yet these I preferred to a state of uncertainty. I desired to know the worst, to put an end to the hope, however faint, which had been so long my torment; and, above all, to exhaust and finish the catalogue of expedients that were at my disposition. My mind was worked up to a state little short of frenzy. My body was in a burning fever with the agitation of my thoughts. When I laid my hand upon my bosom, or my head, it seemed to scorch them with the fervency of its heat. I could not sit still for a moment. I panted with incessant desire that the dreadful crisis I had so eagerly invoked were come and were over.

After an interval of three days I met Mr. Falkland in the presence of the magistrate to whom I had applied upon the subject. I had only two hours' notice to prepare myself; Mr. Falkland seeming as eager as I to have the question brought to a crisis and laid at rest for ever. I had an opportunity before the examination to learn that Mr. Forester was drawn by some business on an excursion on the continent; and that Collins, whose health when I saw him was in a very precarious state, was at this time

confined with an alarming illness. His constitution had been wholly broken by his West Indian expedition. The audience I met at the house of the magistrate consisted of several gentlemen and others selected for the purpose, the plan being in some respects, as in the former instance, to find a medium between the suspicious air of a private examination and the indelicacy, as it was styled, of an examination exposed to the remark of every casual spectator.

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghostlike, and wild, energy in his gestures and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless, his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sunk back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside: his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted on being conveyed with all practicable expedition to the place of appointment. Falkland in the most helpless state was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Till the moment that Falkland was presented to my view my breast was steeled to pity. I thought that I had coolly entered into the reason of the case (passion, in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be coolness to him in whom it domineers), and that I had determined impartially and justly. I believed that if Mr. Falkland were permitted to persist in his schemes we must both of us be completely wretched. I believed that it was in my power, by the resolution I had formed, to throw my share of this wretchedness from me, and that his could scarcely be increased.

It appeared, therefore, to my mind to be a mere piece of equity and justice, such as an impartial spectator would desire, that one person should be miserable in preference to two; that one person rather than two should be incapacitated from acting his part and contributing his share to the general welfare. I thought that in this business I had risen superior to personal considerations and judged with a total neglect of the suggestions of self-regard. It is true Mr. Falkland was mortal; but notwithstanding his apparent decay he might live long. Ought I to submit, to waste the best years of my life in my present wretched situation? He had declared that his reputation should be forever inviolate; this was his ruling passion, the thought that worked his soul to madness. He would probably, therefore, leave a legacy of persecution to be received by me from the hands of Gines or some other villain equally atrocious when he should himself be no more. Now or never was the time for me to redeem my future life from endless woe.

But all these fine-spun reasonings vanished before the object that was now presented to me. 'Shall I trample upon a man thus dreadfully reduced? Shall I point my animosity against one, whom the system of nature has brought down to the grave? Shall I poison, with sounds the most intolerable to his ear, the last moments of a man like Falkland? It is impossible. There must have been some dreadful mistake in the train of argument that persuaded me to be the author of this hateful scene. There must have been a better and more magnanimous remedy to the evils under which I groaned.'

It was too late. The mistake I had committed was now gone, past all power of recall. Here was Falkland solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation, and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the

magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began —

‘Why cannot I recall the four last days of my life? How was it possible for me to be so eager, so obstinate, in a purpose so diabolical? Oh, that I had listened to the expostulations of the magistrate that hears me, or submitted to the well-meant despotism of his authority! Hitherto I have only been miserable; henceforth I shall account myself base! Hitherto, though hardly treated by mankind, I stood acquitted at the bar of my own conscience. I had not filled up the measure of my wretchedness!

‘Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences — I would submit to an imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart.

‘No penitence, no anguish, can expiate the folly and the cruelty of this last act I have perpetrated. But Mr. Falkland well knows — I affirm it in his presence — how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have revered him; he was worthy of reverence: I loved him; he was endowed with qualities that partook of divine.

‘From the first moment I saw him I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me! I attached myself to him with the fulness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune.

‘What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel; he suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty. After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale!

‘Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence?

The secret was a most painful burthen to me ; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it ; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct.

‘ You began in confidence ; why did you not continue in confidence ? The evil that resulted from my original imprudence would then have been comparatively little. You threatened me ; did I then betray you ? A word from my lips at that time would have freed me from your threats for ever. I bore them for a considerable period, and at last quitted your service, and threw myself a fugitive upon the world, in silence. Why did you not suffer me to depart ? You brought me back by stragem and violence, and wantonly accused me of an enormous felony ; did I then mention a syllable of the murder, the secret of which was in my possession ?

‘ Where is the man that has suffered more from the injustice of society than I have done ? I was accused of a villainy that my heart abhorred. I was sent to jail. I will not enumerate the horrors of my prison, the lightest of which would make the heart of humanity shudder. I looked forward to the gallows. Young, ambitious, fond of life, innocent as the child unborn, I looked forward to the gallows. I believed that one word of resolute accusation against my patron would deliver me ; yet I was silent, I armed myself with patience, uncertain whether it were better to accuse or to die. Did this show me a man unworthy to be trusted ?

‘ I determined to break out of prison. With infinite difficulty and repeated miscarriages I at length effected my purpose. Instantly a proclamation, with a hundred guineas reward, was issued for apprehending me. I was obliged to take shelter among the refuse of mankind, in the midst of a gang of thieves. I encountered the most imminent peril of my life when I entered this retreat and when I quitted it. Immediately after, I travelled almost the whole length of the kingdom in poverty and distress, in hourly danger of being retaken and manacled like a felon. I would have fled my country ; I was prevented. I had

recourse to various disguises ; I was innocent, and yet was compelled to as many arts and subterfuges as could have been entailed on the worst of villains. In London I was as much harassed and as repeatedly alarmed as I had been in my flight through the country. Did all these persecutions persuade me to put an end to my silence ? No ; I suffered them with patience and submission ; I did not make one attempt to retort them upon their author.

‘ I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants that are nourished with human blood. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt.

‘ I soon and long repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledged that, in various ways, Mr. Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first ; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention ; he had no share in the pursuit that was set on foot against me ; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me ; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation.

‘ The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in obscure yet tranquil retreat ? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity ? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure ? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene.

'I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety, in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty?

'Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes; in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth.

'I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and embitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer, a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!'

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man?

Before I began he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted partly by the feebleness of his frame and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and — to my infinite astonishment — threw himself into my arms.

‘Williams,’ said he, ‘you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me.’ And now, — (turning to the magistrate) — and now, do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law. You cannot inflict on me more than I deserve. You cannot hate me more than I hate myself. I am the most execrable of all villains. I have for many years (I know not how long) dragged on a miserable existence in insup-

portable pain. I am at last, in recompense for all my labours and crimes, dismissed from it with the disappointment of my only remaining hope — the destruction of that for the sake of which alone I consented to exist. It was worthy of such a life that it should continue just long enough to witness this final overthrow. If, however, you wish to punish me, you must be speedy in your justice, for as reputation was the blood that warmed my heart, so I feel that death and infamy must seize me together.'

I record the praises bestowed on me by Falkland, not because I deserve them but because they serve to aggravate the baseness of my cruelty. He survived but three days this dreadful scene. I have been his murderer. It was fit that he should praise my patience, who has fallen a victim, life and fame, to my precipitation! It would have been merciful in comparison if I had planted a dagger in his heart. He would have thanked me for my kindness. But atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been! I wantonly inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. Meanwhile I endure the penalty of my crime. His figure is ever in imagination before me. Waking or sleeping I still behold him. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behaviour. I live the devoted victim of conscious reproach. Alas! I am the same Caleb Williams that, so short a time ago, boasted that, however great were the calamities I endured, I was still innocent.

Such has been the result of a project I formed for delivering myself from the evils that had so long attended me. I thought that if Falkland were dead, I should return once again to all that makes life worth possessing. I thought that, if the guilt of Falkland were established, fortune and the world would smile upon my efforts. Both these events are accomplished, and it is now only that I am truly miserable.

Why should my reflections perpetually centre upon myself? self, an overwhelming regard to which has been the source of my errors! Falkland, I will think only of thee, and from that thought will draw ever-fresh nourishment for my sorrows! One generous, one disinterested tear I will consecrate to thy ashes! A nobler spirit lived not among the sons of men. Thy intellectual powers

were truly sublime, and thy bosom burned with a godlike ambition. But of what use are talents and sentiments in the corrupt wilderness of human society? It is a rank and rotten soil from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows. All that, in a happier field and a purer air, would expand into virtue and germinate into usefulness is thus converted into henbane and deadly nightshade.

Falkland! thou enteredst upon thy career with the purest and most laudable intentions. But thou imbibedst the poison of chivalry with thy earliest youth; and the base and low-minded envy that met thee on thy return to thy native seats operated with this poison to hurry thee into madness. Soon, too soon, by this fatal coincidence, were the blooming hopes of thy youth blasted for ever! From that moment thou only continuedst to live to the phantom of departed honour. From that moment thy benevolence was, in a great part, turned into rankling jealousy and inexorable precaution. Year after year didst thou spend in this miserable project of imposture; and only at last continuedst to live long enough to see, by my misjudging and abhorred intervention, thy closing hope disappointed, and thy death accompanied with the foulest disgrace!

I began these memoirs with the idea of vindicating my character. I have now no character that I wish to vindicate; but I will finish them that thy story may be fully understood; and that, if those errors of thy life be known which thou so ardently desiredst to conceal, the world may at least not hear and repeat a half-told and mangled tale.

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